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THE THIN RED LINE. *The 93d Highlanders at Balaklava.*

(frontispiece)

Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century

DESCRIBED BY

ARCHIBALD FORBES, GEORGE A. HENTY
MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, AND OTHER
WELL-KNOWN WRITERS

EDITED BY

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"*The Home and School Classics*," etc.

1816-1860

WITH 9 ILLUSTRATIONS



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PREFACE

THE Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century have changed the face of nearly every continent on the globe and have consolidated our own great nation. Therefore a knowledge of them, their causes and effects, is essential to a true understanding of world-history.

They have also called forth all that is patriotic, and noble, and courageous, and self-sacrificing in many of those who took part in them — in spite of the fact that war is a manifestation of the baser passion of human nature. True it is that “he who ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city,” and yet war with all its horrors calls for the exercise of all that self-restraint, and all that strength of character, and all that obedience to the call of duty, which we every one of us admire and which we all should emulate.

Moreover, the same courage and the same resourcefulness which has been evoked by the famous battles, in officer and common soldier alike, are needed always in life, and if read in

Preface

the right spirit many lessons can be gained from these episodes in history-making which will be valuable in the more peaceful vocations and avocations of life.

To present the famous battles of the nineteenth century in their relation to the study of history, — to present the higher developments of character which they have called forth, — and at the same time to show what war is, in reality, — and thus perhaps inculcate and foster the desire to avoid it, — are the main objects of these volumes. The stories they contain are offered as incentives to courage and patriotism, not to excite or develop the warlike spirit. There is not one of us who does not wish for the time when the war drums throb no longer, and the battle flags are furled

“In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.”

But we cannot ignore the fact that a large part of the history of the past hundred years is the story of its battles, and we can only hope that the same will not have to be written of the century in which we are now living.

The theater of most of the battles described in this volume — covering the period from 1816–1860 — is either in Europe or in India.

The Crimean War, which has furnished some

Preface

of the most dramatic scenes in history — one of which inspired Lord Tennyson to describe in glowing verse how,

“’tho the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered
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Storm’d at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.”

— naturally occupies much space, and the terrible story of the Indian Mutiny looms large during this period: the former is dealt with by Major Arthur Griffiths, who was an eye-witness of most of the scenes which he describes, and the latter by Charles Lowe and the late George A. Henty.

The story of the beginnings of some of the British troubles in the far East is also told in this volume, and coming nearer home we learn how the Spanish power was broken in South America, while nearer home still we have the story of the Texan Insurrection and of the Mexican War leading to one of the greatest steps in the territorial expansion of the United States.

During this period Belgium, Greece, Italy

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and Poland were fighting for their independence, and, as will be seen from the historical resumé at the end of the volume, little wars were continually going on nearly all over the world. But in dramatic interest and far-reaching effects the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny may perhaps be said to overshadow them all.

CHARLES WELSH.

April, 1904.

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Famous Battles

of the

Nineteenth Century

I

Fighting with Savages in Burma

By G. A. HENTY

NEVER was a war more unwillingly entered upon than was the first struggle with Burma. So far back as 1756 there had been a strained state of relationship between the British in India and Burma. It began with the massacre of the English merchants and employés established in the island of Negrais.

This disinclination for war was mistaken by the Burmese for fear. Assam was invaded, Munipoor overrun, and the Burmese made incursions into British territory. Still the Indian Government was forced to abstain from hostilities; but in 1823 Lord Amherst went out as governor-general, and as for the moment there

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were no great operations in India, he turned his attention at once to the Burmese question. His remonstrances did not even elicit a reply from the court at Ava, and on the 5th of March, 1824, war was declared.

Never did India enter upon a more difficult undertaking. Beyond the port of Rangoon nothing whatever was known of the country or of its pestilential climate in the wet season. It was, however, known for the most part to be covered with almost impenetrable forests, intersected with marshes, and that the Burmese army was a very numerous one and flushed with the confidence engendered by a long series of unbroken success and conquest at the expense of its neighbors.

Roads there were practically none, the river being the great highway of the country. Unfortunately, the preparations were made in great haste, and were characterized by an absolute want of foresight. It was assumed that the natives of that part of the country who had been but a very short time under the rule of Burma would join the British against their conquerors, and that ample means of transport would be found in the shape of boats at Rangoon.

The war began by some engagements on the frontier in which British success was not unbroken, and the Burmese massed their troops in

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that direction under the belief that it was from there that the attack would come. This was not so. Transports for the troops were got together, and the contingents of Bengal and Madras rendezvoused at the Andaman Islands; thence two parties were detached to take possession of two islands off the Burmese coast, while the main body under Sir Archibald Campbell sailed up the Rangoon River, and to the stupefaction of the Burmese arrived before the town.

A sixteen-gun battery at once opened on the ships, but this was speedily silenced by their fire, and the troops then landed and took possession of the town without having occasion to fire a single gun. In fact, the place was found to be deserted, the inhabitants having been entirely driven out by the Burmese troops. The British traders had all been made prisoners as soon as the ships came in sight, and their execution was determined upon; but while the authorities were discussing about the manner in which they should be put to death, a 32-lb. shot passed through the building. The meeting dispersed in confusion, the chiefs all left the city, and the prisoners were marched off under a guard. Fortunately, however, some bodies of the troops were pushed out from Rangoon as soon as possession was taken, and the guard were so alarmed for their own safety that they lodged the prison-

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ers in a house and made off, and the latter were rescued by a reconnoitering party on the following morning.

For some time the troops remained in Rangoon, hoping that the capture of the place would lead the Burmese to approach with proposals of peace: this, however, was far from being the case. In spite of the promise of protection circulated, the population did not return, no supplies whatever were brought in, and it was found that the whole of the boats had been taken up the river.

The rainy season set in a few days after the landing, and the health of the troops began at once to suffer. In the meantime the enemy remained invisible, but from all parts of the kingdom troops were being poured down to meet the British: beyond the fact, however, that the great forest was occupied by the enemy, no information of their force or intentions was obtainable. The Burmese had the advantage of a magnificent water carriage for the supply of the great force gathering round Rangoon. Skirmishing was frequent, and the pickets at night were constantly harassed by the enemy, who crept up and murdered the sentries. It was evident that no general movement could be made against the unseen foe, and the English general's plan of operation was to remain upon the defensive,

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save for attacks upon posts dangerously near to his lines, and to leave it to the enemy, encouraged by his inactivity, to make a general attack and so afford the British an opportunity for striking a heavy blow.

On the 28th of May the first operation in any force was undertaken: the enemy had erected a strong stockade within musket-shot of the British lines; and Sir Archibald Campbell took four companies of the 13th and 18th Regiments, and with 400 native infantry moved out against the work. It was still unfinished, and the Burmese, taken by surprise, hastily retreated. The column followed by a path along which but two men could march abreast. At every turn of the road breastworks and half-finished stockades were met with; but, after following the path for five miles, the force arrived at some rice-fields. The enemy attempted to oppose a resistance, but were soon dispersed by the fire of the field-pieces. The rain was now pouring in torrents, and the guns could be dragged no further. The native force was left to guard them, and the Europeans pushed on a mile further to a plain, where they had been informed that a large number of the inhabitants of Rangoon were kept under the guard of the Burmese.

A great force of the enemy now moved out from the jungle beyond, but the little body of

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British troops moved forward to attack two strongly stockaded villages. These were held by a considerable force of the Burmese, who, confident in their number, shouted jeeringly, "Come on! come on!" The invitation was accepted. Leaving one company to hold in check the Burmese on the plain, the other three rushed forward against the enemy's works and soon forced their way in. The Burmese fought desperately (it was contrary to their usages either to give or ask quarter), and maintained their resistance to the last, no less than 400 of them being killed. The British force then fell back slowly, unmolested by the enemy, who appeared too surprised at the capture of their works by so small a body of men to venture upon an attack.

On the 19th of June a column marched out to the attack of a formidable work the Burmese had erected on an elevation known as Kemmi-deen, some three miles away. As the operation was a much more serious one than the former, 3,000 men took part in it. The road ran parallel to the river, and was skirted on one side by rice-fields down to its bank, and on the other by a thick jungle and forest. On a gently sloping hill halfway from the town a formidable stockade was met with: it was from 12 to 14 feet high, protected in front by abattis and obstacles of all kinds, and defended by a numerous garrison, who

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cheered lustily as the British advanced. In a few minutes, however, two guns made a gap in the stockade; a column dashed forward at the breach, while other parties climbed the stockade at various points, and in a short time the whole work was in British possession. The Burmese left behind them 200 dead, including the officer who commanded the post.

The force now continued its march, passed through rice-fields, and reached the jungle, through which glimpses could be caught of the extremely formidable works erected to defend the rising ground. A way was made through the jungle for a distance of a mile and a half; but as glimpses obtained through the trees showed the strength of the position, it was seen that it could not be carried without the assistance of the ships unless with great loss of life. Accordingly a halt was ordered, and the troops were ordered to camp where they were until morning.

It was a trying night indeed. The rain fell in torrents, the enemy made repeated attacks in rear, and their sharpshooters kept up a continuous fire through the trees. Morning came at last, and, as soon as it was light enough for the gunners to take aim, a shell fire was opened into the Burmese position. The effect of these—to them—novel missiles, raining down into the crowded encampment, was so great that before

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the columns of attack could move up to the stockade the Burmese had already evacuated.

These affairs taught the enemy caution: they no longer pushed their approaches beyond the jungle, and the troops had a comparatively quiet time of it. But, though abstaining from attack, there were no signs that the determination of the Burmese to drive the British into the sea was in any way damped. No communications whatever were exchanged, the country was devastated over a great extent, and none of the natives returned to the town. At the end of June the Burmese received large reinforcements, and one of the great court officials arrived to take command, with positive orders from the king to attack at once. Almost at the same time another British regiment from Madras arrived, and the detachments that had been sent off to capture the islands rejoined. Thus the terrible gaps already created in the ranks by sickness were filled.

On the 1st of July large bodies of the enemy issued from the jungle, and marched towards the town in a direction nearly parallel to the British position, and upon approaching within half a mile of the town changed front, and attacked that part of their works nearest to the town. They were, however, speedily checked. The 43d Madras Infantry dashed forward against

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them, and soon drove them back to the jungle. The surprise of the Burmese generals was so great that the expected grand assault never took place. The Burmese army had been lying just within the jungle waiting until the advance force had penetrated the British line. This was to be the signal for a general attack, but as that assault failed their general ordered the whole to fall back. He was at once recalled, and a still higher official was appointed to take his place.

Taking lesson by the ill success of his predecessors, the new general stockaded his army in the heart of the forest, five miles from the British position, and also erected strong works on the river above Kemmideen, intending from these to harass the shipping with fire-rafts. At the same time a system of constant and harassing night-attacks was resorted to, and Sir Archibald Campbell determined to force on a battle by attacking the great Burmese camp at Kemmideen, and at the same time to assail their position on the river. The position of the works on the river was well chosen. The stream here separated into two branches: upon the point between them the principal work was erected, armed with artillery and defended by a strong garrison, while on the opposite banks of both arms strong defences were erected, barring the approach to the principal work. A brig and three of the

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Company's cruisers dropped up on the tide, and opened a heavy cannonade upon the works. The enemy for a time fought their guns well, but the fire of the shipping presently silenced them and knocked a hole in the stockade. A signal was made, and the troops who had marched up from Kemmideen at once entered the boats prepared for them, pushed across the river, overcame all the obstacles that had been erected to prevent a landing, and carried a strong stockade without a shot.

The operations of the land column were equally successful. The force under Brigadier-General M'Bean was so small that the officer who opposed the advance was so confident that he allowed the little column to come to within a short distance of the main work before opening fire. The British force was unprovided with guns, but dashed at the formidable stockade before them with such speed and determination that, by the aid of the ladders they carried with them, they escalated the work before the Burmese had time to offer any serious resistance. The main works consisted of three lines of such stockades; but the very numbers of the Burmese were an obstacle to them. A heavy fire was kept up into the mass as the troops advanced; stockade after stockade was carried; and though the Burmese general placed himself at the head

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of his troops and endeavored by his example to steady them, he was unable in the terrible confusion to restore order, although he and his officers repeatedly charged the British line with the fury of despair.

The combat was soon over: the general and many of his highest officers and 800 men were killed, and the Burmese army for a time was reduced to a mass of fugitives. Some time elapsed before operations were renewed: the ease and rapidity with which the British had carried positions that they had deemed impregnable, and the heavy loss they had inflicted by their heavy fire, had taught the enemy caution, and impressed them with a wholesome respect for these strangers whom they had at first regarded with such contempt. It was now, too, the height of the rainy season, and a great extent of the country was under water. Successful operations were, however, carried on along the coast, and a detachment sent up the river, where every village was found deserted, the inhabitants being driven out by the police as soon as the British were seen approaching. A few families who had been forced to leave Rangoon were, however, met with and taken back to their homes, and the kind treatment that they received had the effect, some months after, of inducing a large proportion of the population to return.

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Two of the brothers of the king presently arrived to superintend the operations of the war. They brought with them large reinforcements, several thousands strong, among whom were a body called the King's Invulnerables, who were considered by the people to have a charmed life. With them, too, were many astrologers, who were to indicate the proper time for an attack.

While they were preparing for the grand assault, several small expeditions against their posts were successfully carried out. At length news was obtained that the astrologers had fixed on the night of the 30th of August as propitious, and a body of the last reinforcements, including the Invulnerables, would on that night or the next attack the great Pagoda. At midnight they advanced in a compact body from the jungle against it. A small picket thrown out at the foot of the mound on which it stood fell back in good order until it reached the foot of the steps, and then ran up to the plateau above where the troops were silently waiting the attack. Shouting and yelling, the Burmese pressed on until suddenly the British cannon opened fire, and showers of grape and musketry swept the crowded mass, and in a few minutes the whole of those who escaped the fire took refuge in the jungle again.



WHOSE LIFELESS BODIES ROLLED DOWN THE HEIGHT. (p. 24)

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Finding that none of the commanders who had undertaken to annihilate the invaders had met with any success, the king of Burma now sent for Bandoola, who had led the Burmese troops to victory on numerous occasions and had been the means of subduing many provinces to the Burmese rule. As soon as Bandoola received the order, he marched with his army to Ava. There he himself remained for a time making his preparations, while his troops moved by the various routes thence to the neighborhood of Rangoon.

The force amounted, upon the most moderate calculation, to 60,000 men with a strong body of artillery and a considerable contingent of cavalry. On the part of the British every preparation had been made, several battalions of British and native infantry had arrived with some troops of cavalry, while 500 native artisans had been sent from India to build boats to carry the troops up the river after the attack now pending had been repulsed. On the 1st of December masses of the enemy poured out from the jungle, and advanced against the post at Kemmideen, which was held by the 26th Madras Infantry with a detachment of the Madras European Infantry, supported by a naval force on the river. At the same time other heavy masses of Burmese moved along at some distance from the front of

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the British position with the intention of entirely surrounding it. A great force also appeared on the other side of the river, where from the edge of the jungle they opened a distant fire on the shipping.

It soon became evident that there was no intention of an immediate attack except upon Kemmideen, for the Burmese had no sooner reached the position assigned to them than their arms were laid aside, and they began the operation, in which they were so skilled, of erecting stockades. It was not the policy of the British general to interfere with them at their work, for they would simply, if defeated, have fallen back into the forest, where European troops could not follow them, and would be ready to sally out again as soon as the British retired. One attack, however, was made upon the enemy's left in order to obtain information as to their exact position. The column was completely successful: they carried the entrenchments at the point they aimed at, killed many of the enemy, and returned with a large number of flags and other trophies.

During the night the enemy advanced nearer and even gained a height in front of the north gate of the Pagoda, from which, however, they were at daylight driven out with great loss by two companies of the 38th and a hundred of the

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Madras Infantry. For the next two days the enemy still pushed his works forward, keeping up an incessant fire from his trenches; this was, however, kept down to some extent by the British artillery. During the next four days the post at Kemmideen was frequently assaulted, but every attack was repulsed by the garrison, aided by the fire from the ships. The most determined efforts were made by the Burmese to drive away these vessels: great flotillas of boats came down to attack them, and huge fire-rafts were launched against them, but equally without success, H. M. S. *Sophia*, the Company's cruiser *Teignmouth*, with some rowboats mounting guns, defending the passage, sinking many of the enemy's war-boats, capturing others, and diverting the course of the great fire-crafts.

On the 5th the general considered that the guns, ammunition, and stores of the left wing of the Burmese army had been all got into position, and that the time had arrived when he could strike a blow with advantage. During the night a flotilla of gunboats had taken up a position to open their fire on the enemy's rear, and two columns of troops—the one 1,100 and the other 600 strong—prepared to attack them. The Burmese position was but a few hundred yards from the British, and at 7 A.M. both columns moved forward to the attack, while at the same

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moment the gunboats opened fire in the rear on the enemy's position. Secure in their great numbers and believing that the comparatively small British force was doomed to destruction, the Burmese had had no thought of their taking the offensive. A hurried fire was opened, but the troops, dashing forward, were very soon within their entrenchments, driving them before them in every direction, their terror and dismay being heightened by the charges of a troop of our cavalry. The British loss was very small, while the whole of the enemy's artillery, stores, and depots, with a great quantity of muskets, standards, and other trophies, fell into their hands.

Bandoola rallied his defeated left, and brought them up to strengthen his right and center, which was engaged day and night in pushing on the approaches against the great Pagoda: so close were they that the taunting threats of the Burmese could be distinctly heard. On the 6th the fire of artillery was purposely slackened, and the infantry kept wholly out of sight. Encouraged by what he took for timidity, Bandoola brought his whole force up to the front that night. At half-past 11 A.M. on the 7th four columns of troops stood in readiness to advance to the attack. Never were British soldiers more anxious for assault: for six months they

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had done nothing, powerless to advance, and pent up in what was little better than a swamp, more than decimated by sickness, drenched from morning until night by the unceasing rain, suffering from want of supplies of all sorts, and exposed to constant and harassing attacks necessitating the heaviest night duty. At last their turn was at hand, the foe was within their grasp, and eager as hounds on the scent they waited the order to attack.

At a quarter to twelve this was heralded by a cannonade from every gun that could be brought to bear upon the Burmese lines. At twelve o'clock it ceased, and the four columns dashed forward against the Burmese works. Two of them had already worked round into the jungle at either side of the enemy's position; the others descended the hill from the Pagoda. The enemy at once opened a heavy fire, but when the British rushed forward without regarding it, and reached their entrenchments, they lost courage and were driven headlong from their positions one after the other. They soon took refuge in the jungle. A large number of guns were captured, and in the rear of their position was found a great pile of scaling-ladders prepared for the attack on the great Pagoda, and 240 cannon were seized. Bandoola speedily rallied his forces, and with a body of 25,000 men

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returned to a spot within twenty-five miles of his former position and there proceeded to entrench himself.

The position was strong and well chosen, but on the 15th it was attacked by a column 1,300 strong. The way was cleared for them by the artillery, and in fifteen minutes the British troops were in possession of the enemy's fort, with a large quantity of arms and ammunition. Bandoola now fell back to Donoobew. On the 13th February the advance against this position commenced. Two thousand strong proceeded by land. A thousand European infantry, with a powerful train of artillery, were taken up the river in a flotilla of fifty boats. It was on the 7th March that the land force arrived near enough to Donoobew to hear the sound of the cannonade which the boat division, which had first arrived there, had opened on the enemy. The boats had met with much opposition on their advance, and a number of stockades or entrenchments which had been thrown up on the river banks were captured. On the flotilla arriving at Donoobew, General Cotton, who commanded, at once attacked the outer stockade. This was captured, and, having inflicted a heavy loss upon the enemy, an attack upon the second stockade was made, but with such serious loss that the general was obliged to retreat to the

Fighting with Savages in Burma

boats and to drop four miles down the river and wait for the arrival of reinforcements.

Believing that the boat division would be able to capture Donoobew without his aid, Sir Archibald Campbell had marched on against Prome, but when some days after the event a messenger with the news of General Cotton's repulse reached him, he retraced his steps, until he arrived within gunshot of Dalla. Skirmishing went on for some days, but on April 2d the place was found to be evacuated, for on the previous day Bandoola had been killed by a rocket, and the Burmese were so dispirited by their heavy losses that they refused to fight any longer. The death of this great general was the turning-point of the war. Bandoola possessed great talents, with exceptional courage and resolution. While capable of the most barbarous cruelty, he often performed acts of generosity and kindness. The entrenchments thrown up under his instructions would have done credit to the most scientific engineer. The confidence felt in him by his troops, engendered by his numerous victories, was unbounded; and so long as he remained in command the war would have been continued with vigor.

After the capture of Donoobew the army pushed on to Prome. Desultory fighting was continued for some time, the British continuing

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to advance. Negotiations were opened by the British and discussed by the Burmese, but only for the purpose of delay, and after making several stands when within forty-five miles of the capital, all the British prisoners who had been taken during the war were sent down, accompanied by two ministers of state and the first instalment of the amount demanded as one of the conditions of peace which had been laid down at Prome. The conquered provinces of Arakan were to be ceded, together with those on the coast which had already been captured. The Burmese were to pay a million pounds towards the expenses of the war, no exactions were to be laid in future on British vessels, and an indemnity was to be granted to all persons who had in any way taken part in the war. This sum went a very small way towards paying the expenses, which amounted in all to some twelve millions. Burma was humbled and her force crippled, but it needed a second war (in 1852) before the work was completed. But even the loss of the greater part of its dominions failed to put an end to the haughty pretensions of Burma, and it needed the capture of Mandalay, the dethronement of Theebaw, and the annexation of the remaining portion of the Burmese empire to extinguish the power of mischief of what had at one time been the most formidable power in the East.

II

Breaking the Spanish Power in South America

By W. B. ROBERTSON

THAT war whereby the power of Spain was broken in South America is known as the South American War of Independence. On the one side was the imperial power of Spain fighting for supremacy; on the other side were her colonists—creoles, American natives of Spanish blood—fighting for freedom.

The first pitched battle was fought in Mexico, near Aculco, in 1810; the last, on the plain of Ayacucho, in Peru, on December 9, 1824.

Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador had already thrown off the Spanish yoke when General Bolivar, towards the end of 1823, arrived with his victorious army in Peru. He was hailed as "The Deliverer," and addressed the National Congress at Lima in these words:—

"The soldiers who have come from the Plate, the Maule, the Magdalena, and the Orinoco as the deliverers of Peru will not return to their native country till they are covered with laurels,

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till they can pass under triumphal arches, nor till they can carry off as trophies the standards of Castile. They will conquer and leave Peru free, or they will die. This I promise."

In June of the following year Bolivar took the field with 10,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry. On August 2d he reviewed his army on the table-land between Rancas and Pasco, a little north of Reyes, situated at an altitude of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, and amid a scene as majestic as may be found in the world. On the west rose the Andes, while on the east and stretching away to the Brazils were the sublime ramifications of the Cordilleras. Surrounded by natural displays of such magnitude, Bolivar's army, composed of veterans who had fought in the Peninsular War, seen the conflagration of Moscow and the capitulation of Paris—as well as purely South American troops—looked a mere handful. Still it was enthusiastic, and the hills rang with "Vivas" at the termination of the General's stirring address that was read simultaneously to each corps.

"Soldiers," so ran the address, "you are about to finish the greatest undertaking Heaven has confided to men—that of saving an entire world from slavery.

"Soldiers! the enemies you have to overthrow

Breaking the Spanish Power in South America

boast of fourteen years of triumphs; they are, therefore, worthy to measure their swords with ours, which have glittered in a thousand combats.

“Soldiers! Peru and America expect from you Peace, the daughter of Victory. Even liberal Europe beholds you with delight, because the freedom of the New World is the hope of the universe. Will you disappoint it? No! No! No! You are invincible.”

Meanwhile Canterac, the Spanish General, having united his forces at Jauja, was marching northwards to meet Bolivar.

After months of maneuvering a position was reached which seemed to satisfy the requirements of both parties for the final grip. That position was on the plain of Ayacucho; and it was here that the blow was struck that made the power of Spain in South America reel and totter to its fall.

The plain of Ayacucho is situated at an altitude of 11,000 feet above sea-level, in the Peruvian department of Ayacucho. It is square-shaped and about two or three miles in circuit. On its north and south sides it is flanked by deep and rugged ravines. On the west it descends gradually for a couple of leagues to what was then the high road to Lima, and which runs along the base of a lofty mountain range which

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rises like a wall. On this side was stationed the Patriot army, its retreat by this road cut off by detachments sent by the Spanish Viceroy to destroy the bridges and render the defiles impassable. On the east side the plain was terminated by the abrupt ridge of Condorkauki, and a little below the summit of this ridge the Royalist army bivouacked during the night preceding the fight. It was on the afternoon of the 8th of December that the respective armies reached these positions.

The eve of battle is worth describing. After the men on each side had been refreshed, and about two hours before sunset, a Spanish battalion of light infantry filed down into the plain and extended itself at the foot of the hill. A light infantry battalion of the Patriot army went forth to meet it. The opposing battalions, arrayed in extended files, engaged in skirmishing and performed evolutions to the sound of the bugle. The steadiness and behavior of the men on each side were admired by the officers, and both parties agreed now and then to intervals of rest. During these intervals officers from the opposing sides approached one another and engaged in conversation. In the Patriot army was a Spaniard, Lieutenant-Colonel Tur, whose marriage to a beautiful woman of Lima had made him espouse the native cause. In the

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other army was his brother, Brigadier-General Tur, who sent a message to the former, saying how he regretted to see him, a Spaniard, in the ranks of rebels, and bearing arms against his king and country. "Yet," the message continued, "you may rely upon my protection when the coming battle will have placed you at the mercy of the Loyalists." The other brother was disposed to resent this message as an insult; still, they drew near to each other and ultimately embraced in view of both armies. When the shadows began to deepen across the plain, the different battalions retired to their quarters to waken to more serious work in the morning.

To waken, we have said. It is doubtful, however, if a single eye on Ayacucho were closed in slumber that night. All knew that they were about to engage in battle; none knew what the result might be, and whether this might not be his last night on earth. Both sides were wearied with the terrible marches and countermarches, over mountains, down rocky defiles, and with the harassing watchfulness that had been continuously maintained. It was with the greatest difficulty that the officers of the Royalist army had kept their troops together. To prevent them from deserting, the different corps had habitually bivouacked in column, surrounded by sentinels, and outside of these again had been placed a

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circle of officers on constant duty. No soldier was allowed to pass the sentinels, who had strict orders to shoot down any one attempting to do so. Even detachments were not sent out for cattle and provisions, in case they should refuse to return; so the Royalists had been obliged to eat the flesh of horses, mules, and asses. These galling restraints the soldiers knew could be ended in only one way, and that was by a decisive engagement with the enemy. So eager were they thus rendered for the fray that they had begun to murmur against their leaders, and were loudly accusing them of cowardice in avoiding a conflict with the foe.

On the other side, the Patriots, too, were sick of maneuvering. They had been subject to constant harassing attacks from hostile Indians, who hurled stones down the mountain sides into their ranks while on the march, attacked detached parties, even made prisoners, whom they cruelly ill-treated. Again, their provisions were nigh exhausted, and so scarce had their horses become that many of the cavalry soldiers were mounted on mules. These matters, instead of improving, were with the progress of time only becoming worse. All, then, were anxious to have a termination put to the weary round of monotonous marching, with increasing exposure to dangers that from their continual presence

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had ceased to be exciting. Men so placed are not likely to sleep during the night preceding the day of battle. Besides, the distance between the two armies measured only a mile, and Sucre, fearing that the Royalists might descend from their heights to surprise them in the dark, kept his corps in close column ready for the attack. He also sent forward the bands of two battalions with a company to the foot of the ridge. These continued to play during the night while a sharp fire was kept up upon the Royalist outposts, the idea being to make believe that the Patriots were under arms waiting to join in fight. In this way a lieutenant-colonel and three men were killed in the Spanish camp by chance bullets, so near were the opposing armies.

At dawn of day, an unperceived movement took place in the Royalist camp. The division under General Valdez, comprising four field-pieces, four battalions, and two squadrons of hussars, stole away to the north.

It was a chilly morning while the men were buckling on their armor, saddling their horses, examining their bayonets, putting in order their various accoutrements. Amongst the things that the Colombia cavalryman had to do on mounting was the fixing of his bridle reins above his knees. By this means he guided his charger,

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and so had his hands left free to wield his heavy lance—a strong, tough sapling from twelve to fourteen feet long. The Patriot cavalry, let it be mentioned, were the finest horsemen in the world, drawn from the *gauchos* of the pampas, the *guasos* of Chili, and the *llaneros* of Colombia—accustomed to ride from childhood.

At nine o'clock the first move forward began. Then the division of infantry on the Royalist left under General Villalobos commenced to wind down the rugged side of Condorkauki. Laserna, the Viceroy, on foot, placed himself at the head of the descending files, and, obliquing to the left, led them into the plain. The other division of Royalist infantry, under General Monet, came down direct, while between these two divisions similarly descended the cavalry, the men leading their horses. As the different files reached the plain they silently formed into column. Meanwhile, General Sucre, of the Patriot army, rode along his line, and to each corps individually, in forcible words, recalled the achievements of the past. This done, he took up a position in the center, and to his whole army in a loud voice, said: "Soldiers! Remember that upon the efforts of this day depends the fate of South America."

Then began the forward movement of the Patriots, the division of infantry under General

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Cordova and two regiments of cavalry being ordered to advance. Cordova, in front of his division, now formed into four parallel columns with cavalry in the intervals, having gone a few steps, dismounted, and plunging his sword into his charger, exclaimed:

“There lies my last horse! I have no means of escape, and we must fight it out together.”

This display of spirit on the part of their leader roused the men to such enthusiasm that they became irresistible. They thought of the enemy, not as something to be feared, but only as something to be vanquished. The consequence was that, having discharged their muskets, and Cordova's shout of “Onward, with the step of conquerors!” ringing in their ears, they pressed forward and crossed bayonets with the foe. For four minutes, which contained the work of hours, the two contending forces struggled, the mass swaying now this way and now that, so that it was impossible to tell which would give way. At an opportune moment the Colombian cavalry charged at full gallop, and with both hands free wielded their tough lances with such force that their onset proved irresistible, and the Royalists lost ground. The vigor of the Patriots was only increased by this advantage, which they followed up with such effect that the Royalists were hopelessly driven back

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with terrible slaughter. Colonel Silva, who led the cavalry charge, had fallen, covered with wounds. Wounded now, too, and taken prisoner, was Laserna, the Viceroy himself—representative of the proud monarch of Spain. The routed Spaniards clambered up the rugged sides of Condorkauki, and the chasing Patriots, deploying, fired upon the fugitives, whose lifeless bodies rolled down the height till stayed by jutting crags or bushes.

While the crags and bushes of Condorkauki are being thus bathed in Spanish blood, quite a different fortune is attending the Patriot arms on their left. As already mentioned, General Valdez, with four field-pieces, four battalions and two squadrons of cavalry, had stolen at dawn of day, unperceived by the Patriots, away northwards from the Spanish camp. The object of that maneuver now became apparent. He had made a *detour* of several miles, and while the contest we have just witnessed was still in the balance, suddenly opened a heavy fire from his four field-pieces and a battalion in extended files upon the Patriot left. This obliged two battalions of General La Mar's division, posted on the left, to fall back, and its retreat was not prevented by the battalion Bargas, from General Lara's division, which had been kept in reserve, sent to support it. Two of Valdez's battalions

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had now crossed the ravine into the plain, and pressed at the double-quick upon the retiring Patriots. At this juncture General Miller, who held a portion of the Patriot cavalry in reserve, led the Hussars of Junin against the Spaniards, and drove them back across the ravine. This brilliant charge conducted by Miller saved the battle. La Mar's division was thereby enabled to rally, and came to Miller's support. The Patriots in this part of the field, animated by Cordova's success against the Viceroy and the shouts of victory that were echoed back from Condorkauki, proved an easy match for Valdez's now somewhat scattered forces, and the Spanish general, so famous for his marches and tactical skill, soon found his division broken, his artillery taken, his cavalry flying in disorder, and his infantry dispersed. The day was now lost and won in little more than an hour, and the vanquished Royalists flying in all directions.

Among the Hussars of Junin so effectively led by Miller at the critical moment were twenty-five who, owing to the scarcity of horses, had no better steeds than baggage-mules. This was simply for display and to lead the enemy to think their cavalry numbered more than their horsemen actually did. These Hussars on mules were ordered to remain in the rear and not to take part in Miller's charge. But they answered,

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“No; we will conquer or die with our comrades.” And their bravery was soon rewarded, for after the charge they were able to substitute good Spanish horses, whose riders had fallen, for their less nimble mules. Six weeks previously, when on a reconnoitering expedition towards Cuzco, General Miller had been surprised at a place called Chuquibamba, and his horse, which was the finest in the army, and which he had ridden at Junin, with an orderly, fell into the enemy’s hands. This horse was now seen amongst Valdez’s retreating troops. Its rider was immediately singled out for pursuit, cut down, and the horse restored to its old master. Another object of interest to the pursuing Patriots were the silver helmets of the Spanish Hussars. The landscape gleamed with these helmets wherever bodies of cavalry moved. These became so attractive to the enemy that many threw them off to stop the pursuit, and the gleam was quickly removed, the Patriots snatching them off and stowing them away in their valises.

At one o’clock on the day of the battle the divisions of the Patriot army under Generals La Mar and Lara reached the summit of Condorkauki. Here General Canterac was stationed, but before sunset he sued for terms of peace, and an hour later rode to General Sucre’s

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tent, where the terms were agreed to. By these terms Canterac, as supreme commander in Peru, agreed to surrender to the liberating army the whole of the territory possessed by Spain as far as the Desaguadero. So in effect ended the War of Independence, and so was extinguished the power of Spain in South America.

III

The Belgian War of Independence: Brussels

By JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA

AFTER the fall of Napoleon, Belgium was attached to Holland as a dyke against future encroachments by France, and the two countries got the name of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. The union was ill-assorted. There was a difference of race, of religion, and of temperament. An amalgamation of the nations was attempted and voted by a pretended majority, which declared that Belgium had adopted the fundamental law of the kingdom.

But there were many flaws in this agreement. The Dutch language was exclusively adopted, and public careers shut against two-thirds of the Belgians. Judicial reforms were adjourned, exorbitant imposts were exacted, subsidies granted to Belgian industry were lavished on intriguers from abroad. There was nothing alleged against the Dutch king, who was not an unjust man, and the Belgians, writhing against inequality, bore themselves with patience for

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fifteen years, and would longer had not an outbreak in the border state of France disturbed their composure. At length, however, an outbreak occurred in Brussels. It was the revolution—the smouldering embers which were soon to be roused into flame. It spread throughout the country, and the king at length issued a tedious proclamation, full of hackneyed sentiments, which only vexed still more the Belgians, who resolved to establish a provisional government, and to declare frankly for secession.

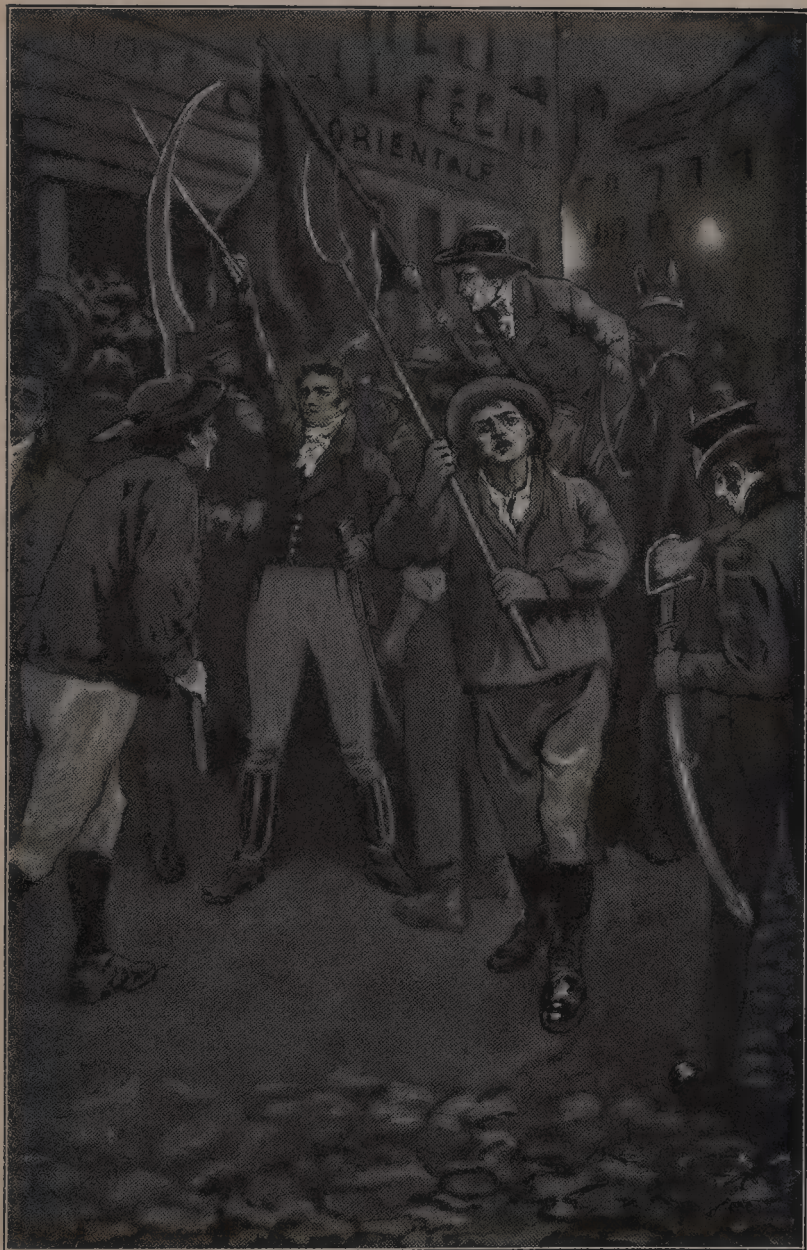
Brussels resumed its ordinary appearance; the “Brabançonne” was roared at the top of their voices by revelers in the taverns. The entire Walloon country, inhabited by the black-haired French-speaking portion of the people, was awakening to a passionate yearning for liberty. The manifestoes of the king were derided. Still the Dutch troops were continuously moving. Namur was declared in a state of siege; Brussels was perpetually on the alert; skirmishers watched the environs for the approaching Dutch. The Hotel de Ville was broken into by a disorderly crowd, and a store of Orange cockades discovered there; whereat there was an outcry of “Treason!” and the streets were paraded all night to the tap of drum, and yells of “Down with the Hollanders!” News next day that the Liègeois had stormed the Chartreuse fortress

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which dominated their city roused their courage. Brussels gave itself up to the people, who enrolled themselves, and talked of going out against the enemy. Companies of ill-dressed men, armed with pikes, forks, and knives, preceded by a herald armed with the rusty old sword of Saint Michel, were marshaled for the fray. Deserters from the Dutch army, still in their uniforms, joined the ranks of their own countrymen.

By this hour the troops had occupied ground at Dieghem and Ever to the causeway of Schaerbeek, at three-quarters of a league from Brussels. The tocsin was sounded, deep ditches were dug by the city gates, and pieces of cannon placed there, and the citizens mounted barricades and lined the intrenchments. Some of the volunteers went out to meet the troops, and near Dieghem there was an affair of outposts: several soldiers and two volunteers were killed.

Prince Frederick was definitely drawing near, and the entire population—men, women, and children—were in a state of defence. Vigilance was exercised to bar every reconnoissance of the enemy; and on Wednesday, the 23d, a proclamation from the king, dated from Antwerp, was made at Brussels, stigmatizing the “little number of the factious” who were striving at disorder, and stating at wearisome detail what he



COMPANIES OF ILL-DRESSED MEN WERE MARSHALED FOR
THE FRAY. (p. 48)

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was going to do. Two young men who left the Hôtel de Ville to remonstrate with the terms of this proclamation were arrested at headquarters, and taken prisoners on the spot to Antwerp. There were desultory conflicts during the day, but it was plain that the time of palavering was over and the hour of stern action was at hand.

Brussels was not fortified, its surrounding brick wall being low, and entrance was obtained by eight gates. It was divided into two towns, the lower and the upper, or aristocratic, which contained the Park, a spread of seventeen acres separated into three well-wooded alleys. The princes reckoned without the malcontents. They fancied they were a pack of silly fanatics, whose vapoing would be blown out with the first whiff of powder, like a guttering wick; and they made the mistake of going against this network of streets, sown with obstructions, with cavalry.

At day-dawn on the 23d September, the alarm was given at the gates of Schaerbeek and of Flanders that the Dutch troops were advancing in serried columns. At seven the tocsin rang out from the church steeples, and kept up their clangor until the firing had ceased in the evening. Before eight o'clock Colonel Boekorven presented himself at the Flanders gate at the head of 800 infantry, 300 hussars, and four pieces of cannon. A score of defenders of the post fired

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and drew back behind the barricades, which soon proved insufficient to cover them, and were speedily leveled by the enemy's pioneers. Rushing to about a hundred and fifty paces from the Pork Market, the Dutch troops had to halt in front of a stronger and more obstinately contested barrier. Dr. Tremper, followed by some bourgeois of the town, came forward, and, as *parlementaire*, called upon the military to retire. Threatening language was exchanged, and a discharge from the barricade flung into confusion the foremost ranks of the cavalry, whose commandant fell dead with a bullet through his brain. The infantry replied with volleys from platoons, which did no injury as they were aimed too high, in order to avoid the hussars in front, who were still in their saddles. But the conflict thickened into a regular din, the enraged population laying hold of everything they could procure to turn into weapons of offence. From the windows and the roofs, paving-stones, furniture, logs of timber, iron bars, stoves, and even quicklime, hailed on the soldiers. Horses and men were crushed; the enemy's ranks were flung into disorder, and the Belgian skirmishers, after a lively fusillade, charged with the bayonet, and pursued the enemy beyond Molenbeek.

At the gate of Laeken, which was garrisoned by forty bourgeois, the first cannon-shot was

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fired by the enemy. The high and strong barricades were exposed to cannon, and enfiladed from the Botanical Garden. The bourgeois retired to the Champs Elysées, and lost three of their cannon in the Belle Vue Hotel. But the enemy did not deem it advisable to try to enter the city, and withdrew without attempting a serious attack, and set off to rejoin the army of Prince Frederick, behind the Botanical Garden.

The Schaerbeek Gate was considered favorable for the decisive onslaught. The army corps which was put in motion numbered more than seven thousand combatants. At the instant of attack there were but sixty citizens at the position, the lost sentinels comprised, and these had no recognized chief. By degrees their effective was doubled, and the gallant Stildorf chosen captain. The three advanced barricades, too feeble and unarmed with guns, offered no resistance.

Sixteen pieces of artillery swept the Rue Royale for its whole length. About nine o'clock the grenadiers and the chasseurs, estimated at a strength of 1,800, under the orders of General Bylandt, doubled forward into the street, but they were brought to a short stop by the sustained discharge by the patriots at the two barricades of Treurenberg, and doggedly responded.

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Fire not less violent poured out from the Rue de Louvain, and two companies of grenadiers were detached to storm that thoroughfare and make a junction with the troops who had entered by the gate of Louvain. Arrived at the corner of the Rue de l'Orangerie, they were caught by a murderous fire, and made an effort to retrace their steps. But it was too late. The ground was swarmed over by the bourgeois, and, coming on to the noon hour, 150 grenadiers, realizing that they ran a risk of being shot to the last private, laid down their arms and surrendered. They were led off prisoners to the barracks of the firemen.

There was a well nigh similar scene at the Rue Notre Dame des Neiges. Attacked on the Place d'Orange, the Dutch detachment, after having sustained serious losses, arrived at the Park and established itself there, occupying the streets in the neighborhood and the palaces.

The attack of the gate of Louvain was simultaneous with those of Flanders, Laeken, and Schaerbeek. At the opening cannon-shot the very weak post of bourgeois retired by the Rue de Louvain, knocking over a number of the enemy by a desultory but destructive fire. The gate was forced by cuirassiers and lancers under General Tripe, who, joyous at his entry into the city, brandished his saber as he shouted, "For-

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ward, my children, at the gallop to the Grand' Place!" The 700 horsemen hurried into the Rue de Louvain, but formidable barricades barred their rush, and, instead of continuing to the Grand' Place, the entire corps turned harum-scarum for the Namur Gate without having succeeded in disengaging the grenadiers, who were cornered and hustled in the prolongation of the Rue de Louvain.

By the interior of the city the Dutch arrived towards the Namur Gate. Seeing that its defenders retired upon Ixelles, they re-entered by the gate of Hal, and started to occupy the gate of Namur. The Dutch several times advanced to the Athénée (the military school), but the bullets and paving-stones forced them to move backward with loss.

At this crisis the aspect of Brussels was woeful. All seemed lost. No defenders were seen but a few isolated knots, and these without concerted action or determined leaders. The grape-shot whistled through the city, the bullets positively spattered, the quick-repeated volleys of the sections filled the air with dismay. From four points of attack—the Hal Gate, the Place de Louvain, near Saint Gudule (the well-known cathedral church on the slope of a declivity), the Mountain of the Park, and the Place Royale—all held by artillery, successive and sustained

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deafening reports thundered. The peals, lugubrious and redoubled, of the tocsin swelled over the rattle of the drums beating the *générale*.

The rumor circulated that the gates of Laeken and Flanders were forced, and that the enemy was advancing by the lower town. About half-past eleven shopkeeper and artisan no longer believed resistance impossible. The bravery of the men placed at the gate of Louvain, the center of the enemy's communications, decided the impression of confidence. The ninth division of the Dutch forces, following at a distance the drums of the royal guard, which was directing its passage to the Park, was cut and compelled to go back and try the route by the Schaerbeek Gate and the boulevards. This maneuver forced the detachment in the Rue de Louvain to capitulate. The post of Treurenberg was now rendered impregnable. Afar off the fusillade at the Observatory, held by fifty bourgeois, could be heard, still vigorous in its defence. Stildorf was grievously wounded in the leg before the Botanical Garden. The cry "To arms!" was heard on every side, and volunteers entrenched themselves in the houses of the Place Royale. The main barricade between the hotels Belle Vue and the Amitié was manned by the volunteers from Namur, the company from Tournai led by Renard and the best-armed of the Bru-

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xellois, as well as the stone balustrade which extended beside the head of the Rue Royale. The citizens planted a piece of ordnance at this point, which commanded the Palace.

Towards the Metal Bridge a crippled hero distinguished himself. This was a notable figure, one whose name is destined to go down linked with the imperishable renown of those crucial days. Charlier of Liège, surnamed "The Wooden-legged," was more active and skilful than most whose limbs were perfect. His zeal and address were only equaled by his cool and resolute bearing. On all points he seemed to multiply himself, inspiring his comrades with his courage and carrying panic amidst the ranks of the enemy. Where his gun was needed, there sprang the "Jambe de Bois" as if by instinct.

This limping warrior hobbled on the road to glory, thoughtless of risk and spurning fatigue, as if he were charmed and reveled in the tempest of lead, brushing through the fumes of pungent vapor as if they were his natural element. At the entrance of the Park he stood with his trusty gun, crammed to the muzzle with grape, and blazed away at all opponents. At midday the Dutch were checked and paralyzed, the successes gained at the gates of Laeken and Flanders ran from mouth to mouth, and the first shout of victory was heard in Brussels.

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The scene of the city at the climax of the struggle was a genuine pandemonium, recalling some of the terrible pictures fixed on canvas by the weird brush of Weirtz, who painted the local gallery, mad and ghastly. Old men and youths, rich and men of the plebs, broadcloth and blouse, panted and perspired at the carnage; women tended the wounded or picked lint, children shrieked at the novel excitement of the elders, blood was heated with the rapture of combat, and the groans of the stricken were forced out of hearing by the noise of curses or transport, the screams of wrath and the dull overpowering report of bursting gunpowder or the angry bang of brass field-pieces rising over the racket of falling masonry, the rataplan of echoing drum, and the oft-recurring jangle of the tocsin.

At half-past three the Dutch set alight the barrack of the Annonciades, and at sight of the rising smoke the alarm was raised that powder was stored there, and that they would all be blown up. Look alive! The fury of the citizens redoubled. The aged, the feeble, females, and even the very urchins rushed upon the incendiaries, who fell back and were repulsed towards the Place of Orange. The fire was got under. Three-fourths of the barrack was saved, and the barrels of gunpowder carried back almost within reach of the licking flames. In the

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interior of the town by this time all the barricades and windows were frowning with gun-barrels. It was as if every house was a fortress and every fortress lined with loopholes spouting death. At half-past six the invincible "Jambe de Bois" had his cannon rolled towards the Place Royale. The Liège captain, the dauntless Pourbaix, hoisted a flag in the middle of the square, and held it erect and scathless amid a storm of solid balls, large and small.

After the night's interval, a dry fine morning arose on the 24th in comparative peace. The tocsin no longer smote the upper spaces. There was a sort of dangerous tranquillity in the town, where streets were besieged and defended house by house. The three barricades of attack were strengthened against the risks of new assault. Reinforcements of Walloons arrived during the night by the gates of Hal and Anderlecht. And in the morning posters signed by M. d'Hoogvorst were visible making known that the inhabitants of Louvain and Tirlemont had beaten back and compelled to flight the regular troops of Holland, sent against them by the Prince Frederick the previous evening. The tidings of this double victory added to the ardor and confidence of the Bruxellois. There were irregular fights all day, and numerous casualties occurred here and there through the town, in spite of

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every care that was exercised. An unhappy mother passing in the Rue d'Isabelle, bundling her two infants in her arms, was mortally wounded, struck by shivering splinters.

Of course this was unintentional; but such incidents happen in every conflict of the kind, and the innocent are marked down for death as relentlessly as those with uplifted weapons. Amongst the combatants there was a fair proportion of killed—upwards of sixty, and thrice the number wounded. The losses of the enemy were set down at 200. The inhabitants were prompt in their succor: lint, medicaments, and food were supplied in abundance. The apothecaries cheerfully gave up their drugs. There was no thought of charge. Comfort came forward to those among the defenders who were mutilated or expiring. Many brave young fellows, pale and blood-streaked, were carried to their doors on mattresses or hastily made stretchers. And yet in addition to the ordinary hospitals, which were already beginning to be overrun with cases, there were eighteen provisional ambulances established in various public buildings or private residences. Still there was high hope, and, in answer to M. Engelsbach, who made inquiries, it was reported by the bakers and flour-merchants that there were enough provisions in the city for ten days to come.

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On the second day the bombardment of the capital was resolved on. At four in the afternoon Prince Frederick, from his camp at the gate of Schaerbeek, placed on a height behind the palace of the Prince of Orange a battery of shell-guns (mortars and howitzers) in a position to batter the town. The shells, of which about two hundred were launched, luckily did not do much damage. Nevertheless the sinister rumor circulated that from the Dutch camp fire-balls were sent and Congreve rockets, and naturally panic seized certain quarters. At the set of sun both parties occupied much the same positions as on the evening before. At night, when dusk should have been succeeded by darkness, various conflagrations lit up the town, and the noise of cannon and crackling musketry, and the jerky clash of the tocsin swirled in echo from every point of the compass. The people were kept busy helping to bandage the wounded and save the furniture from the burning houses. But there were others, not so weary of the work, who were strenuous to pile up barricades in every quarter where there was any possibility of their being attacked in turn. The *estaminets* and drinking-shops were thronged—the “Aigle,” for example—and the exploits of the day recounted, and precautions taken that the position so valiantly disputed should not be yielded a

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second time to the surprise of the foe without defence.

After the cessation of fire—that is to say, between ten and midnight—a proclamation was read at the Hotel de Ville to the roll of the drum, which contained a passage counseling the bourgeois to redouble their vigilance and to augment barricade by barricade: “Stones thrown from the windows achieved half the revolution of Paris.” This gave the cue to the patriots. In several districts water was boiling at once; gallons of quicklime were laid in; the wives of the workmen, mechanics, and day-laborers gathered their husbands’ biggest and weightiest tools, picks and crowbars, sledges and hammers; wheels, ladders, hogsheads, tables, barrels, and barrows were raised to garrets and high rooms. M. Juan van Halen—one of the Belgian family emigrated to Spain—was appointed General-in-Chief, and it was determined that the assault on the Park should be delivered on the following day, the close of the week.

At sunrise it was remarked that the Dutch troops guarded their positions intact, but had made some insignificant steps forward on the side of the streets of Namur, the Orangerie and Louvain. Prince Frederick’s cavalry were patrolling along the line of inner boulevards, ready to go to the assistance of the threatened points.

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At four o'clock, just as the first signs of dawn were penciling the sky, a few musket-shots were heard. Some grenadiers, crawling out from the Park and the Palace, attempted to get possession of the Bellevue Hotel, whose defenders they imagined to be asleep. But Pellabon and Ver-eecken, with three men only, were on the alert and repulsed the enemy, forcing him to retreat after a loss of several. At six the fusillade recommenced to tap of drum and the call of the alarm-bell to all men free, willing, and able to take up arms. At the Town House an offer of armistice was made on the part of Prince Frederick, but rejected, as it did not seem distinct. There was a want of frankness about it, and accordingly it was received with suspicion.

At ten two pieces of cannon arrived at a gallop in the Rue Ducale, unlimbered, and swept the ground with several discharges to the right and left of Wauxhall. At half-past ten the firing was redoubled, and the Park, the Rue Ducale, and the boulevards were wrapped in curtains of smoke. The houses trembled with the vibration, and the reports of the cannon drowned the clanging of the bells. The mortars behind the Prince of Orange's palace were silent as if in a lethargy during the day; but a flying battery of the Hollanders, composed of six light pieces posted in the Park, revealed itself at the entrance of the

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alleys and vomited grape on the Belgian skirmishers, amid ferocious outcries. Soon the men of Liége raised impatient shouts that the Park should be attacked with the bayonet—that it mattered not how many were the enemies: it would be time enough to count them when they were dead. Their enthusiasm inflamed some who heard them, and a stripling from Waterloo, bearing the Brabant flag, penetrated the Park. A body of twenty brave fellows followed at his heels. But they were decimated by cannon-shots and the remnant obliged to fall back; but the flag was planted anew on the barricade of Treurenberg. A large body of lancers—some say twelve squadrons—trotted about midday into the Rue Ducale, dismounted, and flung themselves into the palace of the States-General, occupied by the Dutch infantry, who stood in the most urgent need of reinforcement.

The fight was now maintained with obstinacy by the patriots. They were getting into the spirit of the thing, and vengeance sparkled in their eyes and flushed upon their cheeks. The Dutch wounded sought refuge under every roof where they could obtain a shelter, and in their utter state of demoralization themselves exaggerated their own casualties. Officers affirmed that half of the army had perished; that they had been shot from the windows of the Rue Royale

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without being able to see to reply; that, not having it in their power to carry away their dead, they had to cast their corpses into the wells in the Park; that the dressings were applied to the wounded in the three palaces, or they were transported to Vilvorde when that was possible; and that already since the opening of this fateful day forty wagons packed with poor wretches had left. The order to "Cease fire" was rung out by the Dutch buglers at three, in the Rue Ducale.

Down on the boulevards, towards the gate of Namur, there was a fierce combat about noon. The volunteers had succeeded in mounting a piece of ordnance there, which was taken by an irruption of Dutch lancers but recaptured in turn by its own gunners, who lost two men before they could wrest it from the enterprising foe. In all the dwellings in this locality the fighting was bitter. The troops were driven by the skirmishing insurgents from every spot where they thought to ensure safety. This determined pursuit—the most implacable sort of warfare—was carried on, above all, on the boulevard of Waterloo, at the exterior walls of the Petits Carmes, at the Hotel d'Aremberg, and by the whole length of the Rue aux Carmes. Everywhere that the soldiers pushed in they smashed, looted, and tried to set fire to the houses. The

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truth was these regulars were having their heads turned in their rage, and the bonds of discipline were loosened and forgotten.

At the Place Royale the conflict was well sustained. Sharpshooters were stationed on the eaves of the houses commanding the Rue Royale. The volunteers from Liège, from the cover of ambuscades, kept up a fire on the palace and the park with their artillery, while the enemy's cannon did not cease to direct its assaults on the Hotel Belle Vue, from which Pellabon and Vereecken retorted on their ranks with well-aimed gun-shots. The travelers who had sought safety in the vaults of the hotel began to apprehend that the ceiling would crumble on them, or that it might take fire. Under the conduct of Pellabon they quitted their asylum, and traversed the Place Royale to find a refuge elsewhere. Midway a lady found herself ill, but the ready Vereecken lifted her on his broad shoulders, and bore her along in safety to the Palais de l'Industrie. Juan van Halen decided to form a column of attack on the Montagne de la Cour, and supported by the battery of Charlier, of the wooden leg—who was still here, there, and everywhere that his aid was most required—to attempt an entrance into the Park. This attack did not succeed, although tried as one o'clock was nearing; but Charlier, acting under the orders of his

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superior, advanced his piece opposite the Amitié Coffee House, and tormented the enemy with such a pestilent shower of grape that he did not show his nose out of the fosses of the Park. A heavy and drenching rain falling, and some inevitable disorders occurring, hindered the execution of a real bayonet attack. About two a battalion of grenadiers attempted to come out, but met by a well-nourished fire was driven back without having been able to do more than reinforce its comrades, who held the staircase of the Library and some houses of the Rue Isabelle. One hundred and twenty of the Belgians were put *hors de combat* on this day, while the casualties of the Dutch were estimated at far more—it was reckoned that they lost nearly three hundred.

Reinforcements began arriving from country towns in the evening; each contingent had a flag at its head, and each volunteer wore the initials of his commune on his cap. Volunteers from Nivelles recounted that the Communal Guard had fired upon their townsmen, slaying three and wounding seventeen.

The Sabbath rose with the 26th, and from the morning the church bells rang for mass. The Park, which was the battle-ground, as if arranged, had a placid appearance after all the turbulence. Not a person was to be seen there. The Dutch skirmishers were immobile in the

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Rue Ducale. There was no change in the situation from previous days. Between eight and nine the enemy concentrated his reserves and brought together his artillery, as if about to undertake a twofold attack on the Place and the Rue Royale. His lines were marked by a screen of tirailleurs, to catch the notice of the patriots who were holding themselves in preparation to check the enemy, at the entrance to the Rue Royale. Their volunteers were hidden in the houses or hotels opposite the Park, and were not to fire until they had received a signal. They were strongly posted at the Belle Vue Hotel, the Amitié Coffee House, and Benard's establishment. Pellabon and Vereecken, of Brussels, took up their station there, while the volunteers from Wavre and Gosselies lay in ambush anear, their muskets at the ready. One of them—M. de Lescaille, of Wavre, a very keen sportsman, who had acquired a local renown as a dead shot—placed himself in the gutters of the Belle Vue, and laid low to his own trigger more than twenty Dutch grenadiers as they popped their heads out of the ravine of the Park.

Three friends kept him supplied with loaded muskets as they were wanted: this fortunate fellow escaped with a slight wound. At ten the fracas became terrible in the Rue Royale. The skirmishers with the cannon posted in the Rue

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Ducale kept up a constant thundering across the Park, and particularly in the lateral alleys.

About midday, M. Pletinckx, chief of the staff, who held his own stubbornly with a single gun in the barracks of the Annonciades, advanced alone as a *parlementaire*, in the Rue de Louvain. He was arrested and led prisoner to the headquarters of the Prince, and sent thence to Antwerp. At the elbow where the Rue de l'Orangerie intersects the Rue de Louvain a barricade was raised, which by an artful device held the soldiers in check. The bourgeois, aided by women, mostly wives of workmen, managed to make two puppets of straw; these they stuck up, dressed as men, on the edge of the barricade, and each time the enemy fired, the head of the figure was lowered with a cord. These combatants of straw, who were the butt of the enemy's discharges, kept the soldiers diverted by the belief that they had knocked over an antagonist each time that the make-believe head was pulled out of range. As the shades of evening descended the barricade was deserted, but the Hollanders cautiously approached it, and incontinently ran as they descried the mannikins on the watch.

In the Rue du Marais and elsewhere the same ruse was employed, and with a similar success. In the morning the skirmishers, pursued by a battalion, descended the boulevard of Schaer-

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beek, and were obliged to set fire to the bridge of the Senne to defend and maintain themselves at the two barricades of the Rue St. Pierre. The Dutch soldiers enkindled the houses at the corner of the Schaerbeek Street and the boulevard, and about two o'clock, as the flames did not spread rapidly enough to their taste, they carried torches to them separately; then, posted in the Botanical Garden, they kept up a continual fusillade to prevent aid from being carried to the victims of the fire. Eighteen new houses were a prey to the flames, and sixteen were completely burned: the fire continued far into the night. About six in the evening the shells from the rear of the palace of the Prince of Orange fired the buildings of the city stables, in the Rue des Douze-Apôtres. The conflagration spread with great rapidity, as there were 7,000 trusses of hay or straw stocked there: the halters had to be cut from the horses, who forthwith started out in terror from their heated and flame-encircled stables. The Belle Vue Hotel and the Amitié Café were occupied by a battery of guns which enfiladed the outlet from the Park, and a piece was held in reserve at the Metal Bridge.

Three of the volunteers of Leuze presented themselves as messengers at the foremost of the enemy's barricades, the officer telling them they need have no fear. One of them then sum-

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moned the Dutch troops to surrender. The officer refused; and as the *parlementaires* retired, a round of grape was sent at them at thirty yards without effect. Firing began again in the Rue Royale, and at nine the discharges on both sides were thin, as if the powder was being husbanded. At ten the cannon of the Hollanders made its voice heard, and the left set itself in motion, and the skirmishers advanced in front of the Park, but the general discharge from the Belgian lines compelled them to retreat; at the same time the volunteers at the Belle Vue Hotel hindered the deployment by a quick fire on the first underworks of the Park. Lurid masses of smoke appeared towards the left, the Hotel de Torrington was burned to dislodge the Dutch, their grenadiers were chased, and the Rue Royale was in the power of the Revolution. The battery of *obusiers* at the palace of the Prince of Orange resumed the bombardment at noon, but without result. It was a terrible spectacle in the Park: blood streamed in the alleys, corpses were prone here and there, hardly covered with a few leaves; branches of trees, statues, and railings hampered paths; here was a barricade of benches, there a redoubt, heaped from half a dozen dead horses. The houses were riddled with shot and bullets, and everywhere floated the flag of Brabant—pledge of success and liberty.

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This was the most murderous day's work yet—there was more desperation and contempt for death. Two hundred patriots fell, and were interred in the Place St. Michel, which took the name of the Place of Martyrs; the losses of the enemy were counted at thrice the number. Seeing themselves in peril of being surrounded, the Hollanders stole away at four in the morning of Monday, abandoning the city. The fight in the capital was over; the victory of Belgian Independence was assured.



THE RAIN WAS NOW POURING IN TORRENTS. (p. 71)

IV

“Remember the Alamo!”

The Texan Insurrection of 1836

By STODDARD DEWEY

WHO will join old Ben Milam in storming the Alamo?”

The speaker was little past forty, not old as a peaceful and civilized generation would have reckoned him. But he and the men who listened lived in troublous times, in which the experience of many years was crowded into one. They were American frontiersmen, mainly of Anglo-Saxon race, who had drifted over from the Southern United States on to the limitless prairies of the Mexican province of Texas. And they were now in full revolt against the authority of General Santa Ana, the President of the Mexican Republic.

Ben Milam was a good sample of his class. Born in Kentucky, with rifle-shooting and horsemanship for his sole education, he fought, before he was out of his 'teens, with General Jackson against the British forces at New Orleans. Then he went trading for several years with the wild Indians around the head-waters of

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the Texan rivers. When Mexico rose against Spain, he was among the Revolutionists. After the independence, he took part in the first of the many uprisings against the newly established government. Being captured, he served his time in prison until another revolution freed him and gave him an extensive grant of lands in Texas.

The Texans had now risen in their turn. It was the year 1835, and first blood had been shed on the 29th of September. Ben Milam was once more captured, and hurried off in a caravan of prisoners toward the city of Mexico, a thousand miles away. At Monterey he escaped, and, finding a horse, rode back alone six hundred miles to rejoin his comrades. On the 9th of October he issued, wayworn and triumphant, from the mezquit thickets where the little band of Texans was preparing an attack on a Mexican post. He was in time to share in their victory. A month later a provisional government was organized, and reinforcements of sharpshooters from the Mississippi valley arrived daily. With December the insurgents moved forward to San Antonio, the chief place of Texas. It was there the Mexican general Cos had concentrated his troops. In case of need, he could shut himself up behind the walls of the fortified Alamo mission to the northeast of the town.

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It was the Alamo which Ben Milam proposed storming first, but the leaders decided to begin by the town. They entered it successfully on the 5th of December, advancing under shelter from house to house by breaking through the walls between, instead of trying to force their way down the open street. Two days later Ben Milam was shot through the head as he crossed an unprotected space. But the next day General Cos took to the Alamo, and on the 11th surrendered. He marched away on parole with all his troops to the loyal provinces across the Rio Grande, and there was not a Mexican soldier left on the soil of Texas.

The heroic days of the Alamo had only just begun. Santa Ana at once made ready all his forces to crush out the rebellion. What Thermopylæ was to the Greeks against the Persians, this mission fortress was to be in the long conflict between Anglo-American immigration and Spanish-American rule.

The struggle for Statehood and Home Rule for Texas, headed by Moses Austin, led to his imprisonment by Santa Ana, and after several further acts of tyranny the Americans of Texas arrived at a point where they had to make their choice—either to submit to Santa Ana or to fight for their independence. They were tired of the unceasing revolutions of Mexicans among them-

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selves; and they felt a general antipathy of race against the Mexican minority in the territory which their own superior enterprise had developed. Besides, they were constantly encouraged by promises of assistance from land speculators and slaveholders in the United States.

At last Santa Ana deemed it prudent to release Austin, with specious promises that might allay the growing discontent. The two Mexican governors had already joined the Texans; and this time the fighting priest Zambrano declared against the authorities of Republican Mexico, just as he had before supported the Spanish rule. In September, after an imprisonment of many months, Austin arrived in Texas, only to find "all disorganized, all in anarchy, and threatened with immediate hostilities." General Cos marched forward to San Antonio; and, on the 29th of the month, 168 Texan volunteers fought at Gonzalez with 100 of the Mexican troops. On the 4th of October Austin issued a proclamation against military depotism in behalf of State rights.

Through all the succeeding months the Texans still fought under the tricolor flag of the Mexican Republic, protesting their willingness to submit to the Federal Constitution of 1824. But General Santa Ana was unable to undo by force of arms the manifold blunders of his centralizing

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policy. The Alamo was to decide the struggle of manifest destiny in favor of Texan independence.

On the 22d of February, 1836, Santa Ana arrived at San Antonio with the first brigade of the Mexican army, which he was commanding in person. He had had a painful march of seven days across the plains. The other brigades were following close behind. It was now the turn of the Texan troops to retire to the Alamo. Their commander, Colonel Travis, had only 145 men, and little provision against an energetic siege. But when Santa Ana summoned him to surrender, he answered by a cannon-shot. The Mexican general at once hoisted the red flag, as a signal that no quarter would be given.

The Alamo, in spite of the peaceful purpose of its original building, had been made strong enough to resist any attack except from artillery. Built in 1744, it was the last of a line of Franciscan missions established along the San Antonio river for the conversion of the wild Indians. The neighborhood of the Spanish military post was not sufficient to guarantee the friars and their converts against sudden raids; so they began by enclosing an oblong space, from two or three acres in extent, in the midst of the cottonwood trees (*alamo*—a kind of poplar), which

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gave the name to the mission. This Mission Square, as it was called, was more than 450 feet long from north to south and 150 feet wide.

Its wall was 8 feet high, and nearly a yard thick. On the east side was the convent, a two-story building of *adobe* (sun-dried clay), 191 feet long and 18 feet deep. In front was the convent yard, 186 feet deep, and surrounded by another strong wall. At the southeast corner was the church, with walls of hewn stone 4 feet thick and $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. In the southern wall of the Mission Square was the great gateway, beside a one-story prison 115 feet long by 17 feet deep. Outside the wall a ditch and stockade went from the prison to the corner of the church. There was no lack of shelter from which the sharp-shooting Texans might fire their guns, so long as the Mexican artillery made no breach in the outer walls; even then a retreating fight might be kept up through the various enclosures.

The friars had disappeared with the Spanish domination, and the mission had since been used for military puposes. In the roofless church were installed the magazine and soldiers' quarters. The friars' apartments in the convent building had also been divided up into armory and barracks. There was plenty of water from two *acequias*, or waterways, which passed under the walls, one at the northwest

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corner of the Mission Square and the other to the east of the church. To strengthen the position, fourteen guns had been mounted at different parts of the walls. The three heaviest pointed north, south, and east from the church. There were two for the stockade, two for the gate of the Mission Square beside the prison, one for each of the corners of the square, and two each for the exposed walls to north and west. The mere fortification of the place promised well against any ordinary attack.

That lack of foresight and union which is common to raids and revolutions led by adventurers destroyed these advantages of defence. On the 14th of February Colonel Travis had already complained to General Sam Houston, the commander-in-chief of the Texan army, that he had been left destitute in face of the threatened attack. Several hundred men and the greater part of the ammunition had been withdrawn for distant expeditions, which could not even turn aside the march forward of the Mexican army.

The provisional government which had been organized in November was not working well. Austin's loyal policy had been put aside; but the new governor and the council quarreled among themselves. The commander-in-chief was himself little more than an improvised soldier, and was powerless to take independent action.

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When the governor remonstrated about the unprotected state of the Alamo, the Council refused to listen. Time was frittered away in the oratory which pleases popular assemblies, or in mutual recrimination and vaunts of personal bravery.

Travis himself was careless about the service of his scouts, and knew little of the real strength and organization of the enemy's forces. It is also supposed that he had little control over his men, who were accustomed to the reckless skirmishing of the frontier and had never faced a disciplined body of troops. At the last moment, when the coming of Santa Ana was already forcing them to retire from San Antonio, they hurriedly stocked the Alamo with the scant provisions which came to hand. For food they had to rely on twenty beeves and eighty bushels of Indian corn. Their supply of ammunition was more unsatisfactory still.

Santa Ana, while waiting for the remainder of his troops, was unable to complete the siege of the Alamo. On the 24th of February Colonel Travis sent out a final desperate appeal for help across the prairies. The messenger succeeded in reaching Gonzalez, where the first battle of the revolution had been fought. Captain Smith, with more than thirty men, responded to the appeal; and, at three in the morning of the 1st

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of March, they made their entrance into the Alamo. Besides the soldiers of the garrison, they found the wives of two of the officers with their two children, a Mexican woman, and the negro boy of Travis.

The second in command bore a name of might in frontier warfare. It was James Bowie, the eldest of three brothers, the second of whom was the inventor of the long-bladed "bowie-knife" used by the hunters and desperadoes of the plains. They had been engaged in buying negro slaves for the Southern United States from the men of Lafitte, the pirate. When the pirate's haunts were broken up, James Bowie remained to take due part in the Texan struggles. On the 27th of October he had already fought a bloody battle, with 91 others of his kind, against 400 Mexicans. With him was Davy Crockett, who is remembered as one of the earliest of the "American humorists," but whose share in the tragedy of the Alamo should not be forgotten. He was a tall, powerful, fearless hunter from Tennessee; Irish by descent, with all the wit and careless courage of his race, and a thorough frontiersman, trained to use the rifle from his childhood. He had been elected once to the United States Congress; but he had not the sonorous eloquence required by his constituents, and they chose another for the post when his term

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of office was over. Shouldering his rifle in disgust, he made his way to the Texan frontier, just in time for this last adventure.

General Santa Ana at once began work by setting up two batteries of artillery in the *alameda* (cottonwood grove) by the river. He also disposed five entrenched camps to command the mission from different points and guard against all attempts to force a way out. Then he began throwing shells, and by the 3d of March the Texans counted two hundred which had fallen inside their works. Not a man had been injured and little effect had been produced on the walls. On their side, they had picked off a number of Mexicans who showed themselves within range of their sharpshooting rifles. But it had already become necessary for them to economize their small store of ammunition. Moreover, their strength of endurance was sorely tried. Besides the skirmishing by day, they were harassed by constant fears of an attack by night.

On the 4th March, the third Mexican brigade arrived. This brought Santa Ana's forces to the number of 5,000 men, well trained and organized. The next day was passed in making ready to storm the Alamo. Two thousand five hundred men were chosen for the attacking force, divided into four columns, which were to engage the garrison on every side at once. At the

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head of one of these columns Santa Ana placed General Cos, who had broken his parole and marched back to revenge his own recent defeat on this spot. All the columns were supplied with ladders, crowbars, and axes. The cavalry was stationed around, so as to cut off every chance of escape.

The next day (March 6th) was Sunday. At four o'clock in the morning the Mexican columns took their positions. They advanced in silence, but the strained senses of the besieged could hear their doom drawing nigh amid the darkness. Suddenly the bugle sounded, and the Mexicans made a first rush forward. The twelve cannons and all the rifles of the garrison spoke together, and the assailants fell back in disorder. On the north side, their leader had been wounded, leaving his men in confusion. The officers rallied their troops, and again drove them forward to the foot of the walls; but they could not scale them. Then a united attack was made from the north, and again the Texan fire wrought havoc and carnage in the dense mass of troops. But this last move had brought the attacking party below the range of the cannon on the walls. The garrison had fired only two shots, and a small breach had already been made in the north wall. Travis, struck in the

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head, had fallen beside his gun at the northwest corner.

A third assault was at once made. This time the wall was scaled and the breach enlarged. The soldiers poured into the Mission Square faster than the Texan rifles could pick them off. On another side one of the columns forced the stockade, and captured the two guns at that point. The outer walls were now abandoned by the garrison, who retired to the shelter of the barracks and the church. Soon their own cannon were directed against them, amid the increasing fire of the Mexican musketry. Apartment after apartment was forced. There ensued a series of hand-to-hand fights, ending in death-struggles, as the successive groups of Texans were overborne by superior numbers. Through the convent cells, built for peace, the Mexican soldiers charged with fixed bayonets, only to be met by the clubbed rifles and flashing knives of their victims driven to bay. Early in the fight Bowie had fallen from a scaffolding by the walls, and received injuries such that he was unable to move from the bed where he had been laid in an upper room of the convent barracks. But he was still able to die as he had lived, firing the pistols which had been placed by his side before he was finally run through with a bayonet.

The church was the last to be taken. One of

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its guns bore directly on the Mexicans in the Mission Square, and did valiant execution until all who manned it had fallen. When the church itself was carried, its defenders, too, fell back inch by inch, fighting till each man was slain.

Davy Crockett was among the last to fall, close to the passage which the friars had made long ago to lead from their convent to the sacred precinct.

In less than an hour all was over. General Santa Ana, during the fight, had kept to his safe post by the southern battery. By his orders the bands played incessantly the shrill *deguello*—the signal that no quarter should be given. When he entered the Alamo at last, a search of the now silent rooms brought to light five men of the garrison who had hidden away. The under generals begged the President to spare their lives; now that victory was complete. Santa Ana turned implacably to the soldiers, who ran the captives through before his eyes. Thus perished to the last man the defenders of the Alamo.

There were left to tell the tale only the two widowed American women, with their two children; the Mexican woman, who was torn from Bowie's side by his murderers; and the negro slave-boy of the dead commander. The widow of Lieut. Dickenson was given a horse and sent

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across the plains with an arrogant proclamation from Santa Ana to the Texan rebels, summoning them to surrender at discretion.

The inhabitants of San Antonio—Mexicans and Americans alike—asked leave to bury the dead bodies of the Texan victims of the massacre. Santa Ana, following up his barbarous policy, refused, and ordered that the corpses should be burned. They were heaped together in layers, with wood and dry brush between. One hundred and eighty-two bodies were counted before the torch was applied. Under cover of the night, men of San Antonio gathered up the ashes and few bones which were all that remained of the little garrison. A year later these were buried reverently in one coffin near the Alamo, which was left standing as a memorial of Texan independence, now definitely won.

On the Mexican side, Santa Ana gave a lying account of his victory, reporting the number of the Texans at 600, and assigning only 1,400 to his own attacking columns. Of these he admitted only 70 killed and 300 wounded. His more truthful secretary, when the speedy reverses of his master unsealed his lips, gave numbers which are confirmed from other sources. One hundred and eighty-two Texans, who were slain to the last man, had been besieged by 5,000 Mexicans, of whom 2,500 engaged in the attack.

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Of the latter, 300 were killed on the spot and 100 afterwards died of their wounds. The alcalde of San Antonio, who was charged with the burial of the Mexican dead, thought even this estimate far too low.

The first news of the siege had roused the Texan authorities to action. On the 2d of March the Convention proclaimed the absolute independence of Texas as a nation. On the 11th of the month, General Houston, who was still without news from the Alamo, arrived at Gonzalez with 400 men. The next day Mrs. Dickenson, worn out with emotion and fatigue, rode into camp. In a single village twenty women learned that they were widows like herself. Houston, panic-stricken, retreated, after burning the town lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy.

Santa Ana marched straight on Goliad by the coast. Texans could not yet believe in the military power of the despised “greasers,” and several hundred men fell into his hands. He again ordered a massacre, but this time it was after a surrender had been made. There could be no further doubt of his policy of extermination.

The triumphant army continued its march northward toward the heart of the American settlements. At San Jacinto, near Galveston, the Texan troops at last ventured on a pitched

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battle. Their training had been accomplished; they entered the fight to the cry of "Remember the Alamo!"

The Mexican President, and what remained of his army after the battle, were taken prisoners. It was with difficulty that the Texan officers prevented their men from revenging in kind the massacres of the Alamo and Goliad. Santa Ana, after the independence of the Texan Republic had been recognized, was handed over to the Government of the United States, who restored him to a diminished Mexico. After ten years, when Texas was definitely to be annexed to the United States, he was again at the head of the Mexicans. This war—against the whole United States and not, as before, with the single province of Texas—formed the bloody end of the strife begun at the storming of the Alamo. The Mexican Republic lost forever its immense northern territory from the Gulf to the Pacific Ocean.

In 1876 the aged widow of Lieut. Dickenson revisited the Alamo. She had seen its heroic defence of the liberties of 30,000 souls; she had lived to see the State of Texas with a population well on towards 3,000,000. In the State House of Austin, capital city of Texas, on a monument made of stones of the ruins of the mission fortress, are inscribed 166 names—all that were

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known of the men whose death gave the Anglo-American race eternal reason to remember the Alamo.

V

The Destruction of a British Army in Afghanistan

By ARCHIBALD FORBES

IN January, 1842, between the cantonments on the plain of Cabul and the hillock above Gundamuk, whereon the last remnant of fighting-men sold their lives dearly, there fell upwards of 4,500 soldiers, and more than double that number of camp-followers. How this ghastly catastrophe came about, and how stern retribution for it was exacted, is told in the following narrative.

Under evil counsel and against the advice of every man of experience, Lord Auckland, then Governor-General of India, resolved in 1838 to send an army into Afghanistan to dethrone Dost Mahomed.

The ill-fated expedition reached Cabul, and going into cantonments made a quasi-occupation of the city which lasted for two years. But the British were totally unable to cope with the wily and treacherous enemy, and after several uprisings on the part of the invaded, in which



THE REMNANT OF AN ARMY.

The Destruction of a British Army

they suffered severe loss, they were obliged to accept the most humiliating terms from the Afghan chiefs.

They were made to pass under the yoke every hour of their wretched lives during those last winter days in the Cabul cantonments. Day after day the departure was delayed, on the pretext that the Afghan chiefs had not completed their preparations for the safe conduct of the force. Day after day the snow was falling with a quiet, ruthless persistency. At last the ill-omened evacuation by the doomed people of the cantonments, wherein they had undergone every extremity of humiliation, was begun on the dreary winter morning of January 6, 1842. Snow lay deep on plain and hillside; the cruel cold bit fiercely into the debilitated frames of the sepoy and the great herds of camp followers. The marching-out force consisted of about 4,500 armed men, of whom about 690 were Europeans, 2,840 native soldiers on foot, and 970 native cavalymen. In good heart and resolutely commanded, a strength of disciplined troops thus constituted might have been trusted not only to hold its own against Afghan onslaught, but to take the offensive with success. But, alas! the heart of the hapless force had gone to water, its discipline was a wreck, its chiefs were feeble and apathetic. The awful fate brooded over its for-

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lorn banners of expiating by its utter annihilation the foolish and sinister prosecution of the enterprise, whose deserved failure was to be branded yet deeper on the gloomiest page of British history, by the impending catastrophe of which the dark shadow already lay upon the blighted column.

The advance began to move out from the cantonments at nine A.M. The main body under Shelton, accompanied by the ladies, sick, and wounded slowly followed, already disorganized by throngs of camp-followers with the baggage. The Afghans occupied the cantonments as portion after portion was evacuated, rending the air with their exulting cries and committing every kind of atrocity. When at length the rear-guard moved off in the twilight, an officer and fifty men were left dead in the snow, victims of Afghan fire; and owing to losses in the gun-teams two horse-artillery guns had to be spiked and abandoned. The route of the rear-guard was cumbered already with heaps of abandoned baggage, which the Afghans were plundering assiduously. Other Afghans, greedier for blood than for booty, were hacking and slaying among the sepoy and followers who thus early had dropped out of the column. Babes lay in the snow abandoned by their mothers, themselves prostrate and dying a few yards farther on. The

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force bivouacked in the snow at the end of the first short march of six miles. During the night of bitter cold, soldiers and camp-followers, foodless, fireless, and shelterless, froze to death in numbers, and numbers more were frostbitten. The silence of the camp next morning betrayed universal despair and torpor.

No orders were given out, no bugle sounded the "advance" on the sullen morning of the 7th. The column heaved itself forward sluggishly, a mere mob, destitute of any order or discipline. The Afghans hung on its skirts slaughtering and plundering, and of the seven guns five fell into their hands. A body of Afghan horse charged right into the heart of the column, spreading confusion and dismay far and wide. At Boothak was found Akbar Khan, who professed to have been commissioned to escort the force to Jellalabad, and who insisted on a halt until the morrow, when he would provide supplies—supplies that never came. He wrung from Pottinger a subsidy of 15,000 rupees, and demanded and obtained him, Lawrence, and Mackenzie as hostages.

Another night passed with its train of horrors—starvation, cold, exhaustion, death. Scarce any of the baggage now remained; neither for man nor beast was there any food. Daylight brought merely a more bitter realization of utter

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misery. The two nights of exposure to frost "had so nipped even the strongest men as completely to prostrate their powers and incapacitate them for service; even the cavalry, who suffered less than the rest, had to be lifted on to their horses." The few hundred men still capable of exertion at the sound of hostile fire struggled to their feet from their lairs in the snow, leaving many of their more fortunate comrades stark in death. A turmoil of confusion, plundering, and bloodshed reigned. The ladies were no longer carried in litters and palanquins, for the bearers were mostly dead: they sat in the bullet-fire in panniers slung on camels, invalids as some of them were—one poor woman with a two-days-old baby.

It was not until noon that the living mass of human beings and animals was once more in motion, the task before them to thread the stupendous gorge of the Khoord-Cabul pass, overhung on either side by perpendicular precipices. The "Jaws of Death," as the Afghans style the ravine, were barely entered when the slaughter was renewed. Lady Sale, who rode with the advance, had a bullet through her arm and three more through her dress. Some of the other ladies had strange adventures. In one of the panniers of a camel were Mrs. Boyd and her little son, in the other Mrs. Mainwaring with her

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own infant and Mrs. Anderson's eldest child. The camel fell, shot. A native trooper took Mrs. Boyd up behind him, and brought her through safely; another horseman, behind whom her child rode, was killed, and the boy fell into Afghan hands. The Anderson girl shared the same fate. Mrs. Mainwaring was making her way on foot, when an Afghan horseman rode at her with uplifted sword. She was rescued by a sepoy, who killed the Afghan, and then conducted the poor lady and her child through the dead and dying and the heavy firing to the mouth of the pass, when a bullet slew the chivalrous grenadier, and Mrs. Mainwaring had to continue her weary and hazardous tramp to the bivouac beyond. Near the exit of the pass a commanding position was held by some detachments, supporting the only gun remaining, and under the cover of this stand the rear of the mass gradually drifted forward while the Afghan pursuit was checked, and at length all the surviving force reached the camping-ground.

Akbar, accompanied by the chiefs and hostages, followed in the track of the retreat. He professed that his object was to stop the firing, but Pottinger distinctly heard him shout "Slay them!" in the Pushtoo tongue. In passing through the scene of the heaviest slaughter they "came on one sight of horror after another. All

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the bodies were stripped. There were children cut into two. Hindustanee women, as well as men, were found literally chopped to pieces, many with their throats cut from ear to ear."

Snow fell all night on the unfortunates gathered tentless on the Khoord-Cabul camping-ground. On the 10th, Akbar sent into camp a proposal that the ladies and children, with whose deplorable condition he professed to sympathize, should be given over to his protection, and that the married officers should accompany their wives. The general had little faith in the sirdar, but he was fain to consent to an arrangement which gave some promise of alleviation to the wretchedness of the ladies, scarce any of whom had tasted a meal since leaving Cabul. Some, still weak from childbirth, were nursing infants only a few days old; other poor creatures were momentarily apprehending the pains of motherhood. It was not surprising that, dark and doubtful as was the future to which they were consigning themselves, the ladies preferred its risks to the awful certainties which lay before the doomed column. If in the breasts of their husbands there was a struggle between public and private duties, the general decided the issue by ordering them to share the fortunes of their families.

Akbar sent in no supplies, and the retreat was

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resumed on the 10th by a force attenuated by starvation, cold, despair, and desertion. The advance, consisting of the remnant of the 44th, the solitary gun, and a handful of cavalry, forced its way to the front, and marched on unmolested until the Tunghi Tarika was reached—a deep gorge barely ten feet wide. Men fell fast in the horrid defile, struck down by the Afghan fire from the heights; but the advance struggled on to the halting-place beyond, and waited there for the arrival of the main body. But that body was never to emerge from the shambles in the Tunghi Tarika. The few stragglers brought to the advance the ghastly tidings that it now was all that remained of the brigade which had quitted the Cabul cantonments. The steep slopes had suddenly swarmed with Afghans rushing down to the butchery sword in hand, and the massacre had stinted not while living victims remained.

The remnant of the army consisted now of about seventy files of the 44th, about 100 troopers, and a detachment of horse-artillery with a single gun. Akbar protested his regret for the slaughter, pleading his inability to control the wild Ghilzai hillmen; but he offered to guarantee the safe conduct to Jellalabad of the European officers and men if they would lay down their arms. This sinister proffer was rejected, and

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the march was continued, led in disorder by the remnant of the camp-followers. During the bloody march from Kubbar-i-Jubbar to the Tezeen valley, Shelton's dogged valor had mainly saved the force from destruction; and he it was who now suggested that a resolute effort should be made to reach Jugdulluk by a rapid night march of four-and-twenty miles. This was the last chance, and Shelton's proposal was adopted. Fatal delays occurred, and ten miles short of Jugdulluk the little column was running the gauntlet of jezail fire, which lined the road with dead and dying. The harassed advance reached Jugdulluk on the afternoon of the 11th, and bivouacked under volley after volley, poured down on the weary band by the inexorable enemy. Here Akbar claimed as hostages General Elphinstone, Brigadier Shelton, and Captain Johnson, and he pretended that what remained of the force should be allowed to march unmolested to Jellalabad.

The little band, leaving perforce the sick and wounded, marched out into the darkness, resolute to push through or die fighting. The fierce Ghilzais hung on the rear and flanks of the column, encumbered with its fatal incubus of camp-followers, mixed among the throng with their deadly knives, and killed and plundered with the dexterity of long practice. On the

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crest of the Jugdulluk height the tribesmen had erected a formidable abattis of prickly brush-wood across the road, which dammed back the fugitives. In this trap were caught the hapless people and the swarm of native followers, and now the end was very near. From behind the barrier and round the lip of the great trap the hillmen fired their hardest into the seething mass of soldiers and followers, writhing in the awful Gehenna on which the calm moon shone down. On the edges of this whirlpool of death the fell Ghilzais were stabbing and hacking with ferocious industry. Among the British, face to face with death on the rocky Jugdulluk, officers and soldiers alike fought with cool, deadly rancor. The brigadier and the private, engaged in the same bitter *mêlée*, fought side by side and fell side by side. Stalwart Captain Dodgin, of the 44th, slew five Afghans before he went down. Captain Nicholl, of the Horse Artillery, gunless now, rallied to him the few staunch gunners who were all that remained to him of his noble and historic troop, and led them on to share with him an heroic death.

The barrier was ultimately broken through, and a scant remnant of the force wrought out its escape from the slaughter-pit. The morning of the 13th dawned near Gundamuk on the straggling group of some twenty officers and forty-

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five European soldiers—all that remained alive of a strong brigade. Its march arrested by sharp assaults, the little band turned aside to occupy a defensive position on an adjacent hillock. The swarming Afghans tried to snatch from the soldiers their arms, but the attempt was sternly resented at bayonet point. Then the Afghans set themselves to the work of deliberately picking off officer after officer, man after man. The few rounds remaining in the pouches were soon exhausted, but the detachment stood fast, calmly awaiting the inevitable end. Rush after rush recoiled from its steadfast front; but a final onset of the enemy, sword in hand, ended the unequal struggle, and completed the dismal tragedy. Captain Souter, of the 44th, who, with a few wounded privates, was carried into captivity, saved the colors, which he had wound round his waist before the departure from Jagdulluk. Of a little group of mounted officers who had ridden forward, only six reached Futtehabad, where two were slain. Of the four who rode further, three were massacred within four miles of Jellalabad. One officer alone survived to reach that haven of refuge.

The ladies, married officers, and hostages followed Akbar Khan along the line of retreat strewn with its ghastly tokens, and recognizing almost at every step the bodies of friends and

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comrades. At Jugdulluk they found General Elphinstone, Brigadier Shelton, and Captain Johnson, and learned the fate which had overtaken the marching force. On the following day Akbar quitted Jugdulluk with his hostages and the ladies, and rode away northward into the mountains. On the fourth day the fort of Budiabad, in the Lughman valley, was reached, where Akbar left the prisoners while he went to attempt the reduction of Jellalabad.

When Sale's brigade occupied Jellalabad on November 12, 1841, that place was incapable of resisting a vigorous assault. The skilled and energetic Broadfoot, in the capacity of garrison engineer, had the duty of making it defensible; and the repairs were already well advanced when, on the 29th, the Afghans surrounded the place, and pushed their skirmishers close up to the walls. A sortie worsted the invading body with considerable slaughter, and drove it from the vicinity. Bad news at intervals filtered down the passes from Cabul, and at the new year arrived a melancholy letter from Major Pottinger, confirming the rumors already rife of the murder of Macnaghten, and of the virtual capitulation to which the Cabul force had submitted. A week later an official communication was received, signed by General Elphinstone and Pottinger, formally announcing the conven-

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tion entered into with the Cabul chiefs, and ordering the garrison of Jellalabad to give up that place to an Afghan sirdar, who was the bearer of the humiliating missive, and forthwith retire to Peshawur. Sale gallantly pronounced himself untrammelled by a convention forced from people "with knives at their throats," and expressed his determination to hold Jellalabad, unless ordered by the Government of India to withdraw.

Rumors of disasters befalling the Cabul force had, in a measure, prepared the people in Jellalabad for misfortune, but not for the awful catastrophe of which Dr. Brydon had to tell, when, in the afternoon of January 13, 1842, the lone man, whose approach to the fortress Lady Butler's painting so pathetically depicts, rode through the Cabul gate of Jellalabad and announced himself the sole survivor of the British army which had quitted the Cabul cantonments a week before. Dr. Brydon was covered with cuts and contusions, and was utterly exhausted. His first few broken and hasty words extinguished all hope in the hearts of the listeners regarding their Cabul comrades and friends. Almost simultaneously with this shock there came tidings up the Khyber of the failure of Wild's efforts to come to the relief of the Jellalabad garrison, and the information that further at-

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tempts must be indefinitely postponed. This intimation weakened in some degree Sale's resolution to hold Jellalabad to extremity, and he scarcely appreciated the glorious opportunity presented of inspiring by the staunch constancy of the garrison a weak Government staggering under a burden of calamity. Sale summoned to a council of war the commanding officers of his brigade, and expressing the conviction that nothing was to be hoped for from the Indian Government, he sought their opinion regarding offers received from Akbar Khan to treat for the British evacuation of Afghanistan.

He laid before the council, in reply to a message from Shah Soojah, the draft of a letter professing the readiness of the garrison to evacuate Jellalabad, on the terms of exchange of hostages, restoration of British prisoners and escort to Peshawur "in safety and honor," with arms, colors, guns, supplies, and transport. Sale frankly owned that he was in favor of accepting the specified conditions.

Then the noble and high-souled Broadfoot arose in his wrath, denouncing the project of withdrawal as neither safe nor honorable, and contending that they could hold Jellalabad indefinitely—"could colonize, if they liked." His branding as disgraceful the giving of hostages on our part roused Captain Oldfield to express

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himself tersely but pointedly on the subject. "I for one," he exclaimed in great agitation, "will fight here to the last drop of my blood; but I plainly declare that I will never be a hostage, and I am surprised that anyone should propose such a thing, or regard an Afghan's word as worth anything." The resolution to abandon Jellalabad was carried, Broadfoot and Oldfield being the sole dissenters. But Broadfoot's representations later turned the current of opinion, and the other members of the council, gradually regaining their self-respect and mental equipoise, unanimously declined the proposals advocated by their commanding officer; and thus ended with honor the deliberations of the memorable council of war, whose eleventh-hour resolve to "hold the fort" mainly averted the ruin of British prestige in India and throughout the regions bordering on the Indian empire.

The close investment of Jellalabad by Akbar Khan thwarted the efforts of the garrison to obtain supplies, and at length, on the morning of 7th April, Sale led out a sortie in force. Of the three columns Havelock commanded the right, Colonel Dennie the center, and Colonel Monteath, commanding the native regiment, the left. Akbar, reputed 5,000 strong, was in position in front of his camp, about three miles west of Jellalabad, with a strong outpost in a fort

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midway between the camp and the town. Have-lock and Monteath marched straight on the enemy, but Dennie halted to assault the intermediate fort, with the result of failure and loss of his own life. The artillery came to the front at a gallop, and poured shot and shell into Ak-bar's mass. The three columns, by this time abreast of each other, deployed into line, and moving forward at the double in the teeth of the Afghan musketry fire, swept the enemy clean out of his position, capturing his artillery, firing his camp, and putting him to utter rout. Ak-bar, by seven o'clock of the April morning, had been signally beaten in the open by the troops he had boasted of blockading in the fortress.

The garrison of Jellalabad had thus wrought out its own relief. Thenceforth it experienced neither annoyance nor scarcity. General Pollock arrived with strong reinforcements a fortnight after the brilliant sally which had given the garrison deliverance from all trouble, and the head of his column was played into its camp on the Jellalabad plain by the band of the 13th to the significant tune of "Oh, but ye've been lang o' coming!" The magniloquent Ellenborough dubbed Sale's brigade "the Illustrious Garrison," and, if the expression was somewhat overstrained, the conduct of the brigade was without question eminently creditable.

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It was little wonder that the unexpected tidings of the Cabul outbreak, and the later shock of the catastrophe in the passes, should have temporarily unnerved the Governor-General. But Lord Auckland rallied his energies with creditable promptitude. In the remnant of his term that remained he could do no more than make dispositions which his successor might find of service. Lord Auckland appointed to the command of "the Army of Retribution" a quiet, steadfast, experienced artillery officer, who during his forty years of Indian service had soldiered creditably from the precipices of Nepaul to the rice-swamps of the Irrawaddy. Pollock was essentially the fitting man for the duty, characterized as he was by strong sense, shrewd sagacity, calm firmness, and singular self-command. There were many things in Lord Auckland's Indian career of which it behooved him to repent; but it must go to his credit that he gave Pollock this high command; and he could honestly claim, as he made his preparations to quit the great possession whose future his policy had endangered, that he had contributed towards the retrieval of the crisis by promptly furthering "such operations as might be required for the maintenance of the honor and interests of the British Government."

Pollock reached Peshawur in the beginning of

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February, 1842. Wild had attempted to force the Khyber and had failed. One-half of Wild's brigade was sick in hospital and the whole in a state of utter demoralization which spread to the sepoy regiments which Pollock and McCaskill brought up. In this situation Pollock had to resist the pressing appeals to advance made to him, and patiently to devote weeks and months to the restoration of the *morale* and discipline of his native troops and to the reinvigoration of their physique. He gradually succeeded in this task, and, having inspired them with perfect faith and trust in himself, he felt himself at length justified in advancing with confidence, strengthened by a brigade comprising British cavalry and horse artillery.

He moved on the morning of April 5th, with a force about 8,000 strong, and carried out a scheme of operations perfect in conception and complete in detail. The hillmen had blocked the throat of the Khyber Pass, and were waiting behind the obstacle for the opportunity which never was to come to them. For Pollock's main body quietly halted in front of the barrier, while his flanking columns hurried in the gray dawn along the slopes and heights, pushing so far forward as to take in reverse with their fire the obstacle and its defenders. The guns swept with shrapnel the front and lateral slopes, the center moved on un-

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molested, while the flanking parties pushed farther and yet farther forward, chasing and slaying the fugitive hillmen; and making good Wellington's observation "that he had never heard that our troops were not equal, as well in their personal activity as in their arms, to contend with and overcome any natives of hills whatever."

Pollock's march up the passes was thenceforth all but unmolested. He found at Jellalabad, in his own words, "the fortress strong, the garrison healthy, and, except for wine and beer, better off than we are." One principal object of his commission had been accomplished: he had relieved the garrison of Jellalabad and could ensure its safe withdrawal. But a great company of his countrymen and countrywomen were still in Afghan durance. His commission gave him a considerable discretion, and he determined, in his patient, steadfast way, to tarry awhile on the Jellalabad plain, in the hope that the course of events might play into his hands.

Stout old General Nott had meanwhile been holding his own in the Candahar country, fighting, marching, and expressing himself with refreshing plainness. When the local chiefs, after the Cabul disaster, suggested negotiations for his withdrawal, his answer was brief and to the point: "I will not treat with any person whatso-

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ever for the retirement of the British troops from Afghanistan until I have received instructions from the supreme Government." When General England, bringing up a brigade to reinforce him, met with a discreditable repulse in the Kojak pass, and piteously begged Nott to come to his support, the grim old warrior peremptorily ordered England's prompt advance, remarking sarcastically in his biting letter: "I am well aware that war cannot be made without loss; but yet, perhaps, British troops can oppose Asiatic armies without defeat."

Lord Ellenborough, the successor of Lord Auckland, on his arrival in India had published a manifesto which spoke of "the re-establishment of our military reputation by the infliction upon the Afghans of some signal and decisive blow;" but six weeks later he was ordering Nott to evacuate Candahar and retire to India, and instructing Pollock to withdraw without delay every British soldier from Jellalabad to Peshawur. Pollock temporized, pleading inability to retire for want of transport. Nott reluctantly began preparations for withdrawal. But early in June Lord Ellenborough, while reiterating injunctions for his retirement, gave him the alternatives of returning to India by the direct route, or of boxing the compass by the curiously circuitous retirement *via* Ghuznee, Cabul, and

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Jellalabad. Pollock, for his part, was permitted, if he thought proper, to advance on Cabul in order to facilitate Nott's withdrawal, if the latter should elect to "retreat" by the circuitous route just described.

The two generals accepted with joy the responsibility which the Governor-General had shuffled off upon them, and proceeded to act with soldierly initiative and vigor. They moved in concert. Pollock concentrated his force at Gundamuk, and began his march on Cabul on September 7th, eager to hurry forward, since Nott had written that he expected to reach Cabul on the 15th, and Pollock was burning to be there first. On the 8th he found the Ghilzais in force on the Jugdulluk heights, who stood their ground against a heavy artillery fire, and had to be driven off at the bayonet-point by brave old General Sale at the head of the Jellalabad brigade. Akbar made his final stand in the ravine beyond Tezeen with a force some 15,000 strong, and the Afghans fought with desperate fury. Up among the precipices there were many hand-to-hand encounters, in which the sword and the bayonet fought out the issue; but the hillmen were finally driven from the rocky summit of the Huft Kotul by Broadfoot's bloodthirsty little Goorkhas, who, hillmen themselves, chased the Afghans from crag to crag, using their fell kookeries as they

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pursued. There was no further opposition, and this was well for the Afghans, for the awful spectacle in the Khoord-Cabul pass kindled in Pollock's soldiers a white heat of fury. "The bodies," wrote Captain Backhouse, "lay in heaps of hundreds, our gun-wheels crushing the bones of our late comrades at every step for several miles; indeed, the whole march from Gundamuk to Cabul may be said to have been over the corpses of the massacred army." Pollock reached Cabul on the 15th, and camped on the race-course of the city. He had won the race for Cabul with Nott by a couple of days.

Nott from Candahar had far the longer distance to traverse, and he had to encounter the heavier fighting. He gave Shumshooden's army of 10,000 men a thorough beating, drove the Afghans from Ghuznee, and hoisted the British flag on its capital; and after a final victory within a few marches of Cabul, he reached the vicinity of that capital on September 17th.

For months there had been negotiations for the release of the British prisoners whom Akbar had kept in durance ever since they came into his hands during the disastrous retreat in January; but those had been unsuccessful, and it was now known that the unfortunate company of officers, women and children had been carried off to the westward of Cabul into the hill country

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of Bamian. Pollock promptly dispatched Sir Richmond Shakespear with a force of horse on the mission of attempting the liberation of the captives. But they had already wrought their own freedom. Little more remains to be told. An Afghan force at Istalif was destroyed, and General Pollock destroyed the great Bazaar of Cabul. On the 17th October the force left that city, and as they crossed the Punjaub Dost Mohammed passed up to reoccupy the position from which he had been driven three years before. And so ended the first Afghan war—a period of history in which no redeeming features are discernible, except the defense of Jellalabad, the dogged firmness of Nott, and Pollock's noble and successful constancy of purpose.

VI

Sir Charles Napier's Conquest of Scinde

September, 1842 — March, 1843

By ARCHIBALD FORBES

SIR CHARLES NAPIER was one of the trio of distinguished and gallant soldiers whose mother was the famous beauty Lady Sarah Lennox, to whom George III, King of England, sent a proposal of marriage. They all three, Charles, George and William, went through the Peninsular War, were repeatedly wounded and performed prodigies of valor. William in his later years was the author of the famous "History of the Peninsular War."

Charles was reported killed at Corunna, and when he was set at liberty in 1809 it was as though he had risen from the dead, for his will had been admitted to probate.

He returned to the Peninsula in 1810 and was shot through the face at Busaco. He was returning to the front in the spring of 1811, when he heard the noise of battle and met a litter borne by soldiers and covered with a blanket.

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“What wounded officer is that?” he asked. “Captain Napier, of the 32d — a broken limb.” Another litter followed. “Who is that?” “Captain Napier, of the 43d, mortally wounded” — it was thought so then. Charles Napier looked at his two brothers, and passed on to the fight in front. The Napiers were always getting hit. Charles himself had seven wounds; his brothers had some sixteen between them.

After years of slow promotion he was knighted in 1838, and in 1841, in his sixtieth year, he was on his way to India, to take an important command there. In 1842 he was steaming up the Indus—the vast river on whose shores he was destined to become the central figure in a series of great events.

And now we will let Mr. Archibald Forbes take up the story.

The population of Scinde in 1842 numbered rather more than a million souls. It consisted of four distinct elements—Scindians proper, Hindus, Beloochees of the plain, and Beloochees of the mountains. The two former were the helots of the territory. The chieftainship was vested in the Belooch clan of Talpoorees, and was divided among the Ameers of Kyrpoor, or Upper Scinde; the Ameers of Hyderabad, or Lower Scinde; and the Ameers of Meerpoor, on the border of the eastern desert. The Belooch-

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ees of the plain held their lands by military tenure; those of the hills regarded the Ameers as their feudal superiors. The relations existing between the British Government and Scinde when Sir Charles Napier came on the scene were: That a British force of a strength specified by the Governor-General was to be quartered in Scinde; that three specified Ameers should pay £10,000 annually towards the maintenance of the force; that the Ameer's territory should be under British protection; that the Ameers should be absolute in regard to their own subjects, but quarrels among themselves were to be referred to British mediation; that their foreign policy was to be sanctioned by the British Government, and that they were to furnish a defensive force at call; and that tolls on trading boats on the Indus should be abolished.

At the date of Napier's arrival in Scinde, Major Outram, "the Bayard of India," was Resident at Hyderabad. Lord Ellenborough, the new Governor-General, communicated to him his fixed determination to punish, cost what it might, the first chief who should prove faithless, by the confiscation of his dominions. Outram temporized, because of his knowledge that the Ameers as a body were so conscious of treasonable designs that Lord Ellenborough's menacing tone might drive them to extremities. It

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was at this stage when Sir Charles Napier, on 25th September, arrived at Hyderabad, had his first interview with the Ameers of Lower Scinde, and took over the management of affairs, as Lord Ellenborough's instructions directed him to "exercise entire authority over all political and civil officers within the limit of the military command."

Napier, in full uniform and wearing his decorations, was borne into Hyderabad in a magnificent palanquin—his wound preventing him from riding—surrounded by an escort of Scinde irregular horsemen: wild picturesque figures in brilliantly colored trappings. At the city gate he was met by the sirdars, mounted on lean but active horses fantastically caparisoned. When the procession reached the quarter in which were situated the palaces of the Ameers, he was carried to a seat on the right hand of Nusseer Khan, the chief Ameer, and compliments were exchanged. Next day Napier was off on his further voyage up the Indus to Sukkur, where his political work began. Apparently at this time he had the conviction that the practical annexation of Scinde by peaceful means was neither difficult nor far distant.

But he soon discovered serious breaches of the treaty on the part of the Ameers, and he became aware also that they were entering into secret

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compacts against the English, and were sending messages to their feudatories and the chiefs of the hill tribes. Matters came to a head when Napier had to present a new and more stringent treaty than that previously in force. Violent remonstrances came from the Ameers, followed quickly by assurances of submission which were only meant to gain time. The military strength of the Ameers was variously estimated from 30,000 up to double that number. The total British force in Scinde amounted to 8,000 men, of whom about 2,000 were in garrison at Kur-rachee. If Napier meant fighting, he had no time to lose, for no military operations could be carried on in Scinde later than the beginning of April. A garrison was left in Sukkur, and the Indus was crossed in the middle of December.

"It is rare," wrote Sir William Napier, the historian, "to see great prudence in war tempering the heroic valor and confidence of a youthful general; more rare to find the sanguine daring of early years untamed by age and its infirmities." Charles Napier was both prudent and daring. The Ameers thought to harass the veteran by petty warfare, and by watching for opportunities to assail his base and annoy his communications. But that sort of hostilities did not commend itself to Napier. When they were hesitating and trifling, he was acting. He

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had heard of the fortress of Emaum Ghur, a hundred miles out in the great eastern desert. The Ameers believed that it was invulnerable, and that a hostile force could not reach it; while, should he assemble a large force, they could fall back on the desert fortress and so be safe. While this assurance existed, they held Napier light; but he believed that he could reach Emaum Ghur, and so convince the Ameers that they could find no refuge from the British power, and no resource but good behavior. He was aware of the risks involved, but he was the man to surmount them.

The site of the desert fortress was unknown to Napier, but it was believed to be about eight long marches from Khyrpoor by vague, ill-defined tracks. The scouts, for whose report he had halted, brought in such dismal accounts of arid sands and empty wells, that he determined to go only with a picked body, consisting of 350 men of the Queen's 22d Regiment on camels, two soldiers on each, two 24-pound howitzers, with double teams of camels, and 200 troopers of the Scinde Horse, with provisions for fifteen days and water for five. The march began from Dejee on the night of 5th January, 1843. Two marches brought the little force to the springs of Dom, where were water and trees; but at Choonka, on the confines of the desert, 150 troopers

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were sent back. For eight days the gallant little band pressed on, sometimes finding water, sometimes not, but always cheery and resolute; and on the 12th, Emaum Ghur was reached. From a sandy eminence Napier looked down on a strong and well-built fort in the hollow. The complete silence about the place had a strange weirdness. Emaum Ghur had been evacuated; the clatter of Napier's horses' hoofs in the courtyard awoke only echoes. On the battlements were loaded cannon with the priming freshly laid; for the garrison, numbering, it was said, 2,000 men, had gone off but a few hours before. Thus the impregnable refuge of the Ameers, the fortress which no European had ever before seen, fell into British hands without the loss of a single man. During the three days of rest twenty-four mines were loaded with gunpowder; and just before the departure the fortress was blown up. "Emaum Ghur," wrote Napier, "is shattered to atoms with 10,000 lbs. of powder. The explosion was grand and hellish beyond description; the volumes of smoke, fire, and embers flying up were a throne fit for the devil!"

The little force, without losing a life, returned to the vicinity of Dejee, to wait for the coming up thither of Napier's main body—his position being one from which he could fall on the Hyderabad Ameers or on those of Khyrpoor.

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After issuing in vain a proclamation calling on the Ameers to assemble at Khyrpoor to complete the treaty, Napier put his army in motion and marched slowly southward, still inclined to yield to his natural desire to avoid bloodshed. Outram, at his own request, went to Hyderabad, the general writing to him:—"I am sure the Ameers will not resist by force of arms, but I would omit no one step that you think can avert that chance." The time for signing the treaty was extended again and again. Outram's chivalrous feelings had a deep sympathy with the Ameers in their approaching downfall, which he was striving in vain to avert. So unwilling was he to admit the truth of reports of warlike preparations on their part, that he informed Napier that not a man in arms was in Hyderabad, and that a peaceful arrangement could be concluded if the general would leave his army and come in person into Hyderabad. But Napier's spies reported that 25,000 men were gathered within a few miles of Hyderabad, and that 25,000 more were rapidly converging on the general rendezvous. On the 12th February the Ameers signed and sealed the treaty with full formalities in Outram's presence. But two days later a deputation informed him that the chieftains and tribesmen were determined to fight, and that the Ameers could not restrain

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them. Outram had already been threatened and insulted by the turbulent populace of Hyderabad; on the 15th the Residency was assailed; Outram and Conway, with their gallant band of 100 men, withstood the attacks of 8,000 Beloochees with six guns for four hours, and then effected a retreat to the steamers, which bore them off to rejoin the main force.

Napier waited at Nowshera until 6th February. Delays occurred at Outram's instance, who still pleaded hard in favor of the Ameers. On the night of the 12th, Napier's cavalry seized some Beloochee chiefs passing his camp. On the leader of the band was found a letter from Ameer Mahomet of Hyderabad, calling on him to assemble all his warriors and be at Meanee on the 9th. Ameer Mahomet was the person foremost in assuring Outram that there was no intention on the part of the Ameers to resort to hostilities. The discovery of this message decided Napier: he would march straight on Meanee. On the 16th he was at Muttara, 16 miles from Hyderabad. Towards evening he heard that the enemy were near Meanee—a ten-miles' march further south—intrenched in the dry bed of the Fullaillee river, from 25,000 to 30,000 strong, and as many on the British flanks and rear. Napier made his arrangements.

He would march early in the morning, to arrive

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in front of Meanee about 9 A.M. The coming battle, his first in the high and responsible position of commander-in-chief, might also be his last as husband and father. The old man wrote his letters and closed his journal with a message to his wife and children, and then he made his round of the outposts. Then he slept until at 3 A.M. the "fall-in" sounded, and the march on Meanee began.

The lowest estimate of the opposing strength was 22,000 fighting-men; according to the Ameers' pay-roll subsequently found, it amounted to 40,000. On Napier's side, when the baggage-guard over the camel-laager and Outram's detachment were deducted, there were but 2,200 men under arms, of whom less than 500 were Europeans. It was plain to Napier at a glance that there was no chance of maneuvering to gain the Beloochee flank, and that he had no alternative but to attack the enemy's center directly in front across the bare white plain, narrowed as it was by the dense and rugged "shikargas," or hunting-forests, bounding it on either side.

He would, indeed, have barely scope to deploy when the time should come to do so; meanwhile, with the enemy's eighteen guns pouring their shot on Napier's troops, the order of battle was deliberately framed. On the right were Lloyd's twelve guns, flanked by 50 Madras sap-

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pers. On Lloyd's left stood, less than 500 strong, the 22d Queen's under Colonel Pennefather, consisting in great measure of Irishmen, "strong of body, high-blooded soldiers, who saw nothing but victory." On the left of the 22d were the three Bombay native regiments, of which the 25th was immediately on the left of the 22d, then in succession towards the left the 12th, and the 1st Grenadiers; the whole force in *échelon* of battalions from the right. Closing the extreme left, but somewhat held back, rode the 9th Bengal cavalry under Colonel Pattle, on which flank also the gallant Jacob with his Scinde Horse were out to the front, along with the Grenadier and light companies of the 22d in front of the center and right, taunting the enemy to show his strength.

When the Beloochee front, just showing above the hither bank of the hollow, was distant about 1,000 yards, the order was given to advance. Napier with his staff joined the skirmishers, he conspicuous in blue uniform and helmeted head-dress, and rode forward under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns. As he passed near the high containing wall of the shikargah on his right, he observed a gap in it through which his right rear could be taken in reverse. He instantly thrust into this gap Captain Tew's company of the 22d, with orders to hold it to extremity. His

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orders were obeyed. Tew was slain but the gap was maintained, and 6,000 Beloochees were paralyzed by the constancy of a single company. The main body advanced in columns of regiments. When within a few hundred yards of the Fullaillee the 22d rapidly deployed into line, and all the columns formed in succession, each company as it came up directing its fire on the top of the bank, over which the faces of the Beloochees could just be discerned, bending with fiery glances over their leveled matchlocks.

The British front was incomplete when the voice of the general rang out shrill and clear as he stood out to the front ordering the charge. Then rose the answering British shout, as, bending with the forward rush of a mighty movement, the red wall of the 22d fronted with steel came rushing on at the charge. If to the Beloochee foemen the sight and sound of a British charge must have been strange, not less terrible was the scene as it all at once opened on the British regiment. Below, on the wide bed of the dry river, dense masses of warriors stood ready to withstand the shock. With flashing tulwars and shields held high over turbaned heads, 20,000 fighting men, shouting their war-cries and clashing sword and shield together, gave fierce welcome to the enemy. For a moment the vast numerical superiority of their op-

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ponents checked the ardor of the British advance. The red wall seemed to stagger and then momentarily recoiled, when the eager and animated figure of the brave veteran chief was seen out in front of his soldiers, as with pealing voice and vigorous gesture he urged them to fight forward into the furious *mêlée*. The young soldiers of the 22d—it was their first battle—responded gallantly to the old leader's call. The sepoy regiments prolonged the line of fire to the left, coming into action successively with ardor and resolution.

But the Beloochees did not yield. They closed in denser masses, the rush of their swordsmen was fierce, and their shouts, answered by the pealing musketry-fire, were heard along the line. Such a fight ensued as has seldom been told of in the annals of war. For ever those wild, fierce warriors, with shields held high and blades drawn back, strove with might and valor to break through the British ranks. No fire of small arms, no sweeping discharges of grape, no push of bayonets could drive them back; they gave their breasts to the shot, their shields to the bayonets, and, leaping at the guns and gunners, were blown away by scores at every discharge, their dead rolling down the steep slopes till the corpses rose in piles; but the gaps were continually filled from behind, and sword and

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bayonet clashed in maddened and furious conflict. The antagonists fought hand to hand, often indeed intermingled, and several times the British regiments were forced violently backward, staggering under the might and passion of the Beloochee swordsmen. But always the brave old general was there to rally and cheer his people.

For more than three hours this storm of war continued, until every British officer was either wounded or killed. Things were going wrong on Napier's left. But the general could not quit the right, so stern and dreadful were still the Beloochee onslaughts, so wearied and exhausted were his men. In this dilemma, he sent orders to Colonel Pattle to charge the enemy's right with the whole mass of the Bengal and Scinde cavalry. It was the command of a master in battle, and it was obeyed with brilliant courage. The troopers dashed through the Beloochee guns, crossed the deep bed, gained the plain beyond, charged with irresistible fury, and spread confusion along the rear of the masses opposed to the British infantry. The barbarian swordsmen abated their fury and looked behind. Then the 22d leaped forward with the shout of victory, and pushed their antagonists back into the deep ravine. The Ameers had lost the battle, and their dogged tribesmen slowly and reluc-

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tantly retired, the conquerors following closely, pouring in volley after volley. So threatening still was the Beloochee attitude that the general thought it expedient to recall his cavalry and form a square round the baggage and followers.

Meanee was one of the fiercest actions of the times. The loss of the Beloochees was about 7,000 men. Twenty British officers fell, of whom six were killed; 250 men went down, of whom more than fifty were killed. No quarter was given or taken. When the old general, emerging uninjured from the strife, exclaimed, "The enemy are beaten! God save the Queen!" the army, with an unanimous shout, hailed him the hero of the day. He was in so great pain from a maimed hand that he could scarcely hold his reins; yet he had never ceased to walk his horse slowly up and down in the thick of the fighting. At one time he was alone for several minutes in the midst of the enemy, who "stalked round him with raised shields and scowling eyes; but none lifted weapon against him, and he got away unharmed."

Immediately after the victory of Meanee, Napier summoned Hyderabad to surrender. In answer to the question of terms, he offered "Life, and nothing else"; adding that the decision must be taken before midday, "for the dead will then be buried, and my soldiers shall have had their

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breakfasts." Six Ameers promptly came and laid their swords at Napier's feet. Napier instantly returned them. He learned that the "Lion of Meerpoor," Shere Mohammed, had been within a few miles of Meanee during the battle, with 10,000 men. So confident had the Ameers been of victory that he had purposely stood aloof to avoid swelling their anticipated triumph. Napier was desirous to attack the "Lion" while as yet astonished at the result of Meanee; but Outram believed the "Lion" to be friendly. The result was that the "Lion," thankful for the respite, retreated on Meerpoor, found himself in a few days at the head of 25,000 men, and presently rekindled the war.

Napier was a man who could strike quickly, but who also could wait patiently. The heat of Scinde in March is terrific, and Napier determined to remain quietly on the defensive in a fortified position on the Indus, leaving to the "Lion" the time to recruit to himself the beaten Beloochees of Meanee, and then come down and offer battle to the British general. Meanwhile the Ameers were detained as prisoners of war, having, of course, free intercourse with the city and the country. They abused the indulgence, whereupon Napier confined them on a river steamer until they were sent to Bombay. The "Lion" was approaching, and Napier

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would fain have his reinforcements arrive. He had just resolved to fight the "Lion" next morning, when the reinforcements from downstream were seen steaming up; and almost immediately afterwards there came into view from up-stream his troops from Sukkur. In the evening the whole force was drawn up in front of the camp, to accustom officers and men to their posts and duties. Just as the line was formed, envoys came from the "Lion" with a final summons to the British general to surrender.

Napier bade them report to their master what they had seen, and then dismissed them. By three o'clock next morning he was in the saddle, marching straight on the enemy. After a ten-miles' march Napier found himself in sight of the enemy and of the battlefield of Dubba. The "Lion's" right rested on the Fullaillee at the village of Dubba: that flank could not be turned because of a great pond of soft mud in the river-bed. From Dubba there stretched, along a nullah for two miles to leftward, a double line of Belooch infantry as far as a wood, which appeared to be the left flank, but in reality a single line was prolonged further to the left behind another nullah somewhat retired. The enemy's position was skilfully chosen and utilized: it was held by at least 26,000 men with matchlocks and artillery; while Napier's force

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consisted of 5,000 men, of whom 1,100 were cavalry, with 19 guns, five of which were horse-artillery pieces.

The village of Dubba did not seem occupied, and Napier hoped to seize it in advance of the enemy. He sent forward his horse artillery in its direction, and advanced with his infantry in *échelon* of battalions. But the Beloochees were too quick for him, and the village was found full of men. The general recognized that he had underrated the "Lion's" skill. He was riding to the attack of Dubba at the head of the 22d—this day on the left of the infantry line—when tidings came to him from the right that all the cavalry on that wing was charging prematurely. He ordered Major Poole of the 22d to continue the advance on Dubba, and himself galloped to the right. Yes, the whole body of cavalry was at full speed, dashing across the smaller nullahs, the riders shouting triumphantly and waving their swords. The general, having ascertained that his horsemen on the right were doing well, galloped back to his left and gave the order for the infantry charge. With deafening shouts the soldiers swept down into the midst of the swordsmen. Murderous was the fire of the British guns and musketry, and the bayonets drove back the bravest of the Beloochees, until the struggling throngs were forced into the sec-

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ond or deeper nullah, where with desperate fury the fight was renewed. Soon the victorious troops passed the second nullah, pressing fiercely on the rear of the retreating swordsmen until the village of Dubba was reached, where the most warlike tribesmen of Scinde were found intrenched in the houses. Two of Napier's regiments lapped round the nearest point of the village, while the cavalry of the left wing turned the place. In a few moments more Dubba was completely invested, while the cavalry and horse-artillery repeatedly charged the retiring masses on the plains beyond. The "Lion" himself was very nearly captured. Of the enemy 5,000 lay dead. Napier's loss was 270 officers and men. The "Lion" ultimately escaped across the Indus and took refuge with the Beloochees of Khelat and the Afghans. He ended his days at Lahore, sunk in fatuous sloth. The war was now at an end, and the conquest of Scinde complete.

VII

Buena Vista

February 22, 1846

By R. MAYNARD LEONARD

YOU are surrounded by twenty thousand men, and cannot, in all human probability, avoid suffering rout and being cut to pieces with your troops." It was with these alarming words, by way of preface, that Santa Ana, the Dictator of the Mexican Republic, on the eve of the Battle of Buena Vista, called upon the United States commander-in-chief, General Taylor, to surrender within an hour. Taylor's reply was short and to the point:—

"In answer to your note of this date summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline according to your request."

The Battle of Buena Vista, or Angostura, when the foremost generals on either side met for the first and last time, was in many ways the most remarkable engagement of the war about Texas between Mexico and the United States. It will be well to state briefly the cause of the

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war. Mexico's struggle for independence and liberty was prolonged and painful, and revolutions were for many years of almost annual occurrence. In 1836, when Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana, one of the most remarkable men that Mexico has ever produced, was President, the Texans revolted, and with the aid of the United States defeated the chief of the Republic at San Jacinto. Santa Ana was not one to forget that he owed a grudge for this. He declared some years afterwards that he would never recognize the independence of the "land pirates" of Texas while he could draw a sword. He vowed to exterminate them, and even to chastise the Government of the United States. However, this would-be Napoleon of America was rudely awakened from his ambitious dreams and banished by his fickle countrymen.

In 1845 a measure for the annexation of Texas to the United States was passed by Congress and ratified by the Texans. The motives for this step need not now be discussed. It is sufficient to say that General Zachary Taylor was sent with forces to occupy the country to the banks of the Rio Grande, or the Rio Bravo del Norte, being instructed to act as much as possible on the defensive. The Mexicans, not unnaturally, regarded such action as amounting to a declaration of war. Active hostilities began

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in May, 1846, battles being fought at Palo Alto and at Resaca de la Palma, which General Taylor followed up by the brilliant capture of Monterey. Then the greater portion of the American troops were withdrawn to swell the ranks commanded by General Scott, the senior officer, whose scene of operations lay in another direction; and Taylor, whose prowess had greatly impressed the picturesque enemy, seemed fated to have nothing to do for a time.

Meanwhile, successive Governments, unstable as water, had been overthrown by the dissatisfied and possibly alarmed people. Santa Ana was recalled in January, 1847, from his retreat in Havana. Compared to Cincinnatus, he was made Dictator, and was everywhere received with the wildest enthusiasm, and with as much confidence as that with which the Invincible Armada was dispatched. With the cry of "God and Liberty!" Santa Ana called upon his countrymen to rally round him, and to deliver the land from "the northern barbarians, the despoilers of your soil, the desecrators of your churches." In an incredibly short time more than 20,000 men responded to his summons, and, even mortgaging his private estates to raise money, Santa Ana moved towards General Taylor at full speed.

A vivacious lady, who saw the Dictator not

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long before, described him as "a gentlemanly, good-looking, quietly dressed, rather melancholy person, apparently somewhat of an invalid, with a sallow complexion, fine, dark, penetrating eyes, and a wooden leg"—his own having been amputated below the knee. Altogether, "a more polished hero" than she expected to find. None other could have kept such an army together, or have moved it with such marvelous rapidity. Santa Ana left San Luis Potosi with 21,340 men, some of whom, however, were dispatched in other directions before they reached Agua Nueva, a village some sixteen miles south of Saltillo, the capital of the province of Coahuila. General Taylor had previously occupied Agua Nueva, and he retreated thence before the foe. This was only a ruse of his, but the Mexican general encouraged his men with the cry that the Americans were flying before them. "Onward! onward!" he cried, "and avenge your slaughtered countrymen." He left San Luis Potosi with only twelve days' provisions, all of which had to be carried owing to the unfertile nature of the country. "The immense granaries of the enemy are before you," said the general to his men; "you have only to go and take them." As it happened the Mexicans reached the field of battle after a march of twenty leagues, for the last sixteen of which they had

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had no water nor food, except one ration of ham served out at Encarnacion. General Taylor had only retired a few miles nearer Saltillo. He had some time before noted the hacienda of Buena Vista as an invaluable retreat in case of need. " 'Tis a principle of war," Napoleon once remarked, "that when you can use the lightning 'tis better than cannon"; and man could scarcely have made this place so well-nigh impregnable as Nature had done.

General Taylor, or "Rough and Ready," as he was affectionately called, had long before—he was now sixty-three years old—won his spurs on the battlefield. He was short, round-shouldered, and stout. His forehead was high, his eyes keen, his mouth firm, with the lower lip protruding, his hair snow-white, and his expression betokened his essentially humane and unassuming character. No private could have lived in simpler fashion. When he could escape from his uniform he wore a linen roundabout, cotton trousers, and a straw hat, and, if it rained, an old brown overcoat. In battle he was absolutely fearless, and invariably rode a favorite white horse, altogether regardless of attracting the enemy's attention. The old hero never wavered when he heard of the approach of the dreaded Santa Ana. He quietly went to work, and, having strongly garrisoned Saltillo, placed his men

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so as to seize all the advantages the position offered. The forces at his disposal for the latter purpose only numbered 4,425, of whom 344 were officers, and even of this small force but two squadrons of cavalry and three battalions of light artillery, or 453 men all told, belonged to the regular army. Very few had thus seen actual warfare, and so it was with Santa Ana's army. The Mexican forces that engaged in battle consisted of 13,432 infantry, 28 battalions; 4,338 cavalry, 39 squadrons; and a train of artillery—three 24-pounders, three 16-pounders, five 12-pounders, five 8-pounders, and a 7-inch howitzer—all served by 413; a total of 18,133 men.

Imagine a narrow valley between two mountain ranges. On the west side of the road a series of gullies or ravines, on the east the sheer sides of precipitous mountains. Such was the Pass of Angostura, which, at one spot three miles from Buena Vista, could be held as easily as "Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old"; and here were placed Captain Washington's battery of three guns and two companies as a guard. Up the mountain eastward the rest of the American army was ranged, more especially on a plateau so high as to command all ground east and west, and only approachable

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from the south or north by intricate windings formed by ledges of rock.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 22d of February the advance pickets espied the Mexican van, and General Wool sent in hot haste to Taylor, who was at Saltillo. The Mexican army dragged its slow length along, their resplendent uniforms shining in the sun. With much the same feelings as Macbeth saw Birnam Wood approach, must many of the Americans have watched the flow of the steely sea. Two hours after the pickets had announced the van, a Mexican officer came forward with a white flag. He bore the imperious message from the Dictator the opening words of which have already been quoted.

After General Taylor's curt reply had been made, an immediate attack was expected, but it was delayed while the Mexican general waited for his rear columns to come up. In the course of the afternoon some of the enemy, as they made their way towards the plateau (while the main body was advancing up the pass where Captain Washington was waiting), exchanged shots with the Americans, and brought their howitzer to bear; and this kind of thing, which the ground prevented from being more serious, went on until after sundown. Then, seeing that nothing of any importance was likely to happen

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that night, Taylor returned to Saltillo, whither also some Mexican cavalry, under General Minon, were advancing in order to cut off the expected retreat of the intruders. Night fell, and the silence could be felt. Already the vultures were gathered together. Although it was bitterly cold on the mountain tops, the Americans bivouacked without fires and upon their arms. Under the cloak of night some 1,500 of the Mexicans out-maneuvered their foes, gained the summits, and passed away in order to attack the left wing at the given signal. This was discovered at daybreak. The white mist slowly rolled away from the solemn mountain heights before the imperious sun, but the *vista* could scarcely have been considered *buena* by the Americans as their eyes rested everywhere on Santa Ana's legions.

But the ten hours' fight soon began in deadly earnest. While a heavy column of Mexicans advanced to the pass, being repulsed by the well-directed fire from Washington's battery, a rush, which it seemed must be irresistible, was made for the plateau eastward. The Indiana troops were ordered forward, but were presently called upon by their colonel—Bowles—to "cease firing and retreat." They fled, and only a few of them could be rallied, and these afterwards joined the men from the Mississippi. Riding

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up to upbraid such cowardice, Lieutenant Lincoln fell, riddled with bullets. Captain O'Brien, oblivious of the Indiana desertion, pressed onward with three pieces of artillery in face of a rain of grape and canister and the incessant musketry of 3,000 infantry. The captain, discouraged when he discovered the truth, was not dismayed. Above all the tumult he heard General Wool's voice ordering forward the trusty Illinois. Two horses were shot under him, and he himself was wounded in the leg. He opened fire with an effect that only those who have been on the field of battle can fully appreciate. Stimulated by his success, O'Brien went forward for another fifty yards, and repeated his dose—"as before." The brave Mexicans, however, rallied, and every breach was immediately filled. Before long not a single cannonier was left alive to work the guns, to say nothing of the destruction of the horses; and the captain had to retreat to the American lines. He soon borrowed two six-pounders from Washington and returned to the plateau, whose safe-guarding was necessary, no matter at what cost.

Meanwhile, more American artillery to O'Brien's left was driving back the Mexicans, who thus involuntarily reinforced the cavalry opposed to the gallant captain. The Mexican lancers charged the Illinois soldiers—"the very



THE MEXICAN LANCERS CHARGED THE ILLINOIS SOLDIERS.

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earth did shake." It was not until the former were within a few yards of O'Brien that he opened fire. This gave the Mexicans pause, but with cries of "God and Liberty!"—on they came again. Once more the deadly cannonade—another pause. O'Brien determined to stand his ground until the hoofs of the enemy's horses were upon him, but the recruits with him, only few of whom had escaped from being shot down, had no stomach to this fight left. The intrepid captain again lost his pieces, but he had saved the day.

At this point the leisurely General Taylor, on his white horse, so easily recognizable, came from Saltillo to the field of battle. North of the chief plateau was another, where the Mississippi Rifles, under Colonel Davis—who, although early wounded, kept his horse all day—stood at bay, formed into a V-shape with the opening towards the enemy. Nothing loath, the Mexican lancers rushed on, and the riflemen did not fire until they were able to recognize the features of their foe and to take deliberate aim at their eyes. This coolness was too great to be combated.

As energetic as ever, the Mexicans now resolved to make for Buena Vista, where the American baggage and supply train were. The Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry offered such op-

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position as they could, but a portion of the Mexican cavalry reached their rear, and in the conflict a lance entered the mouth of Colonel Yell, commanding the men of Arkansas, and wrenched off his lower jaw, mercifully killing him at once. Lieutenant-Colonel May had been told off in charge generally of the American horse, and he succeeded in cutting off the Mexican body, who had cause to regret their short-lived triumph, as in the narrow ravines they had no chance.

In the rage of battle, especially when its operations cover so wide a field as this, it is not always easy to arrive at the truth. There are two accounts of what immediately followed, either of which may be correct. The more probable is that Santa Ana sent one of his officers with a white flag to ask what the American general "wanted," and that General Taylor ordered General Wool to see the Mexican Dictator, but that the envoy was unable to stop the enemy's advance, notwithstanding the truce, and so returned with his mission unfulfilled.

The other story is that General Taylor, pitying the Mexican remnant and disliking the shedding of so much blood, sent Lieutenant Crittenden to demand their surrender and so save their lives. Crittenden, speeding on his errand, said in reply to May, "I am going to tell those fellows to surrender in order to save their lives."

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“Wait till I have charged them,” May implored. “Impossible! The old man has sent me, and I must go on.” “But,” said the colonel, “my good fellow, for God’s sake, just rein up for five minutes and give us a chance.” Taken blind-fold to the Dictator, Crittenden was told to point out to his general the folly of continuing the contest, whereupon the messenger coolly replied, “I have come to demand your immediate surrender to General Taylor.” The veracious chronicler adds that Santa Ana raised his eyebrows in speechless amazement, as well he might. No matter which version be correct, it is quite clear that the wily Mexican gained sufficient time to enable his men to quit their unpleasant position, the Americans having to endure the mortification of seeing their sure prey escape under the pretext of the truce. General Minon came up to the rear at this period of the day, but was repulsed by artillery without any difficulty—as though, indeed, it were a sham fight.

There is some limit to mankind’s endurance, and for a time the struggle was less arduous. Suddenly it was seen that the Illinois regiment and the 2d Kentucky Cavalry were in grievous straits, in two senses of the word, and were being overwhelmed by the combined forces of the enemy.

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“Hand to hand, and foot to foot,
Nothing there, save death, was mute;
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter, or for victory,
Mingle there with the volleying thunder.”

General Taylor ordered Captain Bragg, a comrade-in-arms worthy of O'Brien, forward with a battery, and he obediently rushed to the rescue with the lightest carriages that he could get. The advance artillery was taken by the Mexicans, who also repulsed the supporting infantry. Bragg appealed for fresh help. “I have no reinforcements to give you,” “Rough and Ready” is reported to have replied, “but Major Bliss (the assistant adjutant-general) and I will support you”; and the brave old man spurred his horse to the spot beside the cannon. Unheeding, the Mexican cavalry rode forward—the day was now theirs for a certainty. “God and Liberty!” their proud cry again rang out. Their horses galloped so near to Captain Bragg’s coign of vantage that their riders had no time in which to pull them up before the battery opened fire with canister. As the smoke cleared the little group of Americans saw the terrible work they had done in the gaps in the enemy’s ranks, and heard it in the screams of men and of horses in agony. They reloaded with grape.

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The Mexicans pressed on: their courage at the cannon's mouth was truly marvelous. This second shower of lead did equal, if not greater, mischief. A third discharge completely routed the enemy, who, being human, fled in headlong haste over the wounded and the dead—no matter where. The American infantry pursued the flying foe, with foolish rashness, beyond safe limits. The Mexicans, all on an instant, turned about, the hounds became the hare, and had it not been for Washington's cannon checking the Mexican cavalry, who had had enough grape and canister for one day, they would have been annihilated.

But before Captain Bragg had come to the rescue the American loss had been very severe, so that General Taylor afterwards wrote, "I have no exultation in our success when I miss all the familiar faces"—for the old man called the army under him his military family, and regarded it with proportionate affection. The Kentuckians lost in those fatal minutes Colonel McKee, whom the Mexicans killed with their bayonets as he lay wounded on the ground, and Lieutenant-Colonel Clay, who was wounded in the leg. Clay's men carried him till the roughness of the route and the enemy's hot pursuit made it a difficult and dangerous task for them. He then insisted on being left to his fate, and

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he was last seen alive in the act of defending himself with his sword from the Mexican bayonets. Colonel Hardin, of the Illinois regiment, also fell at the same time, but, although wounded to the death and lying prostrate on the ground, he shot one of his foemen with a pistol before a bayonet thrust silenced him too.

At six o'clock, after ten hours' uninterrupted and fierce fighting, the battle came to an end with the curious result that both armies left off "as you were," occupying the same positions as in the morning. But the losses on both sides had been very heavy, as will shortly be shown. The silence of that night—also passed on the mountain-tops without fires, although with darkness came again the bitter cold—was unbroken, except by the cries of the injured, whose wounds smarted in the raw air, and by the howls of the wolves and jackals eager to dispute with the birds of prey the human carrion.

General Taylor expected a renewal of hostilities on the morrow, but the welcome daylight showed that the Mexicans had retreated—or rather countermarched—to Agua Nueva for rest and refreshment. Butler's words are not necessarily untrue because written in sarcastic vein:—

“In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat.”

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Both the rival generals would have liked to continue the battle, but the Mexicans were utterly worn out, and the Americans were scarcely less weary. A day or two afterwards Santa Ana was invited to exchange prisoners, and he agreed to set free all those he had taken, Taylor undertaking to care for the wounded whom the Mexicans had left behind. The dead were buried with all convenient speed, and the wounded taken as comfortably as possible—which is saying very little—to Saltillo.

The American loss was reported by General Taylor to be 267 men killed, of whom 28 were officers (an unusually large proportion), 456 men wounded, and 23 missing. Santa Ana reported his loss to be 1,500 men killed—"and that of the enemy was much greater." By some the Mexican loss was estimated at double the figure given by the Dictator.

At the close of the battle Wool embraced Taylor, who exclaimed, "Ah, General, it is impossible to whip us when we all pull together." That was the secret of the American success. They fought with perfect unanimity of action. But without their artillery this would have been unavailing. Success it was; for had the Mexicans triumphed, the army of occupation would have been destroyed from off the face of the earth. To General Wool the very highest praise is due.

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Before his superior officer arrived on the scene he directed everything, and his skill on the field proved invaluable. His volunteers had been almost mutinous before, all unused as they were to military discipline, and General Wool was a stern disciplinarian; but they lived to appreciate and to acknowledge the service he had done them in properly training them. General Taylor bore ungrudging testimony to his colleague's worth.

Santa Ana did not exaggerate the truth one whit when he said his army had done more than could be expected under the laws of Nature. It had just been formed, and had not had time to acquire discipline or military habits. The Mexicans were fatigued and famished—nay, many of them were positively ill—and it is not strange that their action was not so united as that of their adversaries. “Our last effort would have been decisive,” said the Dictator, “if General Minon had done his duty in attacking the enemy”; and he had the offending officer tried by court martial. As it was, Santa Ana claimed the victory, and the obsequious governor of San Luis Potosi proclaimed it as such, promising “eternal gratitude to the illustrious, renowned, and well-deserving general and his invaluable army.”

As already stated, General Taylor and General

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Santa Ana never again tried conclusions. That the "northern barbarians" eventually won their point, and that the Rio Grande became the boundary between the two republics, are now matters of history. Among his grateful fellow-countrymen, who never forget Buena Vista, old "Rough and Ready" built himself an everlasting name.

VIII

The Fall of Chapultepec

By R. S. RIPLEY

THE morning of September 13, 1847, broke lightly, and at the earliest dawn the full power of the American batteries was again directed upon the Castle of Chapultepec. The batteries on the Niño Perdido road likewise opened, and continued a lively fire upon the lines at San Antonio. The Mexicans replied promptly from both places, and for some hours the cannonade on both sides was as quick and rapid as it had been at any time on the previous day.

The greater strength being directed upon Chapultepec, General Bravo was convinced that that point would soon be assaulted, and wrote to General Alcorta, the Secretary of War, demanding the reinforcement which had been promised him. The note was received and submitted to Santa Ana, who was at the time at the house of Affaro; but he gave no immediate attention to the requisition. Some time later Bravo sent orders to General Rangel to march his troops into the castle, for, from the state of the American preparations, he believed that the

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assaulting columns were about to advance. But Generals Rangel and Pena y Barragan were stationed at the batteries on the Tacubaya road, and at the barricades on that to the north of Chapultepec. Both refused to move to the castle without the orders of Santa Ana; therefore the direct defense against the American assault from the west was to be made by the garrison of the castle and its immediate outworks, and the troops in the intrenchments on the west of the grove.

The preparations of the American commanders were rapidly progressing. The storming parties from the veteran divisions had arrived at the positions whence the two assaults were to be made, and the ladders and other material were brought forward. Quitman, however, had a storming party from his own division, to which he gave his ladders and other implements for assault. As his advance from the hacienda Condesa brought him immediately under the fire of the enemy's batteries on the Tacubaya road, and lay along that road and the level ground on its west and north, he held his troops in hand about the hacienda until the designated moment for the assault.

The corps of Pillow's division, having more complicated ground and a greater variety of duties, were in the meantime variously disposed.

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The first obstacle to be overcome in the advance from the west being the intrenchments on the verge of the grove, whence musketry fire could sweep the open ground between them and Molino del Rey, it was intended to turn them. For this purpose, a battalion of voltigeurs was posted at the southern extremity of the buildings, in positions for advancing upon the redan covering the cut in the southern wall of the inclosure, which being taken the grove could be penetrated and the intrenchments attacked in reverse. In the rear of this battalion was posted the storming party from Worth's division, which was to support the assault on the redan, if necessary, or, if not, to follow the movement, and take the advance after the foot of the rock was gained for the immediate assault upon the castle. To favor the movement upon the redan, two pieces of Magruder's light battery opened fire from the vicinity of Molino del Rey, and forced the Mexican troops in the position to keep close under the shelter of their parapets.

The mountain howitzers opened fire upon the intrenchments through the narrow gateway opening from Molino del Rey into the inclosure. Close at the gate, the first battalion of voltigeurs was held in readiness for the direct advance. This corps was to move across the open ground at a run, cross the intrenchments, and enter the

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grove, where it was to join with the troops of the second battalion. The whole were to then beat through to the foot of the hill, clearing the way to that point, where the regiment was to form as a supporting force. The 9th and 15th Regiments were to follow and sustain the assault, and were drawn up in a courtyard near the voltigeurs.

The battalions of the 11th and 14th Regiments, and two pieces of Magruder's battery, all under Colonel Trousdale, were posted at the northwestern angle of Molino del Rey, for the double purpose of watching Alvarez (who had again advanced from the direction of the hacienda Morales to within observing distance, though beyond six-pound range) and the position of Pena y Barragan on the northern road by the aqueduct. Except under a contingency, this corps was to hold its position until the castle fell; but in case reinforcements were seen to be entering the castle, it was to engage them at all hazards.

In order that the victory might not be left to any uncertainty, while these dispositions were being made, Pillow sent a request to General Scott that Worth's division, which was to support his assault, should be posted nearer the scene of action than Tacubaya. General Scott so ordered it; but Worth was already in motion

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for that purpose. Before he arrived at Molino del Rey the time for preparation had expired, and Quitman sent word to Pillow that he was ready for the assault. Pillow had not quite finished his preparations, and during the few moments which intervened before the arrival of General Scott's staff officer, the heavy guns of battery No. 3 poured successive discharges of grape and shell into the grove. The orders for cessation of fire were soon received; the American batteries, heavy and light, ceased at once, and the attack commenced.

Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone led his voltigeurs rapidly down from Molino del Rey to the level of the ground about the redan which he was to assault, keeping close under the southern wall of the inclosure, to protect his men from the artillery fire of the castle. The stormers under Captain M'Kenzie, 2d Artillery, followed close after. When the advance of the voltigeurs came within musket range of the redan, the Mexican infantry behind its parapet arose and commenced a lively fire. Johnstone immediately ordered his companies to deploy and reply advancing, which they did with so much effect that the enemy was driven from the work before the rearmost company was in line. The whole battalion, rushing through two ditches across the path and over the parapet, entered the redan,

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and through the cut into the grove, joining with the main force which had advanced through the gateway of Molino del Rey.

The Mexican batteries on the west of the castle had obtained the range of the gateway during the morning, and kept up a heavy fire of shells for half an hour before the advance. The effect was but to annoy the troops in position, and to render them somewhat restless, for they were protected from the splinters by the walls of the buildings. Under the circumstances Cadwalader, who was the senior officer immediately at the point, was anxious to commence the assault, and sent to advise Pillow of the existing state of things. The mountain howitzers, meanwhile, were served through the gateway, under the fire from the castle and from the intrenchments; for, notwithstanding the distance, the enemy kept up heavy discharges of musketry. They had somewhat shaken his line along the point of the grove when, as the heavy guns ceased firing, Pillow arrived and ordered Colonel Andrews to advance the first battalion of voltigeurs. The corps, issuing through the gateways, deployed forward at a run, and with a shout, which told the determination for victory, rushed straight at the intrenchments. The Mexicans delivered a scattering fire and gave way, for Johnstone's soldiers were at the mo-

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ment breaking into the grove through the redan. Both battalions of voltigeurs took the cover of the trees, and, engaging the enemy, beat him back through the woods in the direction of the castle.

Seeing the first point gained, Pillow ordered the howitzer battery and the 9th and 15th Regiments to move forward in support. These troops passed the gateway and deployed in the field, and Pillow mounted and took the advance.

Meanwhile the attention of the garrison in the western portions of the castle was given to the assaults in this direction. The guns in the priest-cap and on the flanks were depressed, and sent heavy discharges of grape over the heads of the retreating Mexicans. The four-pounder in the round bastion at the angle of the roadway kept up a raking fire on the road by the southern wall, which was sustained by a continued stream of musketry from the intrenchments in its front.

The American advance was continued, though slowly, under the heavy fire, as well as that of the retreating Mexican infantry. It was difficult, for the ground was wet and boggy, and the moral and physical effect of the Mexican shot, crashing and tearing as it did through the foliage, was such as in some cases to render the men averse to leave the shelter of the trees. Pillow placed himself in front, and by his well-seconded

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efforts a continued movement was established, although the nature of the ground caused the corps to be thrown into disarray. Advancing in this manner, the troops drove back the enemy and reached the short open space at the foot of the hill. There they were halted to allow the stormers to take the front, and to form in support. But M'Kenzie, having his party in close formation, had not been able to keep up with the advance over the boggy ground. He had not arrived at the base of the hill before the enemy rallied in the redan half-way up the acclivity, and opened fire thence, as well as from the round bastion and the intrenchments in its front. The galling fire rendered immediate movement necessary, and Pillow, who had just previously been wounded, ordered the assault.

The mountain howitzers sent a few canisters, and the voltigeur regiment threw a volley up the hill from the base south of the redan. That regiment immediately followed, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone and Major Caldwell. At the same time, Captain Hooker, who was on the left, repeated the order, and bringing up the nearest body of infantry, led his company up the redan from the north. The Americans pressed forward so rapidly that the enemy made short resistance, and fell back to the main work. The voltigeurs, 9th and 15th, followed close after,

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passed the redan, and gained the crest of the hill. A Mexican engineer officer was at the time in the act of firing the saucisson of the mines, but the fire of the American advance disabled him. The saucissons were immediately cut, and that element of danger was effectually destroyed.

As the Americans rose over the crest, the Mexican artillery in the priest-cap opened heavily with canister, and the troops on the azoteas and at the windows commenced a rapid rolling discharge of musketry, and many of the assailants fell killed or wounded. Of the former was Colonel Ransom, of the 9th, who died gallantly at the head of his regiment. As the troops were at the time without ladders with which to scale the walls, further immediate advance was impracticable. They therefore kept in the rocks and opened fire upon the Mexican artillerymen, who were not more than fifty yards distant.

A mountain howitzer was brought up and opened upon the round bastion, which was commanded by points of the hill already gained. Its fire, and that of a party of voltigeurs closely delivered, soon drove out the enemy, and the point was at once occupied. The effect of the rifles and muskets directed upon the main work was soon apparent from the cessation of artillery fire, although the infantry, from roofs and win-

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dows, still kept up a stream of musketry upon the assailants. These, however, kept close behind the rocks of the heights, awaiting the arrival of the storming party and the ladders, and in the while using their weapons with deadly effect upon all of the garrison who presented themselves in sight and within range.

Meantime, Captain M'Kenzie arrived at the base of the hill, and, finding that the other troops had preceded him in the ascent, in obedience to Pillow's order he led his party rapidly up. It climbed over the rocks and made its way to the advance, but the troops around the crest were so closely posted that it was difficult for the stormers to get through. The ladders were not yet up, for the men of the carrying party had thrown them down in the grove and for the most part engaged in combat.

Being disabled from active advance, Pillow had sent Cadwalader up the ascent to give immediate attention to the movements of the assault. Seeing the state of affairs, that officer at once sent parties to collect and bring up the ladders. While this work was being accomplished, other troops came up in support.

While advancing through the grove, Pillow had received a message from Worth that his division was outside Molino del Rey, in readiness to support the attack. In answer, Pillow

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requested that a brigade should be advanced through the buildings to take post in the woods, as, in case of a check, time would be lost in bringing reinforcements forward by the flank through the narrow gateway. Worth ordered Colonel Clark's brigade to advance, and that corps came rapidly forward. To shelter the troops from the shot which was falling in the grove, Pillow ordered them posted on the slope of the hill. The 5th and 8th, and a party of the 6th Regiment, went up the ascent.

The 6th was, however, ordered around the northern base of the rock, to cut off the fugitives from the castle; for the Mexican garrison was already shaken by the near approach, and many were attempting to make good their escape.

The New York and 2d Pennsylvania Regiments of Quitman's command soon after came through the bastion and cut, which had been carried by Johnstone's command, and, passing through the grove, commenced ascending the hill. By the time they had joined the rear of the forces already in position, a number of ladders had been gathered up and the final assault commenced.

The Mexican artillery fire having been silenced the troops most in advance had only been awaiting the ladders to make the last attack. When they were brought up, parties from different

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corps, running quickly forward over the rugged though short space between the crest of the hill and the ditch, leaped in, and at once planted their ladders. Lieutenant Armistead, of the storming party, led the way, and, as the ladders were raised, Lieutenant Selden first mounted the walls. From azoteas and windows the Mexicans redoubled their musketry-fire, which killed Lieutenants Rogers and Smith, of the stormers, who were urging on their men, struck down Selden, and with him several soldiers who had been the first to follow his example; but the assailants in the ditch clustered thick around the ladders already planted and constantly being raised. Many fell wounded or dead, yet their places were immediately taken; and finally Captain Howard, of the voltigeurs, gained the parapet unhurt. Captain M'Kenzie and many of his party, Captain Barnard, of the voltigeurs, with the colors of his regiment (the first in the work), Lieutenant Bennett of the 15th, and a crowd of gallant officers and men, followed after. Long ladders were brought up and laid across the ditch, and, with a shout of victory, the great body of the troops rushed over, under fire from the buildings inside of the castle, and the priest-cap was gained.

Further down the hill, Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone led a party of voltigeurs and soldiers

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of other regiments over the round bastion and up the roadway directly upon the gate of the castle. From the south front of the college, and from the eastern terrace, the enemy fired heavily upon these assailants. Lieutenant Reno's mountain howitzers, which were with the advance, were opened upon the terrace in reply, while the soldiers used their rifles and muskets against the enemy in the windows and about the parapets so effectually that his fire soon slackened. Running up the roadway the party entered at the gate, and joined the advance of those assailants who had entered over the priest-cap. The advance was pursued, and the enemy was rapidly pushed from the eastern terrace and the whole southern front of the castle. Many Mexicans, in their flight, jumped down the steep eastern side of the rock, regardless of the height, while the Americans pelted them from the parapets.

This part of the castle being won, and finding the enemy still strong in the lower batteries, and contesting the assault along the Tacubaya road with vigor, Johnstone posted a party of voltigeurs and other troops on the southeastern angle of the castle. These opened a heavy fire upon the enemy's rear, which soon told, and insured his retreat.

Meanwhile the whole castle had been occupied. Different parties entered at different

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doors of the college, and although the Mexicans kept up a resistance for a time it was soon overcome; but while it lasted the American soldiers showed more ferocity than had been exhibited by them during the whole course of the war. The remembrance of their wounded comrades on the field of Molino del Rey was still fresh, and, where resistance was made, quarter was rarely given. General Perez was killed fighting; Colonel Caño, engineer of the castle, and a host of inferior officers and soldiers fell in the tumult; and although the struggle lasted but a few minutes, it was not until the soldiers were satiated with revenge, and the first fury consequent upon the successful assault had passed away, that the bloodshed was put a stop to. But, in the midst of the *mêlée*, Generals Bravo, Monterde, Noriega, Desmantes and Saldana were taken prisoners, and protected from injury.

While the struggle continued on the terre-plein and inside the college, parties of American officers and soldiers made their way through the building to the azotea. Major Seymour, of the 9th Infantry, tore down the Mexican flag, and, soon after, the standards of the 8th and 15th Regiments of infantry and of the New York Volunteers were thrown out from the highest points of the castle. The shouts of the victors

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announced to Mexico that Chapultepec, the strong defense on the west of her capital, was in possession of her enemy.

IX

The Battle of the Alma

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

IN the Crimean War of 1853-56 the British, allied with the French and the Turks, were opposed to Russia. The early part of 1854 was spent in complete inaction at Varna, on the Black Sea. Cholera made terrible havoc, and the men were growing disheartened, while everybody in England was dissatisfied. The great strength of the Russians lay about Sebastopol, a nearly impregnable fortress on the opposite shore; and it was at length decided to invade the Crimea and attack Sebastopol. A magnificent armada was prepared, and the allied armies were carried across in a vast flotilla of steam and sailing transports, escorted by a proud array of battle-ships. All who saw it declare that it was one of the most imposing spectacles in Nineteenth Century warfare.

A powerful Russian fleet lay in the harbor of Sebastopol, but it made no attempt at resistance, although it might have done much mischief; and the allied armies were all safely landed on

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the 19th September at a place called Old Fort, in the Crimea.

The Russians did not oppose at first. Prince Menschikoff, who was in supreme command throughout the Crimea, preferred to wait. Although he knew all the movements of his enemies, and might easily have interfered with the disembarkation, he thought he could do more mischief when he had them well on shore. He had chosen a fine position for his army — that, in fact, on which the battle of the Alma was fought two days later, and he thought it impregnable. He was a self-sufficient, headstrong man; a poor soldier, and very presumptuous, as we shall see.

He believed that the allies would soon waste themselves fruitlessly; that he might easily hold them at bay, perhaps for weeks. Then, when they were weakened by losses, and disheartened by failure, he meant to strike back, confidently hoping to drive them into the sea. Not a man, he declared, should regain the ships.

Pride often goes before a fall, and the result of the first battle was very different from what Menschikoff expected. He was wrong all round: wrong in his estimate of the fighting qualities of the troops opposed to him, wrong in his belief in the great strength of his position; altogether wrong in his dispositions for defence.

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It was very extensive, this position: from the sea, its westernmost limit, to the eastern slopes of the Kourgané Hill was some five and a half miles; the whole front was covered by the river Alma — a river in places deep and rapid, at others fordable, and there was a good timber bridge at Bourliouk, in the center of the position, which carried the great causeway or post road from Eupatoria to Sebastopol. The western cliffs, nearest the sea, were steep, and supposed to be inaccessible; but the hills fell away as they trended further inland, and the approach from the river became practicable, although still offering a rather stiff climb. The ground about the center and right rose high at two particular points: one was called the Telegraph Height, and it dominated the principal road; the other was the famous Kourgané Hill, an elevated peak around which the battle ebbed and flowed, and which is now acknowledged to have been the key to the position.

Menschikoff was but scantily supplied with troops to occupy so long a line as this. But he was not very greatly concerned about it. According to his view — and he arrived at the conclusion a little too readily, as he soon found to his cost — the west cliff, that part of the position nearest the sea, could defend itself, he felt sure. They were untenable, too, as he told himself,

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for the whole surface of this plateau was within range of the allied fleets, and the fire of their guns would soon have swept it of the Russian troops. These reasons sufficed to justify him in holding his chief strength, about 36,000 infantry, between the two hills just mentioned, the Telegraph and the Kourgané, a front limited to less than three miles. His cavalry, in which he was especially strong, having about 3,600 sabers in all, guarded his right flank where the more open down-land was favorable to their movement. His ninety-six guns were distributed over the whole ground: some commanded the causeway, some were with the cavalry, some with the great reserves, some in the two redoubts.

These dispositions showed both carelessness and want of skill. The Prince had not satisfied himself of the impregnability of the west cliff. Had he visited and inspected it, he would have found that a good wagon track ascended the hill from the village of Almatamack, which could be used, and was, for artillery. Yet he could easily have broken up this road; just as easily as he could have thrown up formidable intrenchments to make assurance doubly sure, and forbid absolutely all attempt to attack on this side. This neglect to fortify all along the front, although the ground lent itself admirably to such defensive works, was no less blamable.

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Whether or not the position was everywhere naturally strong, it might soon have been made so. If the heights of the Alma had been converted into a properly and scientifically intrenched camp, the allies would hardly, perhaps never, have captured them.

All Menschikoff did was to construct two works, one named by his opponents the "Greater," the other the "Lesser" Redoubt. The first was nothing more than a breastwork — breast high, that is to say without a ditch, and some three hundred yards above the Alma, just on the lower slopes of the Kourgané Hill. The Prince was very proud of this fortification, which had two short sides for flanking fire, and was armed with twelve heavy guns. More to the right, on the same hill, was another slight intrenchment facing northeast, and armed with field artillery. This was the Lesser Redoubt.

The allied forces, marching on Sebastopol, arrived in front of this position on the 20th September, 1854. It was a momentous occasion. For the first time in modern history the French and English, two hereditary foes, were about to fight side by side. A newer and a better rivalry had effaced old feuds. The fierce contests in Spain and at Waterloo were forgotten, although the English commander and many of his generals had won their laurels in fighting against the

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French. Now the two old enemies were the fastest of friends. Lord Raglan, who, as Fitzroy Somerset, had lost his arm at Waterloo, was revered by all ranks in the French army; and when Marshal St. Arnaud, the French commander-in-chief, passed along the British line, he was received with loud cheers, to which he replied, lifting his hat, and speaking in good English, "Hurrah for old England!"

Emulation in great deeds is a fine thing, but when allies fight side by side there is always the fear of divided counsels, the chance of divided action in the field. The English and French generals did not exactly disagree, but each went very much his own way. St. Arnaud wished to take the front attack from the sea to beyond the causeway, leaving Lord Raglan to turn the Russian right. This the English general did not choose to do; he thought a flanking movement would be dangerous in the presence of a superior cavalry, over ground especially suited to it — like a race-course, in fact, open, and covered with smooth, springy turf. It ended in an agreement that each army should go up against what was before it, the French attacking the west cliff, from the causeway to the sea, the English taking the hills from the causeway to the extreme right.

The result of this was that the French found no enemy, and the brunt of the battle fell upon

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the British. The honor was all the greater, of course. French and English together numbered some 63,000, as against 39,000 Russians. As, however, Menschikoff held the bulk of his forces about his center and right — in other words, just opposite the British attack — it followed that Russians and English would fight upon pretty equal terms. This was all the more emphasized by the French moving so much to their right that a large portion of their army was quite out of the action, while the rest was only partially engaged.

The allied troops were astir at daylight on the 20th September, but the battle was not really fought till the afternoon. Delays that were vexatious yet inevitable interposed. Lord Raglan was obliged to draw towards him two of his divisions, with which he had been covering his exposed flank, and at the same time he gave a safer direction for his baggage train. The slow transfer of the latter from the left to his own immediate rear occupied the whole forenoon, and the French, who had no such troubles, chafed greatly at the delay.

But at length Bosquet began the ball at two P. M. He led off with his, the extreme right or seaward French division, and went up against the west cliff. One brigade, Bonat's, followed by the Turks, crossed the river Alma at its

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mouth, and scaling the heights without difficulty, advanced — to do no more. His 15,000 men met no enemy, and were put out of action for the rest of the day. Bosquet's other brigade, D'Autemare's, with which he rode in person, faced the stiff slope and surmounted it. Both men and guns got up, and were ready to go in and win; but, like Bonat, they found nothing in front of them. Bosquet's successful climb had only placed him alone in an unsafe position. He was quite unsupported. Bonat was detached far away on his right; Canrobert, his nearest neighbor, had got mixed up among the rocky, broken country above him, and could barely hold his own, much less extend his hand. Next to Canrobert was Prince Napoleon; but the latter hung back unaccountably — unless the stories afterwards published discrediting his courage are deemed true.

At this moment, it is generally thought, the allies were within reach of grave disaster. Had Menschikoff been a Napoleon or a Wellington, with the genius to see and the skill to use his opportunity, he might now have dealt a crushing blow at the allies. He was in between his foes: one army was caught amongst a difficult country, and separated in two parts by a wide interval; the other army, not yet engaged. Had he sent his cavalry to hold the English in check, he

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might have fallen upon Canrobert and almost eaten him up. The utter defeat of one French division at this early part of the day would have probably decided the battle, and in favor of the Russians.

But such masterly tactics were not to be expected from such an incapable general. All Menschikoff could do when Bosquet scaled the west cliff was to hurry up eight battalions from his reserve to confront him; then, hesitating to join issue, to march them back whence they came, and thus lose their services for more than an hour. His cavalry remained inactive till the golden opportunity was lost, and then he found himself so fiercely assailed by the hitherto despised English that he lost the power of the offensive.

While the French were in this critical condition, the English, who were also jeopardized, still remained passive, halted, and lying down under a dropping artillery fire. But now, at length, Lord Raglan gave the signal for attack; and the order was received with soldier-like glee by the English troops, to whom the long inaction was very irksome. At last the battle was to be fought in real earnest.

The first fighting fell to Evans, but at the moment of his advance the enemy set fire to the village of Bourliouk, which burst into instan-

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taneous flames, and Evans, to avoid it, drew one brigade — Pennefeather's — to the left, and sent the other — Adams' — by a long *détour* to his right, where it was in touch with the French. All Pennefeather's men got across the river, but were stayed by the fierce fire of the causeway batteries; and one of his regiments — the 95th — crushed in by the right of the Light Division, joined it and its fortunes for the rest of the day. Evans had thus only three battalions left, and with so scanty a force he could make no impression: he could but simply hold his ground beyond the river.

Part of the Light Division, the right, or Codrington's Brigade, was soon engaged in a weightier battle. The left, or Buller's, also moved forward, but being entrusted with the protection of the exposed flank of the whole army, two of its regiments were held in hand while the rest became involved in Codrington's attack; for this gallant soldier was no sooner across the river, with his regiments all disorganized and in no sort of formation, than he led them immediately forward.

His superior officer, the divisional general, Sir George Brown, was not within hail, and Codrington felt that his plain duty was to go ahead. He himself headed the desperate charge upon the Great Redoubt, which was now made in

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quite inferior numbers and in the teeth of a murderous fire of big guns. His colonels, especially Lacy Yea of the 7th Fusiliers, took the cue, and springing to the front cried to their men:

“Come on — never mind forming! Come on anyhow.”

“Forward! forward!” was the universal cry of all; pell-mell, higgledy-piggledy, but always straight on, the first brigade of the Light Division rushed up the slope.

The Russians were really in tremendous strength. There were heavy columns of them all around; the Redoubt was armed with twelve big guns, yet they could not resist an onslaught which seemed only the vanguard of an imposing attack.

There was another cause, no doubt, for their weakness, as we shall presently see; but now already they were limbering up their guns and going to the rear. Then young Anstruther, a mere boy fresh from school, raced forward with the Queen’s color of the 23d, and placed it triumphantly on the crown of the breastworks. He was shot dead, the colors falling with him. A sergeant, Luke O’Connor, following close, succeeded to his mission, and raised the flag erect.

He, too, was struck down, but would not yield, and although desperately wounded, carried the

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colors for the rest of the day. This was the crisis of the fight; the flag was the rallying point; crowds came rushing in, and the Redoubt was carried — for a time. The battle itself would probably have been completely won had reinforcements been at hand. But the 1st Division, which had been ordered to support the Light Division, had not yet crossed the river. Its advance was hastened by the Quartermaster-General, General Airey, speaking for Lord Raglan, who, as we shall see, was at another part of the field. So the Duke of Cambridge moved forward, but slowly; the Guards Brigade to the right, in line — a well-dressed, two-deep, “thin, red line,” which kept its formation even when crossing the stream, each man walking through whatever was before him, shallow water or deep pool. On the left were Sir Colin Campbell’s three famous Highland regiments — the 42d, 93d, and 79th—advancing in an *échelon* of deployed lines, one behind and a little farther to the left of the one in front of it. Such a stern array would have more than sufficed to stiffen the hold upon the Great Redoubt; but it came too late, and other untoward events had also occurred.

The Russians, of whom there were eighteen battalions in these parts, could not brook the loss of the Redoubt to what seemed only a hand-

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ful of redcoats, and they came forward again in great strength to recover the work. The Vladimir regiment, approaching close, was mistaken for a French column, and no one fired at it; then some misguided English bugler sounded the "retire" — by whose orders it was never ascertained — but the call was taken up and repeated, till at length, most reluctantly, Codrington's men in possession of the Redoubt prepared to leave it. They clung for a time to its reverse slopes, but presently gave way, and under a murderous fire retreated down the hill. Only indomitable Lacy Yea, with his bold regiment, the 7th Fusiliers, refused to withdraw, and, in line against a column double his strength, alone maintained the fight.

All this time the French were not prospering. Bosquet still clung, isolated, upon the west cliff; Canrobert had climbed it, but had made no forward movement; Prince Napoleon stood, halted, irresolute, on the safe side of the river. The Russian general in command of the center, which was posted around the Telegraph Height, now put in motion eight of his battalions, in dense double column, and crossed the plateau to smite Canrobert, who forthwith crumbled back over the cliff. He had supports at hand — a brigade (D'Aurelle's) of Forey's Division, which was on the hilly road jammed in between him

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and Prince Napoleon, and the Prince himself was close behind; but these supports were in marching columns, with no frontage for attack, and could not help Canrobert. Had Kiriakoff, the Russian general, pressed on, he would probably have completely "rolled up" the French. But he paused, and the battle meanwhile passed into a fresh phase.

Strange as it may seem, the turning-point in the action was a hazardous, and, speaking by the book, a perfectly indefensible step taken by the English commander-in-chief. Lord Raglan with his staff and a few dragoons — not twenty horsemen in all — had ridden boldly, blindly, into the very center of the enemy's line. He had gone down towards Bourliouk, but avoiding the burning village, and, anxious to see what was in progress beyond the river, had dashed into it, crossed, and galloped up the opposite slope. He came out at a point under the Telegraph Height and *above* the causeway, and thence could survey at ease — for no enemy was near enough to injure him — the whole state of the battle. Better still, he looked into the enemy's line of defence, taking it in reverse, and realized at once the supreme advantage his really dangerous position gave him.

"If only we had a couple of guns up here!" he cried, and two artillery officers — Dacres and

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Dickson, who rode with his staff — dashed off to fetch them, while General Airey was sent to bring up the nearest infantry, Adams' brigade of Evans' 2d Division.

The messengers found Turner's battery struggling across the ford, and Turner himself hurried up two of his guns, which were soon unlimbered and worked — one, at least — by Colonel Dickson's own hands.

Their very first shot was a surprise to the whole field. It proved to the Russians, whose guns were posted in advance in the causeway, that they had been taken in reverse and had better retire. It overjoyed Evans, who still stood checked by this causeway battery. "Hark! that is an English gun," he cried, and prepared at once to advance, knowing that the barrier in front would soon be removed. And so it was. Evans swept forward triumphantly with his three remaining regiments, their left still covered by stout Lacy Yea and his splendid Fusiliers, who just about this time had finally conquered the Russian column with which they had so long been engaged. Yea's obstinate heroism had not only paved the way for the advance of the 2d Division, but it had made another attack possible upon the Kourgané Hill.

The Scots Fusilier Guards had been the first of the Duke of Cambridge's troops to get across

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the river in support of Codrington's discomfited brigade. The Russians on the hill now numbered some 15,000 men, part of them being the Vladimir column, which had retaken the Great Redoubt. A very stout resistance was made. The Scots Fusiliers were met with so bold a front and such a withering fire that they fell back in some disorder. It seemed as though the Grenadier Guards would also be involved, but this regiment, under Colonel Hood, stood firm, and presently advanced in beautiful order — a well-dressed, steady line, as perfect as though it was on a review ground. To the left of the Scots Guards were the Coldstreams, another regiment in magnificent array, which had not been touched by the fire, and moved up the hill with admirable precision. The Duke of Cambridge rode with the Coldstreams.

So fierce was the fight into which the Guards now entered, so strong the opposition, that some cried in alarm, "The Brigade will be destroyed." There was a talk of falling back, and then it was that stout old Sir Colin Campbell made his famous speech to the Duke: — "Better, sir, that every man in her Majesty's Guards should lie dead upon the field than that they should turn their backs upon the enemy." The Guards needed no stiffening — they were only too eager to get on. But Campbell did more than exhort

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in words. He had here, close at hand, his three superb Highland regiments, and he was ready to use them, to the last man, in support.

The Highlanders were now on the left of the whole line. Although Buller's two regiments on this extremity, the 88th and the 77th, had held their own during the day, they were now beginning to fall back. But Campbell took charge of the flank, and, despising the still irresolute Russian cavalry, he brought up his deployed regiments in *échelon*, and, prolonging his line, threw them at the Russian right. The British front was very extensive, for the line was only the depth of two men; but it looked so threatening that the Russian general, Gortschakoff, concluding there were heavy masses behind, thought himself outnumbered and overpowered.

Sir Colin spoke a few words of encouragement to his men. "Be steady — keep silence — fire low;" and then, with fierce emphasis, he finished — "Now, men, the army will watch us: make me proud of the Highland Brigade!" He was about to engage twelve battalions with his three; each regiment as it advanced, the 42d first, seemed to be outflanked by a heavy column; but beyond each flank came the next regiment in the *échelon* behind, and in this formation the Highlanders carried all before them. The Rus-

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sians, after another despairing and unavailing stand, began to retreat, and the Guards and Highlanders took possession of the Kourgané Hill.

All this time Lord Raglan had held his ground — no longer perilous — above the causeway; but now he was joined by Adams' two regiments, and a red line was seen surmounting the slope. He left them there, to be used, if need were, in hastening the retreat of the Russian columns; a brigade of the 3d Division, Eyre's, had also arrived, and was across the Bourliouk bridge. Now the French made head against Kiriakoff, who could not hold out with his comrades in full retreat; and as he fell back Canrobert came on, and, gaining the heights, took full possession of the Telegraph Hill. There was very little more fighting to be done; except with a handful of forgotten riflemen the Russians were gone. Following Canrobert, Prince Napoleon and D'Aurelle advanced, so that soon two strong and unbroken French divisions and a whole brigade occupied the ground.

Then followed the grievous mistake of not following the beaten enemy. It was clear that the English could not do this with effect. The bulk of their men had been engaged, they had suffered severely, and the survivors were worn out with their exertions. Their cavalry could do

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little against the Russian, which was still quite fresh, and ready, if not too anxious, to cover the retreat. Lord Raglan hoped that the French would now reap the full advantage of the victory, and urged St. Arnaud to press on in pursuit. The only answer was that any further advance of the French that day was "impossible." The men, when moving up to the attack, had left their knapsacks on the other side of the river, and they could not go on without them. So the Russian army, which was now nearly dissolved, a broken, helpless mass of fugitives, was suffered to continue its headlong retreat upon Sebastopol. A little more energy on the part of the victors would have dealt a crushing blow and probably annihilated it.

In this first error was sown the seeds of the long and disastrous siege of Sebastopol.

X

The Siege of Sebastopol

October, 1854—March, 1855

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

THE story of Sebastopol, that protracted year-long siege, so prodigal of effort, so rich in achievement, so costly in human life, must be viewed by all Englishmen with a pride not unmingled with reproach. The pride is in the heroic endurance of their troops, the reproach in the maladministration that left them the helpless victims of unnumbered ills.

[The story of this maladministration is too long to repeat here: something of its effects will be seen from the account which follows.]

In order to better understand what the siege of Sebastopol really was, let us go back to the beginning and see why it was undertaken, and what the enterprise meant for the allies [*i. e.* the English and the French, who were fighting against Russia]. This great fortress, whose exact strength was but imperfectly known and therefore magnified, was deemed the most important and yet the most vulnerable spot of the Czar's dominions. Its vast harbor was a secure

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haven for a powerful Russian fleet — fifteen sail-of-the-line; it was a dockyard and arsenal filled with great guns and valuable war material. The capture of this formidable place of arms would be a severe blow, and would probably end the war. Sebastopol became, then, what scientific soldiers call the “principal objective,” the great aim and object of a campaign. “There is no prospect of a safe and honorable peace,” said the English war-minister at that time, “until the fortress is reduced and the Russian fleet taken or destroyed.”

Yet the operation was entered upon lightly and with no sufficient knowledge of the difficulty of the task. It was thought that the Russian Crimean army would be inferior to that of the allies; that after the invasion a battle or two would end the business; that the fortress would fall to a sharp assault without the trouble of a protracted siege. The earliest operations were so completely successful that this hope was fairly justified. The allied armies landed without opposition, the Alma was won triumphantly, the road lay open as it seemed, and Sebastopol was surely an easy prey. Whether or not it could have been taken by a bold stroke at the very outset was much debated at the time. The French and English, advancing after the first victory, were actually within sight of the northern

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fortifications, and Todleben, the famous Russian engineer, who was afterwards the life and soul of the defence, always believed that it might then have been captured with ease. It is known now that no such result was to be counted upon. The northern forts were of solid granite, mounting innumerable guns, the garrison was equal in number to their possible assailants, and the Russian fleet moored within the harbor would have lent overwhelming aid to the defence.

But the allies had made up their minds to operate against the south, not the north side. Here, again, an immediate attack was feasible; so hostile critics have always contended. Even at this early stage, when still incompletely defended, Sebastopol on its south side seemed all but impregnable. It was already encircled with earthworks sufficiently strong, although still far short of their subsequent dimensions, and armed with hundreds of heavy guns. The assailants could not have sent forward a force superior to that of the defenders, and they must have crossed 2,000 yards of open ground swept from end to end by the enemy's fire. To combat the latter the allies had nothing but light field-batteries of artillery; had they carried the Russian first line of works their warships in the harbor would have driven them out with their broadsides. Hardly a man would have reached the fortifications

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alive. Neither the finest resolution nor the most eager courage will avail against shell and round shot. All idea of a *coup de main* was therefore abandoned, and the allies prepared to "sit down" before the place, to bring up their siege-trains, open trenches, arm batteries, and endeavor to overmaster the enemy's fire. Then, when breaches had been made in the ruined works, the attacking columns were to go in and win.

Some brief account must be given now of the Russian defences. These included forts and works to the northward, fronts on the sea front, stone walls loopholed, and earthen batteries encircling the southern side.

The fortress lay on both sides, north and south, of a wide roadstead or harbor, running nearly due east and west, and with deep water quite up to the shore. At the north of this harbor stood two principal stone forts, Constantine and the Quarantine fort; farther in on the south side were the Artillery fort and forts Nicholas and Paul, the latter guarding the inner or man-of-war harbor, an inlet at right angles to the main harbor and separating the city of Sebastopol from its Karabelnaia suburbs. On the north side was the great star-fort with the outer ring of earthworks, and there were other smaller earthworks at the water's edge.

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On the south side, that which was now to be besieged, there was as yet little more than the outline of the many works soon to become famous, although some were partly executed, it is true, and the whole circle of the city was completely enclosed with a loopholed stone wall.

These, beginning with the Quarantine bastion near the sea front, were the Central and Flagstaff bastions, and the soon-to-be-added Garden battery. Beyond the great ravine which here ran down and ended in the inner harbor, several works had been planned to defend the Karabelnaia suburb — viz., the Redan, the Malakoff Tower, the Little Redan, and Bastion No. 1, the last ending the defences at the edge of the main harbor.

Such was the great fortress as it stood when the Russian Menschikoff, with his broken army, came streaming back into it after the defeat of the Alma. The allies were at his heels; Sebastopol was in danger — less danger than he feared — but he at once summoned a council of war to concert measures for its defence. As a first step the greater part of the Russian fleet was sacrificed, and several warships were at once sunk across the mouth of the harbor as an impassable barrier to the enemy. This was not done without protest from the Russian Admiral Korniloff, who wished to sally forth and fight whatever he

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met in the open sea. But the sinking of the ships was the most prudent course, and its value was soon appreciated. Menschikoff did not tarry now in the town. He had the sense to see that he must keep open his communications, his road northward to Russia whence must come the supplies, ever of vital importance to the defence of the fortress; so he sallied forth at once with his reorganized field-army in the direction of Bakshishari, a central point in the Crimea. In this movement, strange to say, he passed on the very fringe of the allies advancing by the so-called "flank march" to occupy the plateau or "upland" on the south side. They were within a stone's throw of each other, these two armies; yet neither was aware of it, so little were the niceties and precautions of ordinary warfare observed by them.

Sebastopol was thus left to make what head it could against attack. Its total garrison now was barely 36,000 men, made up mostly of marines and sailors from the fleet, with 2,700 gunners from the coast batteries, 5,000 military workmen, and a few militia battalions. But this great Russian arsenal of the Black Sea was exceedingly rich in war material: at the commencement of the siege there were 172 pieces of ordnance, many very heavy guns already mounted upon the works, and almost countless stores of

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artillery in reserve. Even with all the wear-and-tear of a twelvemonth's siege, when Sebastopol fell there were hundreds and hundreds of guns found still unused in the artillery park — a fact patent to all England nowadays, for hardly a town of any importance is without its Russian “trophy” gun paraded in public gardens or in front of its town-hall. Inexhaustible supplies of ammunition, of powder and projectiles were ensured so long as the place was not completely invested, and Menschikoff's field-army, as has been stated, continually prevented that.

Nor was it only in its *personnel* (its garrison) or its *matériel* (its warlike stores) that Sebastopol was strong. Chief among its defences must be counted the intrepid spirit of the great Russian engineer who was their life and soul. Colonel Todleben's name is imperishably allied with the splendid resistance of the fortress, which, in a measure, was created by his own hands. In the very prime of life, with a highly trained intelligence and full of dauntless energy, he joined as chief engineer just before Sebastopol was threatened, and at once proceeded to strengthen the place. Under his animating control enormous numbers of men labored continuously day and night upon the works. The bastions and batteries already detailed now took shape and armament; the fortress daily grew more and

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more formidable; within a week of the arrival of the allied armies the Central and Flagstaff bastions were heightened and thickened, a new battery was placed between them, other batteries were established to command the great ravine. Now the Redan was reinforced by the construction of the great Barrack battery behind it, and the Malakoff Tower was surrounded by earthworks containing powerful batteries, and continuous intrenchments ran on to the Little Redan, Bastion No. 1, and the waters of the harbor. Of a truth Sebastopol began to fully justify old Sir John Burgoyne's warning that "the more the allies looked at it the less they would like it." It said as plainly as if its long lines of works and its many murderous mouths could speak, "Come and take me if you can."

No doubt the allies were wise in not hazarding an immediate attack. But still they were not reconciled to the slow processes of a protracted siege, nor did they look for a prolonged resistance. Every effort was now bent upon bringing up the siege-guns from the ships and establishing them near enough to reduce the enemy's fire preparatory to an open assault. This service was so far forward on the 9th October that on that date the allies "broke ground," as it is called, or began their first parallels or trenches of approach. It had been arranged that the French

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should take from the sea to the great ravine the whole of the left front of attack; and, as their base of supply, the bay of Kamiesch, was close behind their left, they experienced no great difficulty in feeding their army or sending up stores. In taking this, the "left attack," they had also the advantage of better ground in which to dig their trenches, and they could approach the fortress within 1,000 yards. The British, on the other hand, having to deal with flinty soil sloping down towards the enemy's guns, were obliged to build their parapets higher, with more pains, and at a much greater distance. Their nearest battery was between 1,300 and 1,400 yards from the Redan, while that known as the Victoria or Lancaster battery was as much as 2,000 yards. Their siege-guns, however, were more powerful than those of the French. Their whole front of attack was a very extensive line, and included Chapman's battery, Gordon's battery, and those already named.

A fruitful source of trouble not yet apparent to the British force before Sebastopol was the seeming good fortune which surrendered to them this "right" attack and the small port of Balaclava as their base. Hitherto the French had taken the right of the line, the British the left; but out of courtesy and acknowledging that they had the first claim to Balaclava as its first occu-

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piers, General Canrobert accepted the change of position. With the honor of holding the right they gained the distinct disadvantage of greatly drawn-out communications. It was six full miles to Balaclava, and no metaled road but the Woronzoff, which was shortly to fall into the enemy's hands. Then to the loss of a good highway was superadded the inconvenience and danger of a flank constantly threatened in its most vital point, the "line of life," that by which the British drew up rations, sent back their sick, and generally held on to the sea. This entailed very serious consequences, as we shall find.

All, however, promised well on the morning of the 17th October, when the allied batteries, fully armed and admirably served, began their first bombardment. By this time 126 siege-guns were in position, 72 British, 53 French, and ample stores of ammunition were at hand in the trench magazines. To these 126 the Russians directly opposed 118, but 220 more were ready to fire upon the columns that might presently be expected to move out for the assault. The bombardment, which the Russians aptly termed a "*feu d'enfer*," and which at that date was unparalleled in modern warfare, began at 6.30 A.M., and lasted without intermission for four hours. Very visible impression had been made:

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the Malakoff Tower was ruined, other works were seriously damaged, and all promised well.

Then came the first of a series of disasters that signalized this memorable siege. An explosion occurred in the French lines: a shell had blown up the principal magazine, making great havoc and forcing the French presently to cease fire. In fact, just as the critical moment had arrived for delivering a general attack, the French were discomfited and put out of action. With the British it was just the reverse: their fire had gradually silenced that of the Russians, and early in the afternoon they had blown up the magazine of the Redan, opening therein a yawning breach inviting immediate assault. The defence, as Todleben bears witness, was paralyzed on this side; the Russian troops massed behind the Redan to resist attack were quite demoralized, and had taken to flight.

But the British could not go in alone. It was to have been a joint and combined attack, which the French disaster now rendered impossible. At the same time the bombardment executed by the allied fleets had failed of effect: their broadsides had fallen harmless against the casemated granite forts, and all the warships had drawn off, bearing more injuries than they had inflicted. Fortunately, the allied losses had not been very severe: 100 French had been killed or wounded,

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47 English, while the Russian casualties had reached 1,100. There seemed no reason why, if the French recovered sufficiently to reopen fire, the attack should not be made the following day.

Next day all such hopes vanished into thin air. A few hours were enough for the indefatigable and indomitable Todleben. During the short space of darkness the great engineer gave the first touch of his quality, and built up his ruined fortress anew. Sebastopol arose from its ashes reconstructed — built, like Aladdin's palace, in a single night. "Works reduced to shapeless heaps, ruined batteries, and disabled guns" were replaced before morning by fresh parapets, the batteries were repaired, new guns from the inexhaustible supplies of the ships and the arsenal had occupied the embrasures. The work of the siege and bombardment was all to do over again. It was now made perfectly evident that the Russians were full of recuperative power, possessing seemingly boundless resources directed by a scientific soldier of great knowledge and inflexible spirit. The situation was, moreover, complicated by the existence of an enterprising field-army daily recruited by new arrivals, so that the relative strength of allies and Russians was fast growing disproportionate and greatly in favor of the latter. This led to

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many other efforts calculated to greatly impede, if not to actually "raise" or terminate the siege.

Nothing daunted by their first failure, the allies had set about to prepare for a second bombardment on a still more extensive and destructive scale, when their very existence upon the plateau was threatened, and the two famous battles of Balaclava and Inkerman were fought in the open field. In one the British cavalry was destroyed and their line of supply dangerously narrowed; in the other, won against tremendous odds, they yet suffered so severely that it was impossible for them to prosecute the siege with their former vigor. Now, too, came the great storm and the increasing horrors of the dread winter, so that the siege-works were still further impeded. But, as has been said already, however colossal their troubles, however remote loomed ultimate success, the actual ascendancy of the allies was never more in doubt after the great victories gained. The Russians never again ventured to attack them in any strength, and then not until quite desperate in the closing scenes. Not even in the very height of the winter troubles, when suffering and sickness had so decimated the ranks of the allies that the guards of the trenches were reduced to mere skeletons in numbers and physique, did the Russian garrison use their immense superiority against the weak-

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ened force. So it was ever felt that, although the siege might be prolonged wearisomely, almost indefinitely, yet with patience the allies must win in the long run. The Russian commanders might continually revictual and replenish the fortress; the allies, based on the sea and able to draw across it unlimited supplies from home, could also play the waiting game and with a still stronger hand.

Not the least memorable part of that dread episode was the spirit it evoked in England. Admiration for the constancy displayed by the soldiers was mingled with an eager desire to relieve them at all costs. All England was aroused from end to end; fierce indignation at the maladministration which left brave men to perish stirred up private effort, and vast sums were subscribed, vast enterprises undertaken, to supplement the shortcomings of the Government. While the public voice loudly demanded the punishment of those to blame, private people banded themselves together to create hospital services, provide huts and food and warm clothing. It was then that lines like the following found an echo in every British heart: —

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“That starving army haunts us night and day
By our warm hearths : no fire have they.
Snow falls ; 't is falling there!

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Rotting in their own filth like mangy hounds,
Cramped, frost and hunger bitten to the bones,
Wrestling with death 'mid smells and sights and sounds

That turn kind hearts to stones.

To die for very lack of clothes and food, of shelter, bedding,
medicine, and fire,

While six miles off lay piled up many a rood, all they did
so require !”

Slowly but surely ample and effective aid arrived. Matters began to mend as the dread winter gradually spent its force. Great gangs of “navvies” constructed a railroad between Balaclava and “the front” by which the much-needed supplies were sent forward; the uncompromising energy of Colonel McNundo, who went out armed with full powers, created a land transport service with thousands of animals, for whom at last sufficient fodder was found; Miss Nightingale and her lady nurses arrived, and with unstinting devotion revolutionized the pest-houses, wrongly called hospitals. At “the front,” although the French had also suffered severely, their army had been so constantly reinforced that by this time it was nearly four times as numerous as the British. Then General Canrobert took charge of the extreme right attack, that which faced the Malakoff and embraced the battle-ground of Inkerman. This timely assistance had the effect of setting free some

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fifteen hundred British troops, and concentrated the efforts of the whole upon a more limited area. From that time forward matters began gradually to improve. With the spring new hope revived, and, although the fortress was still intact, the business was now to fight men, not the season.

Al through the winter months, while they were in such sore straits, the gallant and intrepid Todleben was continually increasing the difficulties of the allies. With consummate skill he devised many new and harassing processes in military engineering. Such were the rifle-pits pushed forward within easy reach of their trenches. Each of these was a hole containing a single marksman, who, being safely screened by sandbags, picked off the gunners and inflicted perpetual loss. When mining was tried by the French, Todleben countermined, and so effectually that he had the best of this underground warfare. He was continually stealing ground, too, wherever he could thus annoy his enemy or strengthen his own lines. One day new earthworks appeared upon the slopes facing the Inkerman battlefield; then the Mamelon was seized and fortified as an outwork of the Malakoff, and this at a time when the British were about to occupy it. The Russians, crowning the hill with strong earthworks, struck a serious

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blow at the besiegers, especially on the English right attack, for the Mamelon looked into these trenches, and forbade any further advance against the Redan. Another obstacle thrown forward to bar progress was the work established in the Quarries before the Redan, ere long to be nobly contested, but yet carried with great courage by the English troops.

Better weather had greatly improved the situation before Sebastopol. Abundant transports of all sorts, rail and wheeled vehicles, kept the troops at the front well fed, well clothed, and well housed; huts had replaced tents, and stores of all kinds were plentiful, especially war material. The allied artillery had grown portentously strong: there were now 378 French guns in position and 123 English — numbers not really disproportionate, seeing that now the English trenches were far less extensive than the French; but withal, the English ordnance was generally of weightier metal, and they had up at the front 500 rounds per gun and 300 per mortar. The Russians, it is true, were equally strong: they had a thousand guns mounted on their works, and could directly oppose the British with 466, well placed. But it was confidently expected that in the next battle of the guns the allied artillery would have a distinct advantage.

For a new bombardment was obviously im-

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minent, the prelude, as everyone believed, to a general assault. The former began on the 8th April, but the latter never came off. The great enterprise which should soon have ended the siege was robbed of all pith and purpose by the insistence of the French Emperor continually harping on field operations. Nevertheless, the cannonade commenced at the date given, and was continued for ten days almost without intermission. It was a terrific storm of projectiles, and it inflicted immense damage. The Russians, who were short of powder, replied slowly and ineffectively. Ere long many of their batteries were put out of action. The French breached the salient of the Central Bastion, and greatly injured the Flagstaff Battery; the British guns silenced one face of the Redan; the French and English guns overpowered the Mamelon; the Malakoff was silenced, so were the White Works. The Russians suffered horribly. Believing that the bombardment would be followed by assault, large bodies were kept close up to repel it, and so were fully exposed to this incessant, murderous fire. The carnage was frightful. Sebastopol became a shambles; all its great buildings were converted into hospitals and crowded with dead and dying; the floors lay half an inch deep in coagulated blood; great piles of severed limbs filled tubs around the amputating tables in the

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churches; funeral dirges were chanted all day long. It is calculated that in this April bombardment the Russian garrison lost in killed and wounded 6,000, as against 1,585 French and 265 English.

On June the 6th a fresh bombardment was undertaken in order to reduce the White Works, the Mamelon, and the Quarries, both the English and French guns being actively engaged, to the number of 544. The Mamelon was soon crushed, the White Works greatly damaged, and only the Malakoff was able to return fire at the close of the day. The cannonade was continued all through next day, and towards dusk Bosquet sent forward two brigades, and took possession of the White Works without serious opposition, which during the night were incorporated with the French trenches. On that same evening, the 7th June, about 5.30, three French columns moved out boldly to attack the Mamelon, headed by a brave colonel, Brancion, who was slain just as his men triumphantly crowned the parapet. Another column of Turcos took the works by the rear, and this combined attack was for a time perfectly successful; then the Russians, reinforced, made a counter-attack, retook the Mamelon, held it for a time, and were in their turn again expelled. The entry of the French into this work was the signal for the

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British attack upon the Quarries, and this tough job was entrusted to detachments of the 2d and Light Divisions, the whole under Colonel Shirley. These Quarries were soon carried, but being at the rear, they were searched through and through by the enemy's guns, and proved untenable until the Russians came out and were mixed with the assailants. Then the fight rolled back and forward, the victory now inclining to this side, now to that. In the end, however, when dawn broke, the whole of the works the British had attacked remained in their hands.

Yet two more months passed, and the allies were still outside. The battle of the Tchernaya, or of Tractir Bridge, fought on the 15th of August, was a despairing but most vigorous attack upon the French right flank, where the newly arrived Italian — or, more exactly, Sardinian — allies were also posted. Thirty thousand Russians, under Generals Read and Liprandi, with a reserve of 19,000 more infantry, the whole supported by cavalry and a numerous artillery, came on at daylight, but attacked too soon the heights held strongly by the French, and were driven back with great slaughter. The Sardinians also fought well, and some horse artillery also took part in the fight.

The *dénouement* still tarried, but all hope of

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holding Sebastopol was at an end. Since the commencement of the Crimean campaign the Russians had lost hundreds of thousands of men in the fortress and in the field, and their condition was nearly desperate. Preparations to evacuate the city were at last begun — the great bridge of retreat across the harbor, barricades and obstacles in the streets and approaches were made. Yet Prince Gortschakoff still hesitated, and wished at the eleventh hour to prolong the defence in spite of the tremendous sacrifices it would entail.

But now, at last, opportunity was ripe: the French most advanced trench was within five-and-twenty yards of the Malakoff, and the hour of attack was at hand.

Once more, and for the last time, the guns reopened fire and blazed away incessantly on the 6th and 7th September, doing, as usual, infinite injury; but in the early morning of the 8th the Russians stood ready, their reserves in hand, their guns loaded with grape. It was not Pelissier's intention to attack the Malakoff — the principal point — before noon. He had observed that at that hour the old guards were relieved by the new, but that the one marched out of the works before the others replaced. This was the plan which the French general hugged so closely to his heart that, as he himself put it,

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he would not whisper it to his pillow. The general control of the attack was placed under Bosquet, but the actual assault of the Malakoff was entrusted to MacMahon, that fine soldier who, years later, became President of the French Republic. Other troops filled in the line towards the Redan, where the English, under General Windham, were to come into play; but theirs was essentially an inferior and subsidiary *role*, for under no circumstances should the British have attacked the Redan alone. Further subordinate moves were to be made by the French on the Flagstaff Bastion, while the Central Bastion was to be dealt with by the Sardinians.

At noon, exactly, MacMahon's first brigade crossed the open at a run, and found the Malakoff nearly empty; but then the Russian relief came up, and a fierce hand-to-hand struggle began. Every traverse, every coigne of vantage, was taken and retaken, the Russians fighting with desperate courage; and it was not until the French had broken into the work by its eastern face that victory inclined to their side. Still, the conflict was maintained till late in the afternoon, the Russians bringing up every reserve, but all to no purpose, and finally the tricolor waved over the Malakoff. The key to the fortress was won.

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Elsewhere fate had been adverse. The French columns on the left of the principal attack had not greatly prospered, while the English at the Redan had distinctly failed. No doubt they were more or less doomed to failure from the first; for the Russians, retiring from the Malakoff, swarmed into the Redan and soon filled it with vast numbers, while the English assailants at best were few. Yet they went up undaunted; many boldly climbed over the huge parapet, and for some time maintained a firm front inside. Unfortunately, support in sufficient strength was not promptly sent forward, and General Windham went back in search of them. This ill-advised step left the combatants, already hardly pressed, without the guidance of any leader of rank, and the unequal contest was not long maintained. Had the French, it is said, turned the Russian guns they had captured in the Malakoff on to the Redan, that work would have been quite untenable, so that its assault — except, perhaps, as a feint — was really unnecessary.

Thus Sebastopol, or its principal part — smoking ruins and an empty shell — fell at last to the allied forces of French and English. Probably the assault upon the Malakoff, if it had not been successful, would have been renewed; for everybody agreed that if the fortress was not

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taken before the second winter arrived, it would have been necessary to raise the siege.

On the 9th September, 1855, the present writer was standing at day-dawn on a high point of vantage, surveying a scene so strange and striking that its memory can never be effaced. Sebastopol at last had fallen. On the day previous the final assaults had been made. The French, attacking with fiery courage and in overwhelming numbers, had captured the Malakoff; the allies, on the other hand, using but meager forces, had failed at the Redan. Watching from the left attack, at no great distance, I had seen the English go forward, a mere handful, had noted anxiously the hurry-scurry of the advance, the crash of conflict, the struggle, long time in doubt, within the great earth-heap, the final retreat; stricken soldiers dropping back regretfully by twos and threes, still tormented by fire and often overtaken by death. Every one who watched was strongly affected, not so much indeed by the failure, but because no supreme effort was made to retrieve it. At that time the English trenches were swarming with troops; whole divisions lined them; the Guards had been brought up, and the Highlanders — the 3d and 4th Divisions — were close at hand, yet nothing was done. The day ended in deep

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despondency and disgust; the guards in the trenches were not relieved, and our particular party returned for a second night to the Cemetery, an advanced post in front of the Creek battery, always much harassed by the enemy's guns.

What next? Grave anxiety prevailed, at least amongst us of the junior ranks, for the completeness of the French success in the capture of the true key of the fortress was scarcely appreciated, nor was the utter discouragement of the Russians known. On the contrary, a general sortie upon the British lines was expected, and strict orders were given to maintain the utmost vigilance, to post their sentries well to the front, and by constant visitation make sure that they were always on the alert. All about this Cemetery lay vineyards loaded with grapes, free to all who would gather them undeterred by the dropping fire that did not cease till long after midnight. There, as we lay dozing between the reliefs of sentries or enjoying the luscious fruit, a tremendous concussion filled the air, and the ground on which we rested seemed shaken to its very depths. A mine! The prelude to a vigorous attack! The guards stood to their arms; messages came and went; officers collected together, taking counsel, and all were on the tiptoe of expectation. Soon, however, the Russian fire



A TERRIBLE CARNAGE ENSUED UPON THE BRIDGE. (p. 207)

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ceased entirely. The vexed air grew calm, and in the growing stillness a distant murmur of rattling wheels, the hum of voices, the trampling of feet reached us, but with no distinct impression of their meaning.

Morning presently broke — the dawn of a splendid autumn day — and in the growing light everything was explained. The evacuation had commenced; the garrison was in full retreat by a bridge of boats constructed weeks beforehand. Now our batteries on the higher level above had got the range of the retiring columns, and opened a furious fire. A terrible carnage ensued upon the overcrowded bridge: whole sections of men were swept away, numbers were blown into the air, and the dropping fragments, bodies and limbs, and bits of exploded shells tore up the water like monster hail. More awful still was the ruin that soon spread over the doomed city. There, under our very eyes, it crumbled away into formless and chaotic elements; the great forts blew up one after the other with thunderous explosion, vomiting clouds of black smoke into the blue vault, to hang there or fall again, brooding thick and low upon the shapeless wreckage, while darting flames quickly shot up and gradually embraced the whole town in one general conflagration.

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So ended Sebastopol, in a horror of carnage and fire, after a siege of nearly twelve months' duration, in which three great European Powers had put forth all their military strength. Every credit is due to those engaged upon either side; but the tardy success was achieved after such a stubborn resistance that the greatest glory was, if anything, to the losing side. The issue was never in doubt, perhaps: it was only a question of time, although it might be wearily, almost indefinitely, postponed. But the more strenuous the attack, the more noble was the defence, and as the allies, rising slowly to a full appreciation of the magnitude of their task, gathered together men and material in overwhelming proportions, so the Russians, undismayed, developed such indomitable tenacity, mixed with such enterprising skill and boldness in engineering, that at times the besiegers became the besieged. Through the terrible winter the defenders were certainly stronger and more numerous than their assailants, better fed and better found. Menschikoff's field-army had been practically broken up; a large contingent had been drawn in to reinforce the garrison; the vast storehouse of the arsenals and the warships seemed inexhaustible; supplies of all sorts reached the fortress unimpeded along its always open communications. Thus all losses were speedily made good; there

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were troops enough to man all the works, and yet leave from 6,000 to 10,000 free to labor continually upon the fortifications. Every battery was armed anew; hundreds of heavy guns were moved easily through the streets from the arsenal and wharves to the works. Nothing could be finer, more worthy of admiration, than this resolute defiance.

And yet no one can understand why Todleben did not do more: why he did not convert defensive into offensive operations; why, in the plenitude of his superior strength, he did not essay to drive the allies from their trenches back to their ships, or into the sea. He was fully aware of their wretched condition. In the first place, his spies, daring and pertinacious, kept him always well informed. Moreover, he learnt much from the garrulity of his foes. These were the early days of war-correspondents, of those fluent and irrepressible writers, ever active in the service of an anxious public at home, but not as yet restrained by the modern military censorship, which nowadays secures a certain reticence at least on all vitally important matters. There was such an eager and insatiable thirst in England for news, that much was published in the English papers that might more safely have been withheld. Everything that went on before Sebastopol reached Todleben in

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the course of a few weeks. There were few secrets kept, and certainly those which betrayed the weakness of the besiegers were not among them. Todleben, thus encouraged, might surely have made a bold stroke to deliver the fortress. By concentrating superior numbers on one or more points in the ill-defended trenches he might, in all probability, have succeeded in raising the siege. That he did not do so is explained by one or both of two suppositions: one is that he did not dare to risk the tremendous failure involved by thus putting all upon the throw; the other that he and his soldiery had fared so badly in hand-to-hand conflicts that they had no stomach for further fighting in the open field.

XI

The Battle of Balaclava

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

THE memory of Balaclava will always be cherished by Englishmen with peculiar pride. It is true that the great event of the day — the great central episode — was a blunder, a gigantic mistake, and that through it many brave men lost their lives. But the splendid courage of those who were sacrificed, and their unhesitating, unswerving devotion to duty, will always rank among the finest of warlike achievements.

Everyone has heard of Lord Cardigan and his gallant light cavalry brigade: how a handful of horsemen, only a few hundreds of them, headed by their chivalrous leader, the last of the Brudenells, galloped straight into the “jaws of death.” It was the order: that was enough. To hear was to obey, even although the chances of survival were altogether against them. The brigade went into action as fine a body of light cavalry as the world has ever seen — perfect in every point, precisely and beautifully arrayed; the remnant rode back by twos and threes,

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stricken and shattered. But they had performed their task, they carried out the commands given, and had conquered although they had all but perished in the attempt.

There was more, however, in this Battle of Balaclava than the charge of the Light Brigade. There were many episodes, some highly creditable, one rather the reverse. The prowess of individuals was immense, but the generalship was not always of the best. Lord Raglan knew what was right, and ordered it; but his instructions were often misconstrued. For the military student the battle is full of valuable lessons, but everyone who reads it must be interested, for it tells how small a thing interposes between absolute victory and defeat.

Before describing the actual battle it will be well to consider why it was fought; what the Russians had in view; what would have happened had it been won. For a right understanding of all this, it must be remembered that the allies, English and French, were besieging Sebastopol, and that they were posted on a plateau or broad upland of high ground just in front of the fortress. The "left attack," or the operations on the left hand, was in the hands of the French, whose base, or port of supply, was at Kamiesch, on their left rear. The "right attack" from the center, where it joined with the

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French, was entrusted to the English; this right or extreme outer flank of the whole allied army rested on the heights of Inkerman, afterwards to become famous. The English drew all their supplies from Balaclava, another and a rather distant port five or six miles to the rear.

Now, in military science it is held that an army is most vulnerable along its "line of communications"; in other words, along the road by which it communicates with its base of supply. This road is a sort of "life line"; by it food and munitions of war are brought up to the fighting front, by it the wounded and all news are sent safely to the rear. It is a first and imperative duty with a general to protect his line of communications; and for the same reason an enemy is always eager to strike at it. If he can get at it, place himself athwart of it and hold on, the army which has been worsted has lost everything. It must either change its front so as to open a new line to a new base, or it must throw up the sponge.

Well, the communications of the English with Balaclava lay within very tempting reach of the Russians. They were not actually exposed, for some attempt had been made to fortify them; but the defences were weak, and quite unequal to resisting any determined or formidable attack. There were two lines of forts: the inner, close

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around Balaclava, where the ground was steep and difficult, and these were manned by English marines, and armed with naval guns. The outer was a line of feeble redoubts encircling the Balaclava valley; the first of them on the right, just opposite Kamara, was on the hill known as "Canrobert's," the rest, numbered from 2 to 6, crowned the Causeway Heights — a low range of hills, across the crests of which ran the great Woronzoff road into Sebastopol. These forts were of weak construction — "a donkey might have ridden through them" — their armament was inferior, and they were garrisoned by Turks. They have proved themselves stout soldiers, these Turks, behind earthworks when properly handled and encouraged; but in the coming fray they were overpowered, and suffered, but not very fairly, in reputation.

The only British forces in the valley were one infantry regiment, the 93d Highlanders, and the whole of the cavalry, about 1,600 sabers. Lord Lucan was in supreme command of the latter; Generals Scarlett and Lord Cardigan, respectively, led the Heavy and Light Brigades. The place thus assigned was largely due to the nature of the ground: these open plains were admirably adapted for cavalry. Moreover, there was no other equally important duty in which they could be engaged, and Lord Raglan, by thus utilizing

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them, was saved from further weakening the already insufficient forces employed in the siege.

Such was the situation about Balaclava. It was of a kind to offer a great opportunity to an enterprising commander. Menschikoff could lay no claims to military genius, but even *he* must have seen the great results that might come from a successful attack upon the English line of communications. It has been said that he had no greater object in view than the destruction of an artillery park at Kadikoi. Yet surely he must have aimed at more than that, for his effort was imposing; the force to be employed large — in all some 25,000 infantry, thirty-four squadrons of horse, and seventy-eight guns. To General Liprandi the chief command was entrusted, but a distinct and smaller force under General Jabrokitsky co-operated.

A spy had visited the Russian lines the day before the action, and brought back news of the contemplated attack. Lord Raglan was duly informed, but he gave no orders, took no step to meet it, for he had been misled by spies before. But as day broke on the morning of the 25th, there could be no longer any doubt as to the Russian intentions. As the light grew stronger, it revealed to the British cavalry, which had paraded in the valley an hour before dawn,

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the signal flying on Canrobert's Hill that the enemy was advancing. There could be no longer any mistake. Lord Lucan forthwith dispatched his son and aide-de-camp to Lord Raglan, who at once turned and rode to a commanding point called the Col, where he saw the approaching columns with his own eyes, and was able to measure the probable scope of the impending attack. He could not trust his cavalry to face it alone; he knew the Turks were too few to resist long, so he sent orders to the first and fourth divisions, those of the Duke of Cambridge and Sir George Cathcart, to move down into the plain and assist in the defence of Balaclava. He forbade the cavalry to move until the infantry arrived, for he was at this time in hope that a general action might be imminent, to be fought by all arms. A weighty and decisive struggle might, perhaps, settle the fate of Sebastopol without a protracted siege. General Canrobert did not share his views in this respect, and Lord Raglan himself was doomed to be bitterly disappointed before the day was done.

Meanwhile the Russians had come on with all speed. They were in three great masses: one on their left, coming from Kamara, was destined to storm Canrobert's Hill; the second, in the center, was to move up against the five redoubts on the Causeway Heights; the third,

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under General Jabrokitzky, was holding the right upon the Fedioukhine Heights. They made short work of the Turks. The single battalion which held Canrobert's Hill showed a firm front, but it was shattered by a fierce artillery fire, which disabled guns and decimated the Turkish ranks. Five Russian battalions went up to the assault, while six more were in support. The attack was overwhelming; the slaughter terrific: 170 were killed out of 500, and the Russians became masters of the redoubt by 7.30 A.M.

By this time the middle columns were close upon the Causeway Heights, threatening them with another attack so menacing and irresistible that the rest of the Turks began to waver. They had seen the overthrow of their comrades; there were no supports at hand, and panic at once possessed them. Without any pretence at standing firm they streamed away to a man, in full flight across the plain to the rear, even before the redoubts were stormed. Nothing stayed them. A Scotch soldier's wife, who met them as they ran, belabored all she could reach with a broomstick. Still they ran on, until by voice and gesture Captain Tatham, of the Royal Navy, arrested some of the fugitives, and ranked them up in some disorder behind the 93d.

The time had come for the Highlanders to

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show of what stuff they were made. So far the fight had gone against the allies; its first episode was a disastrous defeat. Now the Russian cavalry, in great strength, a fine mass of horsemen, numbering 3,000, eager to avenge their inactivity at the Alma, were approaching the Causeway Heights, and nine squadrons had already debouched into the south valley. The road seemed open all the way to Balaclava, save for one obstacle — the famous “thin, red line” of history. This was the 93d Highlanders, and not quite all of them, standing two deep, not in square, the traditional formation in which to “receive cavalry.” Brave old Sir Colin Campbell, the brigadier, was with the regiment in person — a host in himself; yet these brave defenders of Balaclava only numbered 550 souls all told. There was also a battalion of Turks on each flank; but they could not bear to face the coming peril, and long before the Russians got near the Turks dissolved, turned tail, and ran straight for the port, crying in English — “Ship! ship!”

Whatever resistance was to be made depended now on the “thin, red line.” Sir Colin, as was usual with him, spoke a few words of warning and encouragement. “Remember, men,” he cried, as he rode along the line, “remember there is no retreat from here. You must die

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where you stand.” Quite equal to the occasion, the gallant Highlanders, cheering, replied, “Ay, ay, Sir Colin: we’ll do just that.” By this time the line had been withdrawn a little behind a rising hillock, and the men lay down, just to screen themselves from the Russians’ artillery fire. On and on came the Russian cavalry, until suddenly the Highlanders rose to their feet, and would have charged. But this would have been a very hazardous act, and Sir Colin, sternly checking it, steadied the line. It stood quite firm, fired a volley, which emptied many saddles, and the Russians, having no heart to go farther forward, hesitated, halted, and presently retired in disorder. The demeanor of the Highlanders alone had sufficed to hurl back the attack.

Meanwhile the main body of the Russian cavalry had pressed on to the Causeway Heights, and now came a fresh episode in the battle — the first cavalry encounter. This gallant and successful exploit of Scarlett’s brigade of heavy cavalry has never been sufficiently appreciated, simply because it has been eclipsed by the brilliancy of the more hare-brained feat that followed.

At this time Scarlett’s brigade was in motion towards the east. It had been ordered by Lord Raglan some time previously to come up in support of the already fugitive Turks. Scarlett

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was on the march with his six squadrons, when he suddenly became aware of the presence of the Russian cavalry upon his left, just appearing over the heights above him. His regiments were in two parallel columns: on the inner, nearest the Russians, were one squadron of the Inniskillings and two of the Scots Greys; on the outer another squadron of the Inniskillings and two of the 5th Dragoon Guards. Farther to the rear the Royal Dragoons and the 4th Dragoon Guards.

Scarlett's decision was instantly formed. The Russian cavalry — we must not forget there were about 3,000 of them — was halted, a great, inert mass, just in the condition to invite attack. Without a moment's hesitation, the English general wheeled the first column into a line, a short line composed of barely 300 sabers, and charged. The second column also formed into line and came on in support. Scarlett himself, a fine old man with snow-white mustaches, who rode straight and sat strong in his saddle, headed the charge; his aide-de-camp, Alick Elliot, a bold *sabreur*, who had seen much fighting in India, galloped by his side; close behind came the general's trumpeter and his orderly: and these four brave men — general, lieutenant, and two private troopers — crashed first and alone into the middle of the enemy's heavy

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column, where they were at once engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, sword against sword. What the fight was may be judged from the fact that the general received five wounds and Alick Elliot received fourteen.

One squadron of the Inniskilling Dragoons followed Scarlett in the front line; with them came two squadrons of the Scots Greys — two regiments that have ever been close comrades and friends. On each flank behind rode in second line a second squadron of the Inniskillings and the 5th Dragoon Guards; in extension of the last named were the 1st or Royal Dragoons. As the gallant "heavies" raced forward, eager to overtake their chivalrous leader, who was already in the thick of the fight, the Russian cavalry advanced a little, but had no heart for it, and halted irresolute, their very numbers helping to encumber and confuse them. The impact of the charging horsemen carried all before it. "There was a clash and a fusion as of wave meeting wave," the combatants joined issue, "swords rose and fell," then almost in a moment the vast mass of Russian cavalry broke up — three thousand conquered by eight hundred — and, turning, fled fast and in great disorder from the field.

This "truly magnificent charge," as it was called by a French general who was present,

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"the most glorious thing" he ever saw, won universal admiration. The enormous odds, the unhesitating promptitude of the attack, the fierce, enterprising courage shown in the conflict, roused the spectators — of whom there were crowds of both armies and all arms above — to enthusiasm. Sir Colin, clannish as ever, rode at once to his dear countrymen, and, uncovering, apostrophized them thus: "Greys, gallant Greys, I am sixty-one years of age, but if I were young again I should be proud to serve in your ranks." Lord Raglan showed his appreciation by dispatching an aide-de camp with a special message of congratulation to Scarlett, couched in the simple words, "Well done."

But now the mistakes began. The first was in the neglect of Lord Cardigan (who commanded the Light Brigade) to make Scarlett's victory absolutely decisive. The broken Russian cavalry, retreating, passed within easy striking distance of Cardigan's splendid and still untouched force. Had he acted now with vigor the enemy must have been completely annihilated. He held 700 superb horsemen ready, within a quarter of a mile. Yet he never moved a man, nor made a sign. His excuse was that his commanding officer, the divisional general, Lord Lucan, had left him with precise instructions to remain on the defensive. Lord Lucan subse-

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quently denied this strenuously. He admitted that Lord Cardigan was expected to defend the position he occupied, but he declares that he expressly told him "to attack anything and everything" that came within reach of him. The ordinary rules of war, if properly interpreted by Lord Cardigan, were also against him. Defence or no defence, it was his bounden duty to improve the occasion. The Russian cavalry, which had been scattered by Scarlett, should have been wrecked and utterly ruined by Cardigan. But with obstinate misconception of his duty the latter remained supine, and the enemy was suffered to escape.

Worse was to follow. Lord Raglan, who from the heights above saw the whole performance, was much chagrined by the inactivity of the Light Cavalry, and sought by dispatching repeated orders to correct it. He first directed Lord Lucan to use Cardigan's brigade in recovering the Causeway Heights, of which the Russians by their retreat were losing hold. Lord Lucan did nothing of the kind. He satisfied himself that the operation was one for infantry, or for combined action, the cavalry in support of infantry, and till that could be effected he would not move. The infantry, however, through the independence, not to say insubordination, of General Sir George Cathcart, did

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not arrive; and so for half an hour the still uninjured Light Cavalry paused, and a great and golden opportunity was lost.

The next step taken by the Russians stimulated Lord Raglan to issue another and more decisive order. It seemed as though the enemy, by bringing up horse teams, intended to carry off the guns captured in the Turkish redoubts. This must be prevented, and Lord Raglan felt that it could be done most quickly by the cavalry. So he sent Captain Nolan — a brave soldier whose name is indissolubly connected with the catastrophe that followed — with a fresh message to Lord Lucan. It was an order in writing, “directing the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front and prevent the enemy from carrying off the guns.”

These guns were on the high ground above. Lord Lucan could not see them, or what the Russians were doing, and he accordingly did not understand the order. Some critics say now that its wording should have been more precise and explicit. Anyhow, Lord Lucan misinterpreted it, and got into his head that the guns meant were the Russian guns in action firing at them, and that the “advance” ordered was against those guns. He protested; such an attack would be useless, mad, and while he still hesitated to obey, Captain Nolan, the aide-de-

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camp, chafing at the delay, broke in with the words — “Lord Raglan orders that the cavalry should attack immediately.” Nettled by this, as he thought, implied impertinent rebuke from a junior officer, the Lieutenant-General hotly retorted: “Attack, sir! Attack what?” Nolan, with a wave of the hand, made, according to Lord Lucan, in the direction of the battery at the end of the valley, said: “There, my lord, is your enemy; there are your guns.” Whether or not this was what Nolan intended we shall never know, for he was killed very shortly afterwards. But the general belief nowadays is that, as he had just left Lord Raglan and the high ground, he meant something very different.

The terrible mistake was now set going, and the mischief speedily increased. Lord Lucan, having misconstrued his orders, and declining to exercise his own judgment in correcting them, rode over to where Lord Cardigan sat at the head of the Light Brigade, and told him to advance down the valley. Lord Cardigan did not actually demur. “Certainly,” he said; “but allow me to point out that there is a battery in front of us and guns and riflemen on either flank.” “I know it,” replied Lord Lucan; “but Lord Raglan will have it. We have no choice but to obey.” Then Lord Cardigan, without hesitation, bowed before the fiat, and quietly

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turning round, cried out, "The brigade will advance."

He was going, and all that rode with him, to almost certain destruction.

It is the proud privilege of the cavalry leader, as I have shown in the case of General Scarlett, to ride in the forefront of the battle, to be the "first man in" when charging. Lord Cardigan, whatever his tactical skill, was undoubtedly as "brave as a lion"—Lord Raglan's own words—and he at once placed himself alone well in advance of his staff and of the squadrons that followed him. The regiments in the first line were the 13th Hussars and the 17th Lancers; the latter were supported by the 11th Hussars; in a third line came Lord George Paget with the 4th and the 8th Hussars. Lord Cardigan sat tall and erect in his saddle—a noble figure—on a thoroughbred chestnut horse; a couple of horses' lengths behind him rode his aide-de-camps, Maxse and Sir George Wombwell. So the gallop began in the Valley of Death—a splendid act of devoted heroism.

It was the order, and it had to be obeyed. Almost at the start a strange incident occurred, and the whole mischance, but for cruel fate, might have been avoided. Captain Nolan rode suddenly across the front of the advancing brigade, and, greatly to Lord Cardigan's indignation,

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seemed to be interfering with the command, shouting and waving his sword, as though he, and not the general, were at its head. The action and the gesture were not then understood; but by the light of what followed we may easily interpret them. Nolan had seen from the direction of the charging squadrons that they were going desperately wrong. He knew that they should be making for the Causeway Heights, not for the end of the valley, and he hoped by this violent indication to correct their mistake. Alas! his intention was speedily and prematurely foiled. While he was still pointing out the right road, a fragment of a shell struck him in the breast, and killed him on the spot. Yet after death he still sat erect, until his horse, feeling no hand about his bit, wheeled round and galloped home. Then the inanimate corpse dropped and was dragged some distance along the ground.

There was no hope now of arresting the horsemen in their glorious but mad career. "Led by Lord Cardigan," says Sir Edward Hamley, who was an eye-witness of the charge, "the lines continued to advance at a steady trot, and in a minute or two entered the zone of fire, where the air was filled with the rush of shot, the bursting of shells, and the moan of bullets, while amidst the infernal din the work of destruction went on, and men and horses were incessantly dashed to

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the ground." This fire came from the guns on the flanks; presently, the brigade was near enough to be decimated by the battery in front; but, nothing daunted, the survivors increased their pace, and dashed in at last among the guns. The Russian gunners were cut down as they served them. Small knots of Englishmen charged straight at great masses of the enemy's cavalry and forced them to retreat. The struggle went on hand to hand between the many and the still undaunted few, until the latter had almost melted away.

Then all that was left of the Light Brigade emerged from the smoke of the battle, and the survivors came dropping back by twos and threes across the plain. Two small bodies only showed any signs of coherence. About seventy men of the 17th Lancers and 8th Hussars kept together in formation, and cut their way back through three squadrons of Russian lancers; another party of about the same strength, of 4th and 11th Hussars, were led out by Lord George Paget, and overcame an intercepting force of Russians. But after the charge no light cavalry regiment existed as such; out of some 673 men, 247 were killed or wounded; and almost all the horses were killed. This was the murderous work of not more than twenty minutes in all, including the start, the struggle, and the retreat.

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Lord Cardigan — who had been the first to enter the battery, and who had used his good sword with splendid prowess — survived to bear the consequences of his “heroic but self-destructive exploit.” The error was plain, but the deed was so splendid that it could not be very severely condemned. Lord Raglan was, of course, cut to the heart by the loss of his cavalry Light Brigade. He reproved Lord Cardigan angrily, asking how he dared attack a battery in front, “contrary to all the usages of war”; still he could not withhold his admiration of the charge, which he characterized as the finest thing that was ever attempted. The French general Bosquet, who saw it from first to last, said of it that it was magnificent, but that it was not war — “*C’est magnifique, mais ce n’est pas la guerre.*” As for Lord Cardigan and the principal actors, their remarks deserve to be recorded in proof of their unshaken courage. When the general declared aloud that the charge was a “mad-brained trick,” or a “great blunder,” some of the gallant little band of survivors cried out: “Never mind, my lord, we are ready to do it again.”

Although it is earnestly to be hoped that British troops may never again be wasted upon so foolish an enterprise, still the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava is a precious heritage,

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the glory of which will last for all time. We think more now of the achievement than of the mistake that made it possible. Greater and more imposing feats of arms have since been performed, but none which redound more thoroughly to the credit of the soldiers who were engaged.

Some doubts still prevail as to the side on which victory remained. The Russians carried off the captured guns, and they remained in the possession of the Causeway Heights — both distinct triumphs. On the other hand, the brave demeanor of the 93d and the splendid valor of the British cavalry greatly raised their military prestige, and the Russians would never again willingly meet their troops in the open field. Even in the ensuing fight at Inkerman they only attacked because supported by the knowledge that they were in overwhelming numbers. Still, the British lost the outer line of the Balaclava defence, lost the command of the Woranzoff road, and were in consequence restricted to other and worse tracks, which were to be found nearly useless in the winter months. The hardships and privations of the British besieging army were greatly aggravated if not entirely caused by the Battle of Balaclava.

XII

The Battle of Inkerman

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

INKERMAN has been rightly called the "Soldiers' Victory," but it might be still more justly styled "The British Soldiers' Battle." It was from first to last — from its unexpected opening at early dawn, through all its changing episodes in the hours before noon and until midday brought the crisis, through attack and counter-attack, offence and defence, onslaught and recoil — one of the finest feats of arms accomplished by British troops, one of the chiefest glories of their long and eventful military annals. It takes rank with Agincourt, Rorke's Drift, the defence of Lucknow; with Plassy, Meanee, Waterloo: equal to the best of these, overshadowing some, surpassing others; in its way unique — a bright and shining tribute to the warlike courage of a nation already laurel-crowned.

Many British battles have been won against great odds, under tremendous disadvantages; but none have better shown their inflexible, unconquerable tenacity than Inkerman. It was

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fighting for safety, too: their backs were to the wall; had they been defeated at Inkerman their army would have been swept into the sea: but these great issues were not fully realized by the rank and file. They knew they must win the day: that was their business, as it always is. But the fact that they were so near losing it made no great difference to them — all they thought of was to come to blows, to try conclusions with the enemy, to charge him, bayonet him, shoot him: always supremely indifferent to his vast numerical superiority, and quite undismayed by his courage.

So it was that the strange spectacle was seen of a handful resisting thousands, of a weak company charging through battalion columns, of stalwart soldiers engaging a crowd of the enemy single-handed and putting them to rout. When ammunition ran short, as it often did in the deadliest episodes, the men tore up great stones and hurled them at the foe; a few scores of gunners, when hard pressed, fought on with swords and rammers and sponges and sticks, even with fists — for the story of the Clitheroe bruiser who felled Russian after Russian with knock-down blows is perfectly true. Men so eager for the conflict found officers as willing to lead them; there was no hesitation, no waiting to reform, to rejoin regiments; any broken body gathered



THIS SMALL BODY OF HEROES TORE THROUGH THE MASS.

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round any commander, all were ready to stand fast and die, go forward and die, do anything but retire. "What shall I do?" asked Colonel Egerton, at the head of his bare 200, when pitted against unknown numbers. "Fire a volley and charge!" at once answered the brigadier; and his aide-de-camp, young Hugh Clifford, sprang to the front to be in with the first flight. General Pennefeather, at the end of five hours' fighting, when he had lost more than half his small force, did not abate his confidence one jot: if Lord Raglan now would only give him a few more men, he said, he would finish the battle out of hand and "lick the enemy to the devil." Waterloo was "hard pounding," as Wellington quietly remarked afterwards, but it was nothing to Inkerman.

The battle of Inkerman was brought about by the restored confidence that great and overwhelming reinforcements gave the Russian generals inside Sebastopol. After the successful landing, the victory of the Alma, the unimpeded flank march to the south side of the still incomplete fortress, the allied English and French had achieved no fresh triumphs. Prudence had overruled the daring but not quite unwarranted counsels to go straight in against Sebastopol; an immediate attack was deemed too dangerous, the golden opportunity passed, and it became

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necessary to sit down before the stronghold and reduce it by the slow processes of a siege. The allies were thus planted in a corner of the Crimea committed to the highland or upland of the Chersonese, as it was called, the only ground they could possibly occupy when attacking Sebastopol from the south side — ground that no one would have selected had choice been unfettered, for it was rugged, inhospitable, very extensive, and above all exposed on one flank right round, almost to the very rear. Balaclava, the British base of supply, at a distance of six miles from the front, lay open to attack by an enterprising enemy, as well as almost the whole length of road which connected it with the British camp. How fully the Russians realized this, how nearly they overbore the weak resistance offered by the Turks who defended this vulnerable point, how nobly a handful of British cavalry spent itself in beating back disaster, has been told in the story of Balaclava. That glorious battle, gained at such terrible cost, was only the prelude, however, to another more tremendous effort; for the Russians, although foiled in this first attempt, felt strong enough and bold enough for a second. They were encouraged to fresh endeavors by their own gathered numbers and the knowledge that their enemies were growing daily more and more unequal to the transcendent task before them.

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Prince Menschikoff, who commanded the Russian forces in and about Sebastopol, exultantly foresaw the complete annihilation of the allies. He believed that they were at the end of their tether. In his reports to St. Petersburg he declared that the enemy never dared now to venture out of his lines, his guns were silent, his infantry paralyzed, his cavalry did not exist. The Russians were once more enormously in the ascendent: troops had been pouring into Sebastopol continuously all through the month of October; a whole army corps had arrived from Odessa; two other divisions were close at hand on the 2d November, and by the 4th, the eve of the battle of Inkerman, the total of the land forces assembled in and around the fortress must have been quite 120,000 men. The total was just double that of the allies, including the Turks, available for all purposes, including the siege of a great fortress, which alone might claim the whole efforts of the army. No wonder, then, that Menschikoff was full of confidence, that he counted upon an easy triumph, nothing less than sweeping the allies off the upland into the sea. "The enemy," he wrote, "cannot effect his retreat without exposing himself to immense losses. Nothing can save him from a complete disaster. Future times, I am confident, will preserve the remem-

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brance of the exemplary chastisement inflicted upon the presumption of the allies." Two of the Czar's sons were hurried post-haste to the Crimea to stimulate the enthusiasm of the troops and witness their splendid triumph.

Some inkling of the impending disaster — prematurely so called, as was soon to be proved — crept out and gave general uneasiness even at a distance from the theater of war. Friends in Russia warned friends in England to anticipate terrible news. The great effort approaching was prepared under the direction of the Czar himself, and was of a nature and extent to deal an overwhelming blow. In the Crimea itself vague intelligence reached the allied commanders that a terrible struggle was near at hand. Reports of the reinforcements arriving, of the stir and activity within the fortress, the repair of roads, the mending of bridges, all the indications that are plain as print to the experienced military intelligence, warned Lord Raglan and General Canrobert to be on the lookout for another momentous battle, for which, in truth, they were but badly prepared.

Some idea of the disproportion between the armies about to come into collision will rightly be given here, so that we realize at once how overmatched were the allies, how marvelous therefore was their prolonged resistance and

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eventual triumph on that now historic 5th November, the Inkerman Sunday which in British annals has eclipsed that other anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. It has been said above that the Russian forces totaled 120,000 in all. Of these rather more than half, or 70,000 men, were actually present in the field. All took part in the action, but some only as covering forces or engaged in feints: these numbered some 30,000; the remainder, just 40,000, composed the attacking columns, and fought the battle of Inkerman. The whole allied strength that day upon the upland of the Chersonese was 65,000, but barely a quarter of these numbers could be or, as a matter of fact, were used in the coming action. From first to last the total French and English forces on the ground were just 15,683 — half of each, but more exactly 7,464 English and 8,219 French — and of the latter 3,570 were actually engaged. There is no mistake or exaggeration in these figures, which are based on official returns on both sides. It must, moreover, be carefully borne in mind that only a proportion, and a small proportion, of these 15,000 were on hand in the early stages of the fight. For hours the brunt of the battle fell upon the 2d division, which was barely 3,000, although opposed to 40,000, and the reinforcements came to them in dribblets slowly and affording but meager as-

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sistance and relief. It is from the extraordinary tenacity shown in their prolonged and indomitable resistance against such tremendous odds that such great glory was achieved at Inkerman.

The allied weakness, of which Lord Raglan was fully aware, was caused by the stress laid upon their forces by the siege operations and the need for protecting their communications. The troops, taking them from west to east and so to the south and rear, covered a front which was twenty miles long. Before Sebastopol the French were on the left, the English on the right; but General Canrobert, always anxious for the rear of his position, kept a large force on the heights above the Tchernaya valley, and the English perforce garrisoned and defended Balaclava. Hence on the right flank of the British front, round about Inkerman as it came to be called (although the real site of old Inkerman is on the opposite side of the Tchernaya river), the defence was greatly impoverished, being limited in the first instance to a few weak battalions of the 2d division. Its immediate support — none too close — was a brigade of the Light Division under General Codrington on the Victoria Ridge adjoining, but on the other side of a wide, rough ravine; behind, and three-quarters of a mile off, was the brigade of Guards, twice that distance the 2d brigade (Buller's) of the Light

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Division; the 4th and 3d divisions, fronting Sebastopol and more or less appropriated to the siege works, were two or three miles removed from the extreme right flank. A French army corps under Bosquet was, however, within the lesser distance, holding the eastern heights which gave General Canrobert so much concern. But the forces thus described made up the sum total of the allied armed strength, and every portion had its particular place and specified duties. None could well be withdrawn from any part without denuding it of troops or dangerously weakening the long defensive line. There were, in fact, no reserves, no second line to call up in extreme emergencies to stiffen and reinforce the first. The allies were fighting with their backs to the wall. Retreat was impossible because there were no fresh troops to interpose and cover it.

The weakness of this 2d division in such an isolated and exposed position had long been a source of serious misgiving. Its commander, Sir De Lacy Evans, deemed his force — weakened, moreover, by constant outpost duty — to be perilously small. He called it “most serious.” Sir George Brown, who commanded the Light division, was equally solicitous. Lord Raglan, the general-in-chief, knew the danger too: he reported home that his men of the 2d division

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were well posted, "but there were not enough of them." But he was ever buoyant and hopeful, anticipating no great trouble, yet alive to his perils and fully prepared to meet them. "We have plenty to think of," he wrote to the English War Minister, "and all I can say is that we will do our best." Strange to say, that best did not include any artificial strengthening of the position by intrenchments. The ground was admirably suited for defence, and might have been made all but impregnable — or, at least, capable of withstanding even determined attacks. Earthworks would have gone far to redress the balance of numbers telling so heavily against the allies; but only one meager barrier was erected, and even this was destined to prove of inestimable value in the battle. The prompt use of the spade was not then deemed an essential part of a soldier's field training, and, as the opening of the trenches before Sebastopol had entailed much labor of that kind, the troops were spared more of it, even although indispensably necessary, as every one now knows.

The Russian general had not failed to detect the inherent defects in the British line or to note carefully its weakest point. Upon this he based his plan of operations. He meant to envelop and crush the exposed right flank by vastly superior numbers, while well-timed demonstra-

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tions that might be expanded into attacks should occupy the allied forces at other parts of the field.

Capable military critics have not failed to condemn his plan, however. It erred, in the main attack, by trusting too entirely to numbers, crowding great masses of men on ground not spacious enough to hold them. There was not sufficient room, indeed, upon the Russian battlefield for half the forces engaged. Moreover, this ground, imperfectly known to the men who held it and might have carefully studied it, was cut in two by a great ridge, which divided the two columns intended to join forces, and prevented their combined action.

A brief description of the theater whereon this great performance was played should precede any account of the varying fortunes of the day.

The battle of Inkerman was mainly fought on a long ridge of ground running from south to north and a little west of north, with many spurs jutting out on each side of it, the intervals between them dropping into long hollows or ravines. This ridge has come to have the general title of Mount Inkerman. A second ridge nearly parallel to it but separated from it by the Carenage ravine, and which is known as the Victoria Ridge, played a secondary part in the engagement, but the brunt of the business was transacted on the first-named, and at about its

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central point, where another smaller crest crosses it, christened by Mr. Kinglake the Home Ridge. This lesser ridge trended forward at its eastern end, forming a right angle, and the salient was called the Fore Ridge. A road — the post-road from Balaclava — intersected the Home Ridge, and just above where it dropped into the Quarry Ravine the advanced pickets had thrown up a small breastwork — a mere stone wall or shelter-trench, which was known as the Barrier. This was some 400 yards in advance of the Home Ridge. At nearly double that distance, and much lower down the eastern slope, there was another shelter, once a more ambitious work, constructed of sandbags to hold two 18-pounder guns, and hence known as the Sandbag Battery. It was useful neither for defensive purposes (as the wall was ten feet high and there was no means of looking over it), nor, for the same reason, as a lodgment to favor assailants. But its possession was nobly contested by the soldiery of all the nations engaged, and it gained the dread name of the “Slaughter-house” from the French in consequence of the losses incurred there. This sandbag battery stood on a salient spur known as the Kitspur, to the northeast or right spur of the Home Ridge; to the left or northwest was another — the Miriakoff spur, which also was the scene of a determined struggle. The

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whole surface of the field of battle was thickly covered with brushwood and low coppice, amidst which crags and rocky boulders reared their heads. In some places the woods gathered into dense forest glades, and in others the ravines were steeply scarped quarries difficult of access.

Soimonoff, the Russian general who was to make the attack, started at 5 A.M. amid darkness and mist, which so favored his march that he reached Mount Inkerman unobserved, and then and there seizing its highest point, Shell Hill, he placed his guns in battery on the crest quite unknown to the allied outposts. The night had been reported unusually quiet, although some people fancied they heard the rumbling of distant wheels — the wheels, in fact, of Pauloff's artillery. Just before dawn, too — it was Sunday morning — all the bells of Sebastopol rang out a joyous peal, not for worship, but to stimulate the courage of the pious Russian soldiery. But outpost duty in those days was imperfectly performed, and the enemy was on top of the pickets before the alarm was raised. They were pressed back fighting, while the guns on Shell Hill opened a destructive fire. General Pennefeather, who was in temporary command of the 2d division, realized at once that serious events were at hand. It was not in his nature to retreat before the coming storm.

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He was a "fine fighter"; in another rank of life he would have been in his element with a "bit of a twig" at Donnybrook Fair. "Wherever you see a head, hit it," was his favorite maxim in war; and now, where a more cautious leader would have drawn off and lined the Home Ridge in defensive battle, he thrust forward with all his meager forces to meet the Russian attack. This daring system was greatly aided by the state of the atmosphere; in the fog and mist no notion of the pitiful number of their opponents reached the Russians, and the handful of English forgot that they were unsupported and so few. Pennefeather's plan, born of his fighting propensities and indomitable pluck, found favor with his superiors, for when presently Lord Raglan, the English commander-in-chief, came upon the ground, he did not attempt to interfere, but left the audacious Irishman the uninterrupted control of the fight.

They were meager indeed, these first English defenders of Mount Inkerman. Pennefeather had of his own barely 3,000 men all told, and only 500 men came up in the first instance to reinforce him. But he sent all he had down into the brushwood out in front till it was filled with a slender line. Meanwhile Soimonoff, waxing impatient and having all ready, was de-

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terminated to begin without waiting for Pauloff's coöperation. His guns on Shell Hill had "prepared" his advance, and soon after 7 A.M. he sent three separate columns against the left of the position on Home Ridge. The first of these, on the extreme right, under road column, as it was called, got a long way round, when it met a wing of the 47th under Fordyce and a Guards picket under Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, before whom it turned tail; the second column had no better fortune on the Miriakoff spur; the third, following up the course of the Miriakoff glen, encountered a wing of the 49th under Grant, who at once gave the order to "fire a volley and charge." His counter-attack was delivered with such determination that it carried all before it; the Russian column was fairly broken up and driven helter-skelter under the guns on Shell Hill.

Now Soimonoff came on in person at the head of twelve battalions, nearly 9,000 men. His aim was the center and left center of the line, and for a time he made good progress. But the first supports, those from the Light division, arriving, Pennefeather at once used them against Soimonoff. He sent on the 88th Connaught Rangers, 400 of them, who, feeling the whole weight of the attack, recoiled, and retreating left the three guns of Townshend's

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battery in the enemy's hands. Then the 77th under Egerton, but led also by the brigadier Buller, came up and caught Soimonoff's outside column — caught it and smote it so fiercely that it fled and was no more seen on the field. These Russians were 1,500 strong. Egerton had no more than 250, but he never faltered, and his men, answering like hounds to his cry, tore straight on at the run and smashed in with irresistible fury. There was an interval of raging turmoil in which the bayonet made fearful havoc; then the Russians ran, Egerton pursuing at the charge to the foot of Shell Hill. His action had wide-reaching consequences. Through it the abandoned three guns were recovered, the 88th rallied, and the 77th themselves or their remnant held fast for hours the ground they had secured. These combats disposed of about half the forces Soimonoff had put forward in this attack. The remainder had advanced courageously against the British center by both sides of the post-road; but they also were beaten back, partly by the fire of the field-guns, partly by the spirited charge of a couple of hundred men of the 49th under Bellairs.

Thus in less than an hour Soimonoff's great effort was repulsed; he himself was slain, and his men driven off the field. For this portion of the 10th Russian division never regained

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cohesion as a formed military force. It was no mere defeat but an absolute overthrow, in which regiments melted away and the whole force was ruined. Many excuses have been offered for their want of success: the dense mist giving exaggerated value to the handful that faced them, they perhaps thought the enterprise too difficult. It is also certain that the English fire was murderously effective upon these dense, compact columns of attack; some were absolutely decimated, others lost nearly all their officers, and all were so shattered and disorganized that no part of them returned to the fight. They ought, nevertheless, to have done better; with such greatly superior forces, backed up by the incessant fire of a formidable artillery, success would probably have awaited bolder and braver men.

Meanwhile a portion of Pauloff's division had arrived by a shorter and more direct road, while the rest had circled round after Soimonoff. Some of these people of Pauloff's were at once attracted by the Sandbag Battery, and, soon taking it from the sergeants' guard that held it, made this hollow vantage-ground their own. A mass of men, three great columns, supported this attack, and Pennefeather sent General Adams against them with the 41st Regiment. He went forward in extended order with a wide front of

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fire, and the Russians soon fell away; those in the battery evacuated it; the columns supporting broke and dropped piecemeal into the valley. In this splendid affair 500 men disposed of 4,000. Again, at the Barrier, which the rest of Pauloff's men approached with great determination, a small body, the wing of the 30th Regiment under Colonel Mauleverer, achieved an equal triumph — that of 200 over 2,000. Here it was the British bayonet that told, for the men's firelocks were soaking wet and the caps would not explode. But Mauleverer trusted to the cold steel. Officers leapt down daringly in among the Russians; men followed at the charge: the head of the leading column was struck with such impetus that it turned in hasty retreat, causing hopeless confusion in the columns behind, and all fled, a broken throng of fugitives, hundreds upon hundreds, chased by seven or eight score.

This ended the first Russian onslaught. Half Soimonoff's division was beaten out of sight; 6,000 men were lost to Pauloff. At least 15,000 out of 25,000 were "extirpated," as the Russians admit in their official accounts, and this by no superior generalship but by the dogged valor, the undismayed resistance, of just 3,500 Englishmen. It was a good omen for the issue of the day's fighting, but the end was not yet, and a further terrible stress was still to be imposed

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upon the overmatched troops. Supports, such as they were, had now begun to arrive. The alarm had spread across the upland, rousing every soul, and in every camp near and far the assembly sounded, men rushed to arms, half-dressed, fasting, eager only to hurry into the fight. Some of the Light division, as we have seen, had been already engaged. General Codrington with the rest was in battle array, holding the Victoria Ridge with scanty forces. The Guards brigade, 1,200 men, under the Duke of Cambridge, was approaching, 700 already close to the Home Ridge; the 4th division under Sir George Cathcart, 2,000 strong, was also near at hand. These, with the field-batteries, raised the reinforcements to a total of 4,700 men. Two French battalions had been despatched to support Pennefeather, although from some misunderstanding they were not utilized, and Bosquet, who had come up with them, returned to the Eastern Heights, where he was still menaced by Gortschakoff. It was not until much later in the day that General Bosquet realized that the Russians in front of him were only pretending to attack, and then he hurried with substantial forces to Mount Inkerman. But until then he allowed himself to be tied, ineffectively, to the wrong place, giving no assistance in the main

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fight and certain to be "rolled up" in his turn if that fight ended disastrously for the English.

General Dannenberg had now assumed the Russian chief command, and, undaunted by the first failure, he set about organizing a fresh attack. He had at his disposal 19,000 fresh and untouched troops — Soimonoff's reserves and Pauloff's regiments, which had come round by the lower road. The latter, 10,000 strong, were sent against the English center and right, their first task being the recapture of the Sandbag Battery. General Adams was still here with his 700 men of the 41st Regiment, and he made a firm stand: 4,000 men attacked him again and again with far more courage and persistence than any Russian troops had yet shown; and at last, still fighting inch by inch, Adams fell back, leaving the battery in the enemy's hands. Now the Guards came under the Duke of Cambridge, and replacing Adams, went forward with a rush and recovered it, only to find it a useless possession. It was presently vacated by one lot, re-entered by the Russians, recaptured by another lot, and then again the Russians, imagining it to be an essential feature in the defence, concentrated their forces to again attack it. Once more they took it, once more the Guards returned, and with irresistible energy drove them out. Thus the tide of battle ebbed and flowed

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around this empty carcass, and to neither side did its possession mean loss or gain.

The 4th division, under Sir George Cathcart, had now arrived upon the ground. He had just 2,000 men, and of these four-fifths were speedily distributed in fragments to stiffen and support Pennefeather's fighting line just where he thought they were most required. With the small residue, not 400 men, Cathcart was ready for any adventure. There was a gap in the British line between Pennefeather's right and the Guards struggling about the Sandbag Battery, and this opening Cathcart was desired to fill. The order came direct from Lord Raglan, who was now in the field; but Cathcart thought fit to act otherwise, believing that there was an opening for a decisive flank attack. He meant to strike at the left of the Russians, and leaving his vantage ground above he descended the steep slopes with his 400 men.

The offensive movement was taken up by the troops nearest him. All the British gathered about the Sandbag Battery rushed headlong like a torrent down the hillside, and following up this fancied advantage, jeopardized the battle. For the gap which Cathcart had been ordered to occupy became filled by a heavy column of Russians, who took the British in reverse and cut them completely off. "I fear

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we are in a mess," said Cathcart, taking in the situation; and almost directly afterwards he was shot through the heart. Only by a desperate effort, a series of personal hand-to-hand combats fought by small units courageously led by junior officers, even by non-combatant doctors, did they regain touch with their own people. They were aided, too, by the opportune advance of a French regiment, which took the interposing Russians in flank and drove them off. But if this mad adventure of Cathcart's escaped the most disastrous consequences, its effect, nevertheless, was to still further break up and dis-seminate the already weakened and half-spent forces of the British.

All this time Dannenberg had been pressing hard upon the British center. Here his attacking column met first Mauleverer with his victorious army of the 30th, and forced them slowly and reluctantly back, but was itself repulsed by a fresh army of the Rifle Brigade and driven down into the Quarry. Thence it again emerged, reinforced, and moved by the right against the Home Ridge. It was in these advances that they penetrated the gap just mentioned and got upon the rear of Cathcart and the Guards. But the westernmost columns were charged by a portion of the 4th division, the 21st and 63d regiments, overthrown and pursued; while the

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Russian attack on the right of the Home Ridge was met by General Goldie with the 20th and 57th, also of the 4th division. Both these regiments were notable fighters, with very glorious traditions: the "Minden yell" of the 20th had stricken fear into its enemies for more than a century, and the 57th "Die Hards" had gained that imperishable title of honor at Albuera. "Fifty-seventh, remember Albuera!" was a battle-cry that sent them with terrible fury into the Russian ranks, and these two gallant regiments hunted their game right down into the Quarry.

Once more the most strenuous efforts of the enemy had failed, with what a cost of heroic lives history still proudly tells. Dannenberg, however, if disheartened was not yet hopeless; He knew that the allies were hard pressed; if he himself had suffered so had they, and more severely. He had still 10,000 men in hand. Many of them, although once worsted, were still not disorganized or disheartened, and his reserves — 9,000 more — were still intact, while guns a hundred in number held the mastery from Shell Hill. Of the English forces, never more than 5,000 strong, half had been destroyed or annulled. True, the French had come upon the ground with two battalions, 1,600 men; but Bosquet, with the main part of his command,

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was still a long way behind. Dannenberg resolved to make another and more determined attack upon the center of the English position, aiming for that Home Ridge, as it was called, which was the inner and last line of the allied defence.

The Russians came on with a strength of 6,000 assailants, formed, as before, in a dense column of attack. One led the van, the main trunk followed, flanked by others, and all coming up out of the now memorable Quarry Ravine. Pennefeather had some 500 or 600 to hold the ridge, remnants of the 55th, 95th, and 77th regiments, and a French battalion of the 7th *Léger*, with a small detachment of Zouaves. These were very inadequate forces, and the Russians, pushing home with more heart than they had hitherto shown, crowned the crest and broke over the inner slopes of the ridge. The 7th *Léger* had not much stomach for the fight, but were rallied on by the Zouaves and the men of the 77th, still led by the intrepid Egerton. By this time the main trunk column of the enemy had swept over the Barrier at the head of the Quarry, and the small force of defenders retired sullenly behind the Home Ridge.

Now the position seemed in imminent danger, and this was, perhaps, the most critical period in the battle. But the advance of the Russians,

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although in overwhelming strength, was checked by another daring charge — that of a handful of the 55th (thirty, no more) under Colonel Danberry, who went headlong into the thick of one of the rearmost Russian battalions. This small body of heroes tore through the mass by sheer strength, as if it were a football scrimmage, using their bayonets and their butt-ends, even their fists, fighting desperately till they “cleft a path through the battalion from flank to flank, and came out at last in open air on the east of the great trunk column.” The noise of tumult in the rear and the vague sense of discomfiture and defeat shook the leading assailants, and the Russians first halted irresolute, then turned and retired. At this time, too, one of the flanking columns, moving up on the Russian right, encountered the 21st and 63d regiments, and was promptly charged and driven back by these regiments, which repossessed themselves of the Barrier and held it. Then the Russian left column, worsted by the British artillery and the French 7th Léger, also retired.

It was now but a little past 9 A.M., and as yet the battle, although going against the Russians, was still neither lost nor won. They still held the ascendent on Shell Hill, still had their reserves. Lord Raglan, on the other hand, could not draw upon a single man, and Bosquet's main

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force was still a long way off. Now, too, the French got into some difficulty upon the British right above the Sandbag Battery, and were in imminent danger of defeat. Moreover, the Russians made a fresh effort against the Barrier, coming up once again out of the Quarry. The Barrier was held by the 21st and 63d, but the stress put upon them was great, and Pennefeather sent on such scanty support as he could spare—fragments of the 49th, 77th, and Rifle Brigade. Great slaughter ensued in this conflict. General Goldie, who was now in command of the 4th division, was killed, and other valuable officers.

The Russian artillery did deadly mischief, but now, by Lord Raglan's unerring foresight, it was to be met and overmatched by the British guns. At an earlier hour of the morning he had sent back to the Siege Park for a couple of eighteen-pounders, guns that in the enormous development of artillery science we should think nothing of nowadays, but which at Inkerman were far superior to the Russian field-batteries. So eager were the gunners that these two famous eighteen-pounders were dragged up to the front, with "man harness," by some hundred and fifty artillerymen and a crowd of eager officers. The guns were placed in a commanding position and worked splendidly under the very eyes and with

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the warm approval of Lord Raglan. They soon established a superiority of fire and spread such havoc and confusion among the Russian batteries on Shell Hill that the power of the latter began to wane. Victory, so long in the balance, was at last inclining to the side of the British.

Still the battle was not won. If the Russians did not renew their attacks, they still held their ground; and Bosquet, coming up presently with his whole strength, made a false move which nearly jeopardized the issue. The French general, having with him 3,000 infantry and 24 guns, "hankering after a flank attack," reached forward on the far right beyond the Sandbag Battery and the spurs adjoining. Here he fell among the enemy, found himself threatened to right and to left and in front, and, realizing his peril, hastily withdrew. Happily, the Russians did not seize the undoubted advantage that mere accident had brought them by Bosquet's injudicious and hazardous advance. Had they gathered strength for a fresh and vigorous onslaught upon the British right, they might perhaps have turned the scale against them. The French were clearly discomfited and out of heart for a time. Then as the Russians made no forward move, Bosquet regained confidence; he threw forward his Zouaves and Algerines, and

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these active troops came upon some Russians who were slowly climbing the slopes, and hurled them down again in great disorder. The 6th and 7th French regiments, the earliest on the field, advanced along the post-road towards the Barrier, where they were covered by the British. This, briefly told, was the sum total of the French performances at the battle of Inkerman.

It is well known to all who study war that, when the crisis of a battle comes, victory is for him who has the best disposable reserve in hand. Of the forces now engaged the French alone were in this happy situation; the English were all but exhausted. Lord Raglan, as has been said, had not a spare man. As for the Russians, Gortschakoff's supineness had robbed his comrades of the assistance of 20,000 men, and the general-in-chief, Menschikoff, although close at hand on the field, did not see fit to bring up the reinforcements from the garrison of the town. But now Marshal Canrobert, never a daring leader, was moved to desist from the fight. When he learnt that the English were all but spent, he would do nothing more, although he had a very large force of all arms now up and well in hand. No arguments, no appeals of Lord Raglan's would move him. "What can I do? — what can I do?" he asked querulously; "the

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Russians are everywhere.” Had it been left to the French, the field would have been abandoned to the Russians, who were still in possession of the greater part of Mount Inkerman, and the battle would have been practically drawn.

On the other hand, a vigorous onslaught by the still fresh and untouched French might have carried the Flagstaff bastion and led to the capture of Sebastopol itself. But Canrobert was not the man to take so great a risk or jeopardize so many lives. It was left to Haines, who still held the Barrier, to move up against Shell Hill. Lord West seconded him in this bold endeavor, a young lieutenant of the 77th, Acton by name, also went on with a mere handful, and Colonel Horsford came on in support with the remnant of the Rifle Brigade. All this time, too, Lord Raglan’s 18-pounders were dealing death and destruction among the Russian batteries; and at last Dannenberg, under stress of this “murderous fire” — they are his own words — decided to limber up his guns and retire his whole force. This, in fact, was done, and about 1 P.M. the Russians threw up the sponge.

If in this grand contest the allies were greatly outnumbered by the Russians, the latter suffered the most, their losses being four times as great as those of the victors. They had 12,000 killed and wounded, a large proportion of them left

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dead upon the field, among them 256 officers. The English lost 597 killed, 39 of them officers and 3 general officers; 1,760 men and 91 officers wounded. The French lost 13 officers and 130 men killed and 36 officers and 750 men wounded. These figures show plainly on whom the brunt of the fighting fell, and the enormous losses of the Russians were mainly due to the density of their columns of attack and the superiority of the British musketry and artillery fire. A very large part of the English infantry at Inkerman were armed with the then new-fangled Minié rifle, and what powerful aid was afforded by the two 18-pounder guns has been already shown in the course of the narrative.

XIII

The Indian Mutiny—Delhi

By CHARLES LOWE

DELHI, the ancient and magnificent capital of the Grand Moguls, or Mahomedan rulers of India, became the focus for the great and ever-memorable mutiny which made the Indian Empire run with blood during the year 1857. Of this mutiny among the native Indian troops, or sepoy, in British pay, some ugly signs had already been observed early in the year; but it was only on the 10th of May that military revolt openly raised its terrible head at Meerut — a place about forty miles northeast of Delhi.

There were several causes of this rebellion, but perhaps the chief one was the fact that the native troops had been forced to use greased cartridges, which their religious principles or prejudices forbade them even to touch, as being encased with the fat of so unclean an animal as a pig. Out of respect for their scruples on this head, new rules had been made allowing the sepoy to tear, instead of bite, off the ends of the cartridges; but even this concession did not satisfy them, and,

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for positively refusing to touch the cartridges that were offered them, about a squadron of native cavalry at Meerut were sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. In presence of the whole garrison they were stripped of their uniforms, fitted with fetters, and marched off to prison, yelling out curses at their colonel as they went.

Next evening the storm of evil and long pent-up passions broke loose. The sepoy regiments at Meerut rose in open revolt, rushed to the jail and released their comrades, murdered some of their English officers and their wives, plundered and slew like demons, and, leaving the place running with blood and wrapt in flames, fled to Delhi, the great stronghold of the Mahomedan dynasty and faith. So sudden and sanguinary had been this outburst against the British rule and name that the English commanders — all but a few whose energetic counsel was rejected — lost their heads completely for the time being, as if paralyzed with astonishment and unbelief; and by the time they had recovered their senses the fugitive mutineers were safe within the walls of Delhi.

Standing on the right, or western, bank of the Jumna, which is here about a quarter of a mile broad, Delhi had a circumference of about seven miles and a population of nearly 200,000. In its palmiest days the city was said to have cov-

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ered an area of twenty square miles. At the time of the mutiny it formed a magnificent collection of temples, mosques, and palaces. Of the mosques the chief was that of the Jumna Musjid, or great Mahomedan cathedral — a truly noble structure, towering above the rest of the city. Again, there was the mosque of Roushenud-Dowlah, where, in 1739, Nadir Shah sat and witnessed the massacre of the unfortunate inhabitants. But that was nothing to what the present king of Delhi, Bahadoor Shah, was now about to look upon. Under the English, this descendant of Timour the Tartar had become the mere shadow of a king, and the thought that he was no longer a potentate, but a mere puppet in the hands of the real masters of India, had inflamed his heart against them with a passion which only needed a spark of fire to set it in a blaze. That spark was supplied by the sudden advent of the mutineers from Meerut on the 11th of July.

Crossing the Jumna by the bridge of boats they swarmed into the courtyard of the palace, where they were eagerly joined by the royal guards. Captain Douglas, the commander of these guards, rushed down from the presence of the King to quiet the turmoil, but his presence only made it worse. He was joined by Mr. Fraser, the Commissioner, and Mr. Hutchinson,

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the Collector; but the surging, roaring crowd closed in upon them with murder in their eyes. The Englishmen attempted flight, Captain Douglas flinging himself into the moat; but he was badly hurt by his fall, while Mr. Hutchinson was also wounded. As these two were being carried to the apartments over the palace gateway, Mr. Fraser made one last effort to appease the multitude; but while in the act of speaking he was cut down and hewn to pieces. The whole ferocious crew then rushed to the upper rooms, where Mr. Jennings, the Chaplain, his daughter, and a young lady friend were tending the wounds of Captain Douglas and Mr. Hutchinson. Bursting open the doors, the dark, demoniacal throng poured in and hacked them to pieces. Then the sepoys, maddened with blood, streamed forth from the palace, and accompanied by the scum of the city — the very vilest of mankind — flew to the European quarters, where they slew, burned, ravished, and raged without mercy — tossing English babies up on the points of their bayonets, and committing the most inhuman barbarities on their mothers, of which the very description would still bring burning tears to the eyes. An English telegraph clerk heard the awful uproar, but even when the flood of murder came surging towards him he went on with his work — click, click,

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click — flashing his warning message up to the authorities at the various military stations in the Punjab. “The sepoy,” he wired, “have come in from Meerut and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up.” The last click died away. The red-handed rebels burst in, and the staunch, cool-headed signaler died at his post, as most of his English countrymen did, and all were prepared to do, on that awful day of blood.

Among these Englishmen in Delhi none acted with greater heroism than Lieutenant Willoughby — a “shy, refined, boyish-looking subaltern,” scarce capable of saying “Bo!” to a goose in piping times of peace, though his friends well knew what his spirit could be in the hour of danger. On this terrible day Willoughby chanced to be in charge of the magazine, containing vast stores of ammunition which he knew would be coveted by the mutineers. At once taking in the situation, he sent for help to Brigadier Graves, who was in command of the native garrison outside the city in its cantonments; but no help came, and for the simple reason that at this very time the English officers of this garrison were being massacred by their mutinous men. Willoughby could not trust his own native troops, but he had eight of his

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own countrymen, whom he knew to be as staunch as steel — Lieutenants Forrest and Raynor, Conductors (*i. e.* warrant-officers of the Ordnance Department) Buckley, Shaw, and Scully; Sub-Conductor Crow; and Sergeants Edwards and Stewart. Barricading the outer gates of the magazine, Willoughby placed guns there, double-charged with grape, which made the mutineers pause; but not for long.

Encouraged by the reports of their scouts, who had been sent out to see whether there was yet any prospect of English succor arriving from Meerut, they at last sent to demand the surrender of the magazine, “in the name of the King of Delhi,” who had meanwhile assumed the title of Sovereign of all Hindustan. To this insulting request only one answer was possible — none at all. Then the red-handed hordes of murderers came on against the magazine with ladders to scale the walls, and were mown down by the grape-shot of Willoughby’s guns. But the gaps made in their ranks were swiftly filled by fresh men swarming up the ladders, and within fifty yards they poured upon the “noble nine” Englishmen below a deadly shower of bullets. Two of them fell mortally wounded, but Forrest and Buckley, heedless of the leaden hail, continued to work their guns with a coolness as if on parade. At last they were struck

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— one in the hand and another in the head, and the guns could now be worked no longer. A loud shout of triumph rose from the mutineers, but this was shouting before they were out of the wood.

Willoughby saw that his case was now indeed desperate. He had kept the rebels at bay for about three hours, during which time he had repeatedly run to the bastion to strain his eyes and see whether he could discern the coming of any English help from Meerut. But neither from Meerut nor from the cantonments outside the city walls did any help make its appearance; and now the rebels were bursting in upon him in a roaring, bloodthirsty crowd. His countrymen at Meerut had not been true to him; but he would be true to himself. Foreseeing the possibility of his defences being forced, he had taken other measures of precaution. A train had been laid from the powder store to a tree standing in the magazine yard, and by this tree stood Conductor Scully, who had heroically volunteered to fire the train at a given signal from his chief. For this signal the time had come when the guns of Willoughby could no longer be worked. Then he quietly gave the order to Buckley, who raised his hat to Scully, who in turn fired the train; and in a moment more the city of Delhi was shaken to its founda-

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tions as with the shock of an earthquake, accompanied by a terrific roar of thunder and the flames and smoke of a volcano.

Scully fell an immortal martyr to the cause of his country, but with himself he blew into the air more than a thousand rebels, and, above all things, baulked the mutineers of their inestimable prey—the magazine. Four of the “noble nine,” wounded, shattered, and bruised, made good their retreat from the ruins; but the heroic Willoughby only survived to be murdered on his way to Meerut. Never has the Victoria Cross been given for a more heroic deed than the defence and blowing up of the Delhi magazine; and it was well said that the 300 Spartans, who in the summer morning sat “combing their long hair for death” in the passes of Thermopylæ, have not earned a loftier estimate for themselves than these nine Englishmen.

While the fight for the magazine had been going on, a tragedy of equal horror was taking place at the Cashmere Gate, and in the cantonments beyond the city walls. At both these places the sepoys had shot down or bayoneted their English officers, and when the magazine blew up, the natives of the 38th Regiment, throwing off the mask, suddenly fired a volley at their officers, three of whom fell dead. “Two of the survivors,” writes an historian of that

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awful time, "rushed up to the bastion of the main guard and jumped down thirty feet into the ditch below. The rest were following, when, hearing the shrieks of the women in the guard-room, they ran back under a storm of bullets to rescue them. The women were shuddering as they looked down the steep bank, and asking each other whether it would be possible to descend, when a round shot whizzing over their heads warned them not to hesitate. Fastening their belts and handkerchiefs together, the officers let themselves down, and then, having helped the women to follow, carried them with desperate struggles up the opposite side," whence the fugitives could reach the jungle. At the cantonments the fate of the English — women, children, and a few surviving officers — was something similar, and then began that piteous flight, with all its frightful sufferings, which hardened the hearts of the British to inflict a terrible revenge.

Meanwhile, in the city of Delhi itself rebellion was triumphant and merciless. All the Europeans that could be found were massacred and tortured in the most barbarous manner. Some fifty of them at the first sound of alarm had barricaded themselves — men and women — in one of the strongest houses of the English quarter. But they were ill-armed and without sup-

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plies, and what could they do against the furious rabble of ruffians who besieged them? They were dragged to the palace and lodged in a dungeon without windows, and with only one door. After five days these were all taken out into a courtyard and butchered in cold blood, their mangled bodies being piled on carts and thrown into the Jumna. That was on the 16th May — five days after the arrival of the mutineers from Meerut; and now Delhi had been cleansed of its last Christian. Murder and rapine, arson and outrages which cannot even be named, had done their fell work, and the English Raj, or rule, had been trampled underfoot no less at Delhi than at Cawnpore, Lucknow, and other centers of revolt. The climax of the rebellion had now been reached, but there still had to come the inevitable anti-climax. The blood of hundreds of English men, and women, and children, wantonly slaughtered, was crying aloud for vengeance, and a terrible vengeance it would be.

The mill-wheels of God, it has been said, grind slowly if surely; but rarely had they turned round so slowly as they now seemed to be doing after the terrible news from Delhi reached Meerut and the chief places in the Punjab. The mutiny had broken out so suddenly that the authorities were at first quite unable to cope

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with it, and precious time had to elapse before the army of retribution could be got to take the road. But meanwhile a cheerful and plucky spirit prevailed both amongst officers and men, notwithstanding all their fatigues, privation, and sickness; and if there was one man more than another, as his brother afterwards wrote of him, who helped to inspire and keep up this spirit — if there was one more than another who merited that which a Roman would have considered the highest praise, that he never despaired of his country — it was Lieutenant Hodson, of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, formerly of the Guides. “I can but rejoice,” he wrote, “that I am employed again; certain, too, as I am, that the star of Old England will shine brighter in the end, and we shall hold a prouder position than ever. The crisis is an awful one, but with God and our Saxon arms to aid us, I have firm faith in the result.”

“Hodson is at Umballa, I know,” wrote an officer at Meerut; “and I’ll bet he will force his way through, and open up communication between the commander-in-chief and ourselves. At about 3 o’clock that night I heard my advanced sentries firing. I rode off to see what was the matter, and they told me that a part of the enemy’s cavalry was approaching their post. When day broke in galloped Hodson! He had

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left Kurnal (seventy-five miles off) at 9 o'clock the night before, with one led horse and an escort of Sikh cavalry, and, as I anticipated, here he was with dispatches for Wilson! How I quizzed him for approaching an armed post at night without knowing the parole! Hodson rode straight to Wilson, had his interview, a bath, breakfast, and two hours' sleep, and then rode back the seventy-five miles, having to fight his way for about thirty miles of the distance." It was no wonder that another officer, writing to his wife at this time, said: "Hodson's gallant deeds more resemble a chapter from the life of Bayard or Amadis de Gaul than the doings of a subaltern of the nineteenth century. The only feeling mixed with admiration for him is envy." "The pace pleased him" (the commander-in-chief, General Anson), wrote Hodson himself, "for he ordered me to raise a Corps of Irregular Horse, and appointed me its commandant."

At last, after a delay which nearly fretted to death the hearts of men like Hodson, the bulk of the army of vengeance started from Umballa under General Anson, who was presently, however, stricken down with cholera and carried off. He was succeeded by General Sir Henry Barnard in the chief command of the Delhi field force, consisting of only three brigades, totaling about 3,000 Europeans, 1,000 native

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troops, and twenty-two guns — a poor enough army, surely, to be sent to recapture Delhi, with its hordes of highly disciplined and well-armed sepoy behind its cannon-bristling walls. The plan of operation was that the two Umballa brigades should advance to Baghput, where they would be joined by the Meerut brigade, under Archdale Wilson, and then sweep on to the work of vengeance at Delhi. As it was the hottest season of the year, with its burning suns and blistering airs, the men rested in their tents during the day, and marched by night. "The nights were delicious," wrote one who took part in the campaign; "the stars bright in the deep, dark sky, the fireflies flashing from bush to bush, and the air, which in Europe would have been called warm and close, was cool and refreshing to cheeks that had felt the hot wind during the day. Along the road came the heavy roll of the guns, mixed with the jingling of bits and the clanking of the steel scabbards of the cavalry. The infantry marched on behind with a dull, deep tread; long lines of baggage-camels and bullock-carts, with the innumerable sutlers and camp-servants, toiled along for miles in the rear, while the gigantic elephants stalked over bush and stone by the side of the road."

The Meerut brigade, being much nearer Delhi, set out on its march some days later than

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the Umballa force, and it had to fight its desperate way to the point of junction. After three nights' marching the Meerut column, at dawn on May 30th, reached the village of Ghazi-uddin-Nagar, near the river Hindun, about ten miles from Delhi; and here the bugler had barely time to call to arms when the rebels opened fire with heavy guns placed on a ridge. "The first few rounds from the insurgent guns," wrote an eye-witness, "were admirably aimed, plunging through our camp; but they were ably replied to by our two eighteen-pounders in position, under Lieutenant Light, and Major Tombs' troop, most admirably led by Lieutenant-Colonel Murray-Mackenzie, who, raking them in flank with his six-pounders, first made their fire unsteady, and in a short time silenced the heavy guns." At the same time the 60th Rifles went for the rebels in a most spirited manner, and captured several of their heavy guns. But in doing so Captain Andrews and four of his men were blown up by the explosion of an ammunition-wagon fired by one of the mutineers. The 6th Dragoon Guards, or Carabineers, then charged and completed the rout of the rebels, who left in the hands of their victors all their ordnance, ammunition, and stores. That night the officers drank in solemn silence to the mem-

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ory of their brave departed comrades, who were buried at dawn beside a babool tree.

Next day, which was Whit-Sunday, the rebels again returned to the attack, for they had been taunted with cowardice on presenting themselves at Delhi, and reinforced in order that they might redeem their reputation by hurling back the advancing force of Feringhees, or hated Franks — the name by which the English were known in India. But again the hurling back was all on the side of the sepoys, and once again they were sent scampering home to Delhi, though the English, at death's door almost with the scorching heat and their parching thirst, were unable to follow up this second victory of theirs by pursuit. Twenty-three of the enemy lay together in one ditch, and for three miles the road to Delhi was strewn with dead bodies. The English had to mourn the loss of four officers and fifty men — among the former being Napier, an ensign of the Rifles, so active, so full of life, so brave, that he won the love and admiration of all. A bullet struck his leg, and the moment he was brought into camp it had to be amputated. During the operation never a sigh betrayed any sensation of pain. "I shall never lead the Rifles again," he plaintively murmured; "I shall never lead the Rifles again." A few

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weeks later the brave and generous lad was laid in his grave.

Next day the Meerut brigade, which had done all the fighting hitherto, was reinforced by a battalion of Goorkhas, who were so overjoyed at the prospect of another fight that they threw somersaults and cut capers like so many mountebanks. But, much to their disappointment, the enemy did not return. Six days later the whole Meerut force crossed the Jumna and joined General Barnard's Umballa brigade at Alipur, being loudly cheered as they marched into headquarters camp with the captured guns and other trophies of their victories.

A day or two previously the intrepid Hodson had again been on the warpath. It was impossible for Barnard to move forward on Delhi without knowing something of the positions of the rebels in front of the city, and who but Hodson should volunteer to ride on and discover all that his commander wished to know! Taking with him a few troopers, he rode, as he wrote, "right up to the Delhi parade-ground, and the few sowars (or native horsemen) whom I met galloped away like mad at the sight of one white face. Had I had a hundred Guides with me I would have gone up to the very walls." A day or two later (8th July) he wrote: — "Here we are, safe and sound, after having driven the

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enemy out of their position in the cantonments up to and into the walls of Delhi. I write a line in pencil on the top of a drum to say that I am mercifully untouched, and none the worse for a very hard morning's work. Our loss has been considerable, the rebels having been driven from their guns at the point of the bayonet."

This was a reference to the battle of Badli-Ki-Serai, where the 75th (Stirlingshire) Regiment and the 60th Rifles again carried the day by a magnificent bayonet charge, though at a cost of 53 killed and 130 wounded, while the rebel loss amounted to about 1,000. The British loss had been severe; but the victory was worth the price, for the enemy had now been forced to surrender to their conqueror a commanding position, from which he could attack them with the greatest advantage, and the rebels had been driven ignominiously by a force far inferior to their own to take refuge within the walls of the city from which they had but lately expelled every Christian whom they had not slaughtered.

So here then, at last, on the 8th of June, the tiny British force had established itself in front of walled and embattled Delhi. Had anything so audacious, not to say impudent, ever been heard of before in the annals of warfare? Troy, surely, was mere child's play to this, and Sebastopol a game of battledore. But weakness of

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numbers can sometimes be made up for by strength of inspiration; and every British soldier felt his heart swell to the size of that of twenty men when he looked around the cantonments before Delhi and beheld the still extant traces of the late massacre of his countrymen — the marks of blood, the broken furniture, the blackened walls, the shreds of ladies' dresses, and even the locks of their hair, and, more maddening than all, the tiny boots of English babies who had been barbarously slaughtered and tossed upon the bayonets of the rebels. What the British soldiers, heroically strong in their numerical weakness, now longed with a fierce and overmastering desire to do was to cross bayonets with those incarnate fiends whom they had already swept back behind the walls of Delhi.

These walls, with a circumference of about seven miles, were made of large blocks of gray freestone, crowned by a good loopholed parapet. At intervals along the circumference they were provided with bastions, each armed with ten, twelve, or fourteen guns, a hundred and fourteen in all, in addition to sixty field-guns. The city had ten gates, strong, and aptly named after the cities or provinces towards which they opened — Cashmere, Cabul, Lahore, etc. The walls were about twenty-four feet in height, while in front ran a dry ditch, twenty-five feet

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wide and about twenty feet deep. The counter-scarp — *i. e.* the outer side of the ditch — and the glacis, or smooth open slope leading away from the edge of the ditch, were such as to move the admiration of the English engineers. One side of the city, the eastern, was washed by the broad and deep Jumna, and could not be thought of. On the other hand, with his tiny force, it was equally impossible for Barnard to invest the whole place. So he selected the northern front of the city as the object of his attack when he should be in possession of heavy enough siege-artillery to breach the wall and let in the avenging flood.

Meanwhile his position was the famous “Ridge” — a rocky elevation of about sixty feet above the general level of the city, extending along a line, obliquely to the front of attack, of a little over two miles, its left resting upon the Jumna some three miles above Delhi, and its right approaching the Cabul gate at a distance of about a thousand yards. Prominent points on this “Ridge” were the Flagstaff Tower, a ruined mosque, an ancient observatory, Hindu Rao’s House, and Swami House, which, in the mouth of Tommy Atkins, speedily became “Sammy” House. These were all good points in favor of the British.

But, on the other hand the rebels, sallying

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out of the city, could profit by the cover afforded them by the suburban villages (Subzee Munde, or "vegetable market," the chief of them), gardens, groves, house-clusters, and walled enclosures, to indulge in a perpetual series of attacks on the British position. For though the English had come to besiege, the fewness of their numbers and the temporary want of heavy guns reduced them at first to the position of besieged; and for a long time — more than three months, in fact — their energies were consumed in fending off the ferocious sorties of the Delhi garrison. These sorties they began on the very day after the sitting down of the British on the "Ridge," but were sent packing back again with serious loss. The repulse of their first sally was mainly due to the bravery of the famous Corps of Guides, composed of stalwart frontier men of all races, arrayed in their own loose, dusky shirts, and sun-proof, sword-proof turbans, who had marched into camp with a swinging stride that very morning, after moving for twenty-seven miles a day for three weeks, at the hottest time of the year — one of the greatest feats of the war. Three hours after their arrival they were launched against the rebels, whom they pursued up to the city walls, but at the cost of their dearly loved commander, Lieutenant Quintin Battye. "Now I have a chance of seeing ser-

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vice," he had joyfully exclaimed on setting out with his regiment, for he was a keen soldier, a good swordsman, and a splendid rider. But he fell in his very first fight, saying gaily to a comrade as he breathed his last: "Well, old fellow, *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*; you see it's my case."

A few days after this General Barnard, believing with Macbeth that "'twere well it were done quickly," had yielded to a scheme for storming the city right off — a scheme in which the bold and fiery Hodson had a prominent share. Under cover of the darkness, two columns were to steal up to as many gates, blow these in with gunpowder, and then rush into the city. But owing to a misunderstanding on the part of one of the commanders, the plan had finally to be abandoned — much to the disgust of the younger members of Barnard's staff, who were simply dying for the performance of such a feat. Another council of war debated the chances of its success; but cautious — call it not timorous — counsels meanwhile prevailed, for the news of a repulse, following upon an ill-advised assault, would have added fresh fuel to the fire of the mutiny, which was now blazing up more furiously than ever, beyond the extinguishing power of rivers of blood, over the length and breadth of Hindustan.

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From every part of the country the mutineers continued to stream in to Delhi, and ever, as fresh contingents arrived, they were sent out to try their prowess on the holders of the "Ridge"; but the British held it with a tenacity which neither wounds, nor death, nor disease, nor pestilence could in the least degree relax. In the men's tents they made merry, and, like the Greeks before Troy, had their sports just as if they had been far away at home on the village-greens of Old England. Stricken to death, the soldier told his officer he would soon be up again and ready for another brush with the mutineers. In the space at our disposal we cannot detail, we can scarcely enumerate, the actions that were fought in front of Delhi — more than thirty of them in twelve weeks, and all to the glory of the British name. Let one or two instances of conspicuous personal valor before the foe serve to illustrate the spirit which animated all the little besieging army.

"I must tell you," wrote an officer, "of a noble action of Lieutenant Hills of the Artillery (a young man who only four years ago had been a pupil at the Edinburgh Academy). He was on picket, with his two horse-artillery guns, when the alarm was sounded and an order sent him to advance, given under the impression that the enemy were at some distance. He was

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supported by a body of Carabineers — 80, I believe, in number. He advanced about 100 yards, while his guns were being limbered up to follow, and suddenly came on about 120 of the enemy's cavalry close upon them. Disgraceful to say, the Carabineers turned and bolted. His guns being limbered up, he could do nothing, but, rather than fly, he charged them by himself. He fired four barrels of his revolver and killed two men, hurling the empty pistol in the face of another and knocking him off his horse. Two horsemen then charged full tilt at him, and rolled him and his horse over. He got up with no weapons, and, seeing a man on foot coming at him to cut him down, rushed at him, got inside his sword, and hit him full in the face with his fist. At that moment he was cut down from behind, and a second blow would have done for him had not Tombs, his captain, the finest fellow in the service, who had been in his tent when the row began, arrived at the critical moment and shot his assailant — by a splendid shot, fired at thirty paces. Hills was able to walk home, though his wound was severe; and on the road Tombs saved his life once more by sticking another man who attacked him. If they don't both get the Victoria Cross, it won't be worth having." But they both did.

Another personal exploit of a similar kind

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was thus recorded by an officer:— “We took Khurkonda by surprise, and Hodson immediately placed men over the gates and we went in. Shot one scoundrel *instanter*, cut down another, and took a ressalدار (native officer) and some sowars prisoners, and came to a house occupied by some more, who would not let us in at all. At last we rushed in, and found the rascals had taken to the upper story, still keeping us at bay. There was only one door and a kirkee (window). I shoved in my head through the door, with a pistol in my hand, and got a clip over my turban for my pains. My pistol missed fire at the man’s breast, so I got out of that as fast as I could, and then tried the kirkee with the other barrel, and very nearly got another cut. We tried every means to get in, but could not, so we fired the house, and out they rushed — running amuck among us. The first fellow went at Hugh (the writer’s brother), and somehow or other he slipped and fell on his back. I saw him fall, and thinking he was hurt rushed to the rescue. A Guide got a chop at the fellow, and I gave him such a swinging back-hander that he fell dead. I then went at another fellow rushing by my left, and sent my sword through him like butter, and bagged him. I then looked round and saw a sword come crash on the shoulders of a poor little boy — oh, such a cut! and up

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went the sword again, and the next moment the boy would have been in eternity; but I ran forward and covered him with my sword and saved him."

"What a sight our camp would be," wrote another officer, "even to those who visited Sebastopol! The long lines of tents, the thatched hovels of the native servants, the rows of horses, the parks of artillery, the British soldier in his gray linen coat and trousers, the dark Sikhs with their red and blue turbans, the Afghans with the same, their wild air and colored saddle-cloths, and the little Goorkhas, dressed up like demons of ugliness in their black worsted Kilmarnock bonnets and woolen coats. In the rear are the booths of the native bazars, and further out, on the plain, thousands of camels, bullocks, and horses that carry our baggage. The soldiers are loitering through the lines or in the bazars. Suddenly an alarm is sounded and everyone rushes to his tent. The infantry soldier seizes his musket and slings on his pouch; the artilleryman gets his gun horsed; the Afghan rides out to explore; and in a few minutes everyone is in his place."

Such was the state of the camp in repose. And now for a picture, from another hand, of the same camp when roused into action. "I was out this night," wrote an officer, "in one of

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our principal batteries with a party of my Guides, placed there to protect the guns; and I shall never forget the scene at two o'clock in the morning. The sight was a most magnificent one — all our batteries and all the city ones were playing as hard as they could, the shells bursting, round shot tearing with a 'whooshing' sound through our embrasures, the carcasses (or large balls of fire) flying over our heads, the musketry rolling and flashing, made the place as light as day. The noise was terrific, though the roar of the cannon was frequently drowned in the roar of human voices, for, when the whole city turned out, there could not have been less than 20,000 voices all screaming at once. The mutineers' yell of 'Allah! Allah! Allah Akbar! Allah Akbar!' was answered by our jolly English hurrahs, and the din was most frightful. I never remember seeing such a beautiful sight or hearing such a noise. The mutineers, though they tried very hard to take our batteries, could not succeed, though some of them got up near enough to throw hand-grenades into them. The grand attack lasted about two hours, when the enemy gave in a little, though they didn't retire. The fighting went on all the rest of the night, and up to two o'clock next day, when both sides retired. We were all glad of a little

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rest, as most of us had been fighting for upwards of thirty hours.”

It was only after the 23d of June that the prospects of the besiegers had begun to brighten. This was the hundredth anniversary of the day on which Clive, at Plassey, had founded British rule in India; and there had been a superstitious belief among the natives that on this centenary the English Raj would also come to an end. Accordingly, the Delhi mutineers, hounded on by their priests and astrologers, as well as encouraged by copious draughts of bhang (the native intoxicant), made an unusually vigorous push for the British position with intent to turn it and assail it in the rear; but they were finally repulsed with great slaughter, carrying back with them the bitter conviction that, far from being exterminated, the British Raj was now again in a fair way of being restored to its previous supremacy.

But perhaps the most brilliant action fought in front of Delhi — or, rather, several miles to the west of it — was that of Nujuf-gurh. The mutiners had got to know that a heavy siege-train, with but a slender escort, was at last approaching, and they determined to make a dash for it. But this was a game at which two could play, and Brigadier Nicholson, one of the greatest heroes of the war, who had by this time come

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down from the Punjab to take part in, and indeed conduct, the siege, was dispatched with the Movable Column to do diamond cut diamond against the rebels. He found them in a very strong position, and greatly superior to him in numbers and guns. But what did that matter? Turning to his infantry, whom he ordered to lie down to avoid the showers of grape, Nicholson thus addressed them: "Now, 61st, I have but a few words to say. You all know what Sir Colin Campbell said to you at Chillianwallah, and you must also have heard that he used a similar expression (to his Highlanders) at the Alma: that is, 'Hold your fire till within twenty or thirty yards of the battery, and then, my boys, we will make short work of it.'"

Let one of his officers now take up the tale: — "Our guns went away to the flank. We got 'Fix bayonets, and trail arms; quick — march!' On we went, in a beautiful line, at a steady pace. On we went, and we got within some fifty yards of them, when the men gave a howl, and on we dashed, and were slap into them before they had time to depress the guns. It was bayonet to bayonet in a few moments, but we cut them up and spiked the guns. We had very few men killed in the charge, as we got in before they fired the grape. Lieutenant G., 61st, was bayoneted by a sepoy after cutting down two. N.

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shot the man that did it. He had his horse shot under him, and I saw him hand-to-hand with a sepoy, whom he polished off with his sword. . . . On we went after the brutes, and cut up a heap at the serai and behind it. We then drew up in line, rallied, and went at the camp, took it, sent a party to take the village, and then we went and took the guns at the bridge, over which the enemy was bolting in thousands. Here we took six guns more. Up came our guns, and blazed away at the enemy, and off they went, leaving a host of stores, etc., all along the road. . . . I was so tired that I lay down on a hide and fell asleep. Next morning the work of destruction was finished, and off we marched with a lot of treasure, etc., and thirteen guns, and brought all safe into camp, after a hard march, arriving at the camp-bridge just in the cool of the evening, when the camp turned out to meet us, and gave us 'three times three,' and played us in with some lively airs, with a final 'Hip — hip — hurrah!' for the gallant 61st, who had reserved their fire, as the Highlanders of the 'thin, red line' had done at Balaclava, until they had almost seen the whites of their enemy's eyes, and then 'given them beans' with bullet and bayonet."

On the 4th of September the siege train, each gun drawn by twenty pairs of bullocks, at last

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arrived, and the hearts of all the British beat high at the thought that the assault must now soon be delivered on the doomed city. Two days later also considerable reinforcements came in, bringing up the little siege army to 6,500 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 600 artillery — of which only 3,317 were British troops, and the European corps were now mere skeletons of their former selves. In order to stimulate the spirits of this miscellaneous host, Wilson issued a general order, in which he expressed his assurance that “British pluck and determination will carry everything before them, and that the bloodthirsty and murderous mutineers whom we are fighting will be driven headlong out of their stronghold and exterminated”; but, to enable them to do this, he warned the troops of the absolute necessity of their keeping together, and not straggling from their columns. By this only could success be secured. “Major-General Wilson,” he continued, “need hardly remind the troops of the cruel murders of their officers and comrades, their wives and children, to move them to the deadly struggle. No quarter should be given to the mutineers! At the same time, for the sake of humanity and the honor of the country they belong to, he calls upon them to spare all women and children that may come in their way.”

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Meanwhile the Engineers, directed by Baird-Smith, another of the giants of this Trojan-Delhi fray, set to work in the darkness and silently traced out the siege-batteries. A long string of camels brought in fascines and sand-bags, and hundreds of men exerted themselves to the utmost in raising them, as the work had to be completed before dawn. Showers of grape-shot were rained on them from the battlements, but the devoted men worked on with a will, and by morning Battery No. 1 was in working order and belching forth its eighteen-pound shot at such a rate that the Moree Bastion soon became a heap of ruins. This battery was commanded by Major Brind, of whom it was said that "he never slept," and would say to his men as he shouldered a musket — "Now, you lie and rest; your commandant will defend the battery." "We talk about Victoria Crosses," said someone; "Brind should be covered with them from head to foot!" Battery No. 2, of eighteen guns, was constructed in two portions on the left about 500 yards from the Cashmere Gate, its task being to knock away the parapet right and left that gave cover to the defenders, and to open the main breach by which the city was to be stormed. Conspicuous for his cool bravery in this battery was a young lieutenant — Roberts — who had some very narrow shaves during the

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siege, but luckily escaped death in all its various forms to become one of the most distinguished fighters ever produced by India, that cradle of great soldiers, and to gain for himself an immortal name as the hero of the famous march from Cabul to Candahar.

Two other batteries, Nos. 3 and 4, were also raised, one of them mounting six eighteen-pounders; and at eight o'clock on the morning of the 11th of September a terrific roar announced that the biggest breaching-guns had opened fire. A loud cheer, sending the smoke whirling away in eddies, burst from the throats of the artillerymen as they saw how well their fire had taken effect, and beheld huge blocks of stone tottering and tumbling down from the parapets of the walls. Cheer after cheer went up at this most gratifying sight, and in about ten minutes the enemy's counter-fire from the bastions had been completely silenced. Yet they did not at once give up the artillery duel. For what they could not do from the walls they tried to compass in the open, and ran out several guns, with which they did great damage by enfilading the British batteries. They also sent out rockets from their Martello towers, and kept up a storm of musketry from their advanced trench as well as from the walls, causing severe loss. But who cared for loss when Delhi was there to be won? Night

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and day, day and night, did the siege-batteries belch forth their thunderbolts against the city walls; and by the 13th of September it was concluded that the long-wished-for time had at last arrived. Yet it behoved the besiegers to proceed with caution, and so four Engineer officers were selected to steal forward to the Cashmere and Water Bastions and find out whether the breaches there were now big enough to allow of the assault.

There was no moon, but the sky was bright with stars and with the lurid light of flashing rockets and fire-balls. Suddenly, as the clock struck ten, the thunder of the guns ceased, and then the explorers, drawing their swords and feeling for their revolvers, began to creep towards the ditch. Medley and Lang, Home and Greathed were the officers who had volunteered for this perilous service. The two former got down into the ditch undiscovered; but then, to quote the words of Medley himself, "a number of figures appeared on the top of the breach, their forms clearly discernible against the bright sky, and not twenty yards distant. We, however, were in the deep shade, and they could not apparently see us. They conversed in a low tone, and presently we heard the ring of their steel ramrods as they loaded. We waited quietly, hoping they would go away, when an-

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other attempt might be made. Meanwhile, we could see that the breach was a good one, the slope easy of ascent, and that there were no guns on the flank. We knew by experience, too, that the ditch was easy of descent. It was, however, desirable to get to the top, but the sentries would not move." Medley then gave the signal, and the party started to return to the camp. But the sound of their departing feet betrayed them. "Directly we were discovered a volley was sent after us; the balls came whizzing about our ears, but no one was touched." A favorable report being also received from Home and Greathed, orders were given for the assault at dawn.

The infantry of the storming force was divided into five columns, the duty of the first, under Brigadier Nicholson, being to storm the breach near the Cashmere Bastion. The second, under Brigadier Jones, had likewise to storm the Water Bastion. To the third, commanded by Colonel Campbell, fell the task of storming through the Cashmere Gate after it had been blown in; while the fourth column, under Major Reid, was told off to assault the suburb of Kissengunge and support the main attack by effecting an entrance at the Cabul Gate after it should be taken; and the fifth, under

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Brigadier Longfield, was to follow the first and act according to circumstances.

By three o'clock the whole camp was astir. Many of the officers and men had taken the Holy Communion the night before, and in some tents the Old Testament lesson for the day had been read — the chapter being that in which the doom of Nineveh was foretold. Some 6,000 men, of whom only about 1,200 were British soldiers, were going to take a walled city defended by 30,000 desperate and disciplined rebels. The news of the foul and treacherous massacre at Cawnpore by the Nana Sahib had by this time reached the soldiers, and inflamed their hearts anew with the desire to take fearful vengeance on such barbarous foes. They had suffered more than tongue could tell; but the hour of their tribulation and their great reward was now at hand.

Suddenly the roar of the guns ceased, and the columns started to their feet as the Rifles, with a loud cheer, dashed to the front in skirmishing array. In a stern silence the storming columns tramped away towards the ditch; but it was now bright day, for, owing to some hitch, they had not been able to move with the dawn. The consequence was that before they had reached the crest of the glacis, with the Engineers and laddermen in front, numbers of them had fallen

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under the truly infernal shower of bullets that was rained upon them from the walls. For several minutes the first column found it impossible to lower the ladders and descend into the ditch, while the fiendish-looking rebels cursed and yelled at them from the other side, daring them to come on. Presently the ladders were thrown into the ditch, and the men, leaping down after them, planted them against the scarp and swarmed up. Nicholson himself, the "Lion of the Punjab," as he was well called, was the first to mount the breach, waving with his sword for his men to follow. In a similar manner Lieutenant Fitzgerald led the escalade of the adjoining bastion and fell mortally wounded. With a rousing cheer the stormers dashed over the *débris* of the breach like an irresistible wave bursting in a breakwater wall. For a few minutes there was a wild chaos of cheers, groans, yells, blazing of musketry, and clash of crossing bayonets, and then the rebels turned and fled like a pack of wolves, leaving this portion of their ramparts in possession of the victorious Nicholson.

Meanwhile, the second column on the extreme left had carried the Water Bastion by an equally successful, but an equally sacrificial, rush. For of the thirty-nine laddermen preceding the column, twenty-nine were struck down in a few

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minutes; but their comrades seized the ladders and reared them up against the scarp, while others rushed up the breach, and bayoneting all before them, drove the rebels from the walls. Then, turning to the right, the stormers swept along the ramparts towards the Cashmere Bastion, where they were joined by some of Nicholson's men, and, rushing ever along the walls, reached the Moree Bastion, where they slew the gunners and leapt on to the parapets, sending up a cheer and waving their caps to their comrades on the Ridge as a signal of victory.

All this work had been short and sharp, and done with a splendid courage. But perhaps the scene of the finest acts of individual heroism was the Cashmere Gate, where the third column, under Colonel Campbell, had meanwhile also forced an entrance in the following manner: Covered by the fire of the 60th Rifles, a party of sappers and miners advanced at the double toward the Cashmere Gate. Lieutenant Home, with Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, and Havildar Mahoo leading and carrying the powder-bags, followed by Lieutenant Salkeld, Corporal Burgess, and some others. They reached the gateway unhurt, and found that part of the drawbridge had been destroyed; but passing by the precarious footing supplied by the remaining beams, they proceeded to lodge their powder

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against the gate. The wicket was open, and through it the enemy kept up a heavy fire upon them. Sergeant Carmichael was killed while laying his powder, but when this was at last laid, the advanced party slipped down into the ditch to allow the firing party, under Lieutenant Salkeld, to do its duty. While endeavoring to fire the charge, Lieutenant Salkeld was shot through the leg and arm, and handed over the match to Corporal Burgess, who fell mortally wounded just as he had successfully done his duty. Then a terrific thunder-roar and explosion, scattering large masses of masonry and mangled human forms in all directions, announced that these acts of heroism had been crowned with success. Lieutenant Home now ordered Bugler Hawthorne to sound the regimental call of the 52d Regiment as the signal for the advance of the column; and this was thrice repeated, lest, amid the noise and tumult of the assault, the tones of the trumpet should not be heard. Then, after having thus coolly blown his bugle, the brave Hawthorne turned to Lieutenant Salkeld and bound up his wounds under a heavy musketry fire, thus ensuring for himself the Victoria Cross, which was also conferred on the few survivors of this "glorious deed — the noblest on record in military history," as Baird-Smith justly called it when

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bringing it to the notice of his chief. "Salkeld mortally wounded," said another writer, "handing over the portfire and bidding his comrade light the train, is one of those incidents which will remain till the end of time conspicuous on the page of history."

With a way thus opened up for it, Colonel Campbell's storming column now burst into the city, slaughtering all it met; and was only stopped in its career of conquest when it reached the Chandnee Chouk, or Broadway of Delhi, running right through the city from the Lahore Gate to the Palace.

In the meantime Major Reid's fourth column, whose task was to advance against the Cabul Gate, had been less successful — had, in fact, come to grief. For having to fight his way through some suburbs affording splendid cover to the rebels, his men were very much cut up, and, on the fall of their leader, had to retire. At one time it was gravely feared that the enemy, elated with their success at this point, would issue in overwhelming numbers and seek to turn the flank of the British outside position and thus threaten the camp. But at the critical moment Hope Grant brought up the Cavalry Brigade, which had been covering the assaulting columns, and made the rebels pause. For two hours the troopers, drawn up in battle array, sat

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like statues, while the ranks were every minute rent by musket-ball and grape. Not a man flinched from his post, though under this galling fire for two hours. Of Tombs' troop alone twenty-five men out of fifty, and seventeen horses, were hit. The 9th Lancers had thirty-eight men wounded, sixty-one horses killed, wounded and missing, and the officers lost ten horses. Nothing daunted by these casualties, these gallant soldiers held their ground with a patient endurance, and on their commander praising them for their good behavior they declared their readiness to stand the fire as long as ever he chose. Against such firmness the foe could make no headway, and outside the city their counter-attack was at last foiled.

It would take a volume to describe the course and incidents of the conquering career of the various storming columns which had forced their way into the heart of the city; but let the following description of the doings of Nicholson's first column serve as a sample of the fighting which had still to be done. The writer, Mr. Forrest, drew up his narrative after visiting the spot in the company of Lord Roberts.

"On reaching the head of the street at the Cabul Gate, the enemy again made a resolute stand, but were speedily driven forward. A portion of the first column was halted here, and

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proceeded to occupy the houses round the Cabul Gate, while the remainder continued the pursuit. As the troops advanced up the Rampart Road, the enemy opened a heavy and destructive fire from the guns on the road and a field-piece planted on the wall. The English soldiers, raising a shout, rushed and took the first gun on the road, but were brought to a check within ten yards of the second by the grape and musketry with which the enemy plied them, and by the stones and iron shot which they rolled on them. Seeking all the scanty shelter they could find, the men retired, leaving behind the gun they had captured. After a short pause they were reformed, and the order given to advance. Once again the Fusiliers, scathed with fire from both sides, rushed forward and seized and secured the gun. They plunged forward, and had gone but a few yards when their gallant leader, Major Jacob, fell mortally wounded. As he lay writhing in agony on the ground, two or three of his men wished to carry him to the rear; but he refused their aid, and urged them to press forward against the foe. The officers, bounding far ahead of their men, were swiftly struck down, and the soldiers, seeing their leaders fall, began to waver. At this moment the heroic Nicholson arrived, and, springing forward, called with a stentorian voice upon the soldiers to fol-

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low him, and instantly he was shot through the chest. Near the spot grows a tall, graceful tree, and Nicholson ordered himself to be laid beneath its shade, saying he would wait there till Delhi was taken. But for once he was disobeyed and removed to his tent on the Ridge."

Had Nicholson been allowed to lie under the tree, he would have had to wait several days yet before the capture of the city was completed. So far the besiegers had done little more than effect a foothold within its walls, and at a cost of 66 officers and 1,100 men in killed and wounded — or about two men in nine. The bullets of the rebels had worked sad havoc among the stormers, and what these bullets had spared drink and debauchery threatened to destroy. For, knowing the weakness of the British soldier for strong drink, the rebels had cunningly strewn the deserted shops and pavements with bottles of beer, wine, and spirits; and now there ensued scenes of revelry and abandoned indulgence in liquor which recalled to mind the assault and capture of Badajoz. But the demon of destruction filled the breast of the British soldier as well as the demon of drink, and though, true to the injunction of his commander, he spared, and was even kind to, women and children, he slaughtered without mercy all the males who crossed his avenging path. But if provocation be any

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excuse for massacre, or blood be the just equivalent of blood, then certainly the British soldier in Delhi must have had many apologists.

The task of carrying the rest of the town was carried out day by day with skill and caution. From the first a continuous fire was kept up on all the remaining strongholds of the rebels — the Palace, Jumna Musjid, etc.; and at dawn on the 16th the magazine was stormed and taken with but slight loss. The same day the rebels evacuated the suburb Kissengunge. On the evening of the 19th the Burn Bastion was surprised and captured by a party from the Cabul Gate, and early next morning the Lahore Gate, to which the Engineers had sapped their way through the adjacent houses, was taken, as well as the Garsten Bastion; finally, on the same afternoon, the gates of the Palace, which had witnessed the cruel murder of English officers, women, and children, were blown in, and a final shout of victory was raised before the throne of Bahadoor Shah. That shadow of a monarch had fled and taken refuge in the tomb of the Emperor Humayoon, outside the city; but here he was sought and found by Lieutenant Hodson, who, escorted by only a few sowars, undertook the exceedingly dangerous task of capturing the king.

The story of this capture, as told by one of

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Hodson's comrades, reads like a romance. After securing his captives, "the march towards the city began — the longest five miles, as Hodson said, that he had ever ridden; for, of course, the palkees only went at a foot-pace, with his handful of men around them, and followed by thousands, any one of whom could have shot him down in a moment. His orderly told me it was wonderful to see the influence which his calm, undaunted look had on the crowd. They seemed perfectly paralyzed at the fact of one white man carrying off their king alone. Gradually, as they approached the city, the crowd slunk away, and very few followed up to the Lahore Gate. Then Captain Hodson rode on a few paces, and ordered the gate to be opened. The officer on duty asked simply as he passed what he had got in his palkees. 'Only the King of Delhi,' was the answer, on which the officer's enthusiastic exclamation was more emphatic than becomes ears polite. The guard were for turning out to greet him with a cheer, and could only be repressed on being told that the king would take the honor to himself. They passed up the magnificent deserted street to the Palace Gate, where Captain Hodson met the civil officer, and formally delivered over his royal prisoner to him. His remark was amus-

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ing: 'By Jove! Hodson, they ought to make you commander-in-chief for this.'"

Next day Hodson returned for the king's sons, but to them he was less merciful. "I came," he wrote, "just in time, as a large mob had collected and were turning on the guard. I rode in among them at a gallop, and in a few words I appealed to the crowd, saying that these were the butchers who had slaughtered and brutally ill-used helpless women and children, and that the Government had now sent their punishment. Seizing a carbine from one of the men, I deliberately shot them one after another. I then ordered the bodies to be taken into the city, and thrown out on the 'Chiboutra,' in front of the 'Kotwalie,' where the blood of their innocent victims could still be traced. The bodies remained before the Kotwalie until this morning, when, for sanitary reasons, they were removed. Thus in twenty-four hours, therefore, I disposed of the principal members of the house of Timur the Tartar. I am not cruel, but I confess I did rejoice at the opportunity of ridding the earth of these wretches."

This summary act of vengeance aroused much difference of opinion as to its justice and humanity, but Hodson himself wrote: "I am too conscious of the rectitude of my own motives to care what the few may say, while my own con-

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science and the voice of the many pronounce me right."

That same night the toast of "Her Majesty the Queen," proposed by the conqueror of Delhi, was drunk with all honor in the Dewan-i-Khas by the headquarters staff. Never had the old building reëchoed with any sound half so fine. The cheer was taken up by the gallant Goorkhas of the Sirmoor Battalion who formed the General's personal guard, and was, indeed, soon reëchoed all over India, all over the English world.

Thus, then, ended this famous siege, one of the greatest and most memorable in the history of England — a siege which, out of an effective force that never amounted to 10,000 men, entailed a loss of 992 killed and 2,845 wounded, apart from all those who died from disease and exposure; but a siege, at the same time, which added an imperishable leaf to England's laurel-crown, and enabled her to retain her imperial hold on Hindustan.

XIV

The Indian Mutiny— Lucknow

By G. A. HENTY

THOUGH the siege of Delhi was of far greater importance, both political and military, most people, if asked to mention the most striking event in the Indian Mutiny, would undoubtedly name the defence of Lucknow. The incidents appeal more forcibly to the imagination, and the fact that the lives of numbers of women and children were at stake, as well as those of the male defenders of the position, excites a degree of sympathy far greater than that which can be aroused by purely military operations.

The outbreak of the mutiny in the Indian army found Lucknow ill prepared for such an event. The British force there consisted of three regiments of regular native infantry, two of Oudh irregular infantry, a regiment of native military police, a regiment of native regular cavalry, two or three of irregular cavalry, and three batteries of native artillery. To repress

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trouble should it arise, there was but the 32d Regiment and a battery of European artillery.

At that time Lucknow was one of the largest towns in India, and the population was an exceedingly turbulent one. Before the annexation of Oudh, the state of that kingdom closely resembled that of England under the Plantagenets. The great landowners, like the barons, dwelt in castles, defended by numerous guns, and maintained a strong force of armed retainers, by whose aid they waged war upon each other. Every village was surrounded by a stone wall for defence, not only against the neighboring lords but against other village communities. Thus, then, when a new state of things was introduced, and the zemindars were called upon to hand over their cannon and to disband their troops, a general feeling of discontent was caused. A large proportion of the guns were buried, and the disbanded soldiers, now without means of earning a livelihood, resorted to the great towns, where they were ripe for mischief should a chance present itself.

With a large population of this kind, with the fidelity of the native troops doubtful, and the certainty that the regiments which had mutinied in other parts of Oudh would make for the capital, the feeling was naturally one of great anxiety. In Sir Henry Lawrence, the

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Chief Commissioner of Oudh, the troops at Lucknow had a leader of tried ability, personally much respected by the natives, intimately acquainted with their customs and modes of thought, and possessed of firmness and determination. His first step at the commencement of the trouble was to concentrate the forces which were scattered about over a large area, so that the natives could, in case of a rising, do the least possible damage, while the white troops would be available for the defence of the residents, whose numbers were swollen by an influx from outlying stations, by many civilians, and by military officers whose troops had already broken out into mutiny.

In the beginning of May, the 7th Oudh Irregular Infantry refused the cartridges, and mutinied; but, upon the 32d Europeans and the artillery marching on to their parade-ground, the greater portion of them fled, and the rest were disarmed. On the 13th, news was received of the mutiny and massacre at Meerut. Up to that time the Treasury and the Residency were under the guard of native troops; but on the 16th a hundred and twenty men of the 32d, with the women and sick, and four guns of the European battery, were marched into the Residency enclosure, and next morning the rest of the regiment was also called in. The move-

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ment was at once followed by the residents in the bungalows near their former encampment also coming into the Residency. This was a large and handsome mansion of modern construction, standing on rising ground, and surrounded by beautiful gardens. Near these were several buildings occupied by civil and military officials. The whole stood upon a sort of irregular plateau, elevated some ten or twelve feet above the surrounding ground, and when, later on, it became evident that there was a distinct danger that the place might be besieged, the engineers began to fortify the position, and a low earth-bank was thrown up round the edge of the high ground, the earth being dug out from the inside so that men standing in the ditch so made could fire over.

Two batteries, one on the north, the other on the south side, were thrown up, and guns placed at various points on the bank. On the north-east the ground sloped down to the river Goomtee, and as the Residency grounds extended nearly to the water, this side was free from houses, and the guns of one of the batteries covered this face of the enclosure. On the other three sides, however, the native houses reached up to the defences, some of them closely abutting on the buildings within it. The main gateway into the enclosure was on the eastern

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side. It was flanked on one side by the Baily guard, while on the other stood the house of Dr. Fayrer, and the face of the wall here was covered by the fire from the financial buildings. At the north angle was a projecting work known as Innes's Garrison. At the northwest angle stood the house of Mr. Gubbins, a Commissioner. His duties had taken him much among the natives, and several well-affected men came in and were received into his house, which was very large and strongly built, and they did good service during the siege. On the western side stood a small square, where the Sikhs who remained faithful were quartered; next to this was the brigade mess, and adjoining it a house which throughout the siege was known as the Martinière. Here the boys, some sixty-five in number, of the Martinière College, with their masters, were quartered, the position of the college being too far away from the Residency to be defended. Next to them were the barracks of the 32d. The largest of the buildings inside the enclosure was the Begum Kothie.

Things went on quietly until the 30th of May, when, without any previous notice, the 48th, the 13th, and the 71st Native Infantry rose. A few discharges of the guns soon sent them in headlong flight; Brigadier-General Handscomb, however, was killed, Lieutenant Grant, of the

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71st, murdered by his men, and several other officers were badly wounded. The mutineers were joined at once by a portion of the population of the town, and the bungalows outside the lines were all plundered and burned. The artillery followed the mutineers for some distance, and then returned, as the infantry were unable to keep up with them. When the three native regiments mutinied some 400 of the men had remained with their colors. These were in the course of the next few days joined by 700 or 800 others, who came back one by one.

At this time Sir Henry Lawrence's health was giving way under the exertion and the great strain of responsibility, and he could not bring himself to carry out the advice of the leading military and civil officers, all of whom were in favor of the disarmament of these men, who constituted a constant source of danger and anxiety, as at any moment they might break into mutiny again, and they had, therefore, to be incessantly watched by the Europeans. He considered that such a step would be to break finally with the natives, and that it would be better to run a certain risk than to show that all confidence in the sepoys was at an end.

So long as the troops at Lucknow had remained faithful many of those in other parts of Oudh had kept quiet. Risings now took place

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at a number of points, notably at Seetapoor, where, as at other spots, many whites were massacred. Some, however, succeeded in escaping, and made their way to Lucknow, after going through almost miraculous adventures.

For some time the efforts of the authorities at Lucknow were directed not only to the fortification of the Residency enclosure, but to that of the Muchee Bawn, an old fortress standing on rising ground nearly a mile from the Residency. It was much dilapidated, and although it might have been defended for a considerable time, would have crumbled under an artillery fire. It had been used as a great storehouse, and there was at first some idea of moving the women and children there, and of making it the principal point of resistance. As, however, the mutiny extended all over Oudh, the news that most of the rebels were marching towards Lucknow, and the fact that there was no probability of aid from without for a long period, showed that the situation was much more serious than it had at first been deemed, and that it would be wiser to concentrate the whole force at one point. Some of the stores were therefore moved from the outlying fort to the Residency, but Sir Henry Lawrence could not for the present bring himself to decide finally upon its evacuation.

On the 9th of June Sir Henry's health entirely

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gave way, the medical adviser stating that further application to business would endanger his life. A council was formed by his authority: of this Mr. Gubbins was the president. The first business to be considered by it was a letter brought from Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore, saying that the mutineers there had been joined by Nana Sahib with his troops and guns, and urgently asking for aid. Fifty men of the 32d Regiment had been sent off to Cawnpore in vehicles a fortnight before, and, painful as it was, it was felt that it was impossible to send further aid, as the whole of the whites were already on duty and were engaged in carrying out the works of defence and in watching the native troops. The same evening it was determined to get rid of the sepoys by offering to give them leave to return to their homes until November.

All with the exception of 350 at once accepted the offer, the greater portion of those who remained being Sikhs. Three days' rest enabled Sir Henry Lawrence to take up his work again. A corps of thirty men, belonging to a daring and adventurous tribe some thirty miles from Lucknow, was organized by Mr. Gubbins to act as messengers. These men rendered great service, passing backwards and forwards through the mutineers, carrying news and bringing back

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replies. On the 12th the military police, which furnished the jail guard and kept order in Lucknow, mutinied and marched off. They were pursued by seventy Sikh horse and about fifty English volunteer cavalry, overtaken, and cut up. It was now that the greatest efforts were made to complete the fortifications. This was done partly with hired labor, but principally by the military and civilian officers who had been divided among the various houses in the inclosure, and by the natives who remained faithful. Some inner defences were now undertaken, behind which the garrison of the outer line of houses could retreat should their position be carried.

Near the redan battery on the north and on the western face a number of native buildings were demolished, but many were left from want of time and means to level them; and during the siege the greatest loss of the defenders was inflicted by the musketry fire from the windows and roofs of these houses, to which almost every point within the enclosure was exposed. The wives of the soldiers were quartered in underground rooms beneath the Residency, and the rest of the buildings were completely filled with ladies and children. The Residency banquetting-hall was used as a hospital. At the post-office were the headquarters of the engi-

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neers and artillery; the large building known as the Begum Kotee was also filled with women and children.

During the month of June the whole of the irregular cavalry, except the Sikhs, deserted, and there was a general feeling of relief in the garrison at their departure. Their places were well supplied by some eighty pensioned sepoys, who came in at Sir Henry Lawrence's order from the outlying district, and who without exception behaved well throughout the siege. The civilian clerks, many of whom had never handled a gun, were trained in musketry, and fifty men of the 32d were converted into artillerymen. Fortunately, two hundred native cannon were discovered in an old magazine and brought in.

On the 28th of June news came of the surrender of Cawnpore and the massacre of all the male prisoners, and on the following day word was brought in that a strong force of mutineers was advancing towards Lucknow, and that their advance-guard of 500 infantry and 100 cavalry were at Chinhut, within eight miles of the town. Sir Henry Lawrence started early next morning with 11 guns, 36 European volunteer cavalry and 80 Sikhs, 300 men of the 22d, and 220 native infantry, the remains of the regiments that had mutinied. They started too late, and the heat

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of the sun soon became excessive. When within 1,400 yards of Chinhut the enemy's guns opened fire, and those of the little column replied. After half an hour's artillery duel two heavy masses of the enemy appeared on each flank; the field-pieces opened on them when within a distance of 400 yards, but without checking them. The cavalry were ordered to charge, and the little body of volunteers dashed boldly at the enemy and drove back a portion of their infantry; but only two of the Sikhs went with them — the rest fled at once. From a village on an eminence the enemy's infantry opened so heavy a fire on the 32d that Colonel Case fell badly wounded and two of his lieutenants mortally so, and the men retired to the road.

There was now great confusion. An elephant that drew one of the guns became frightened and ran off, the spare bullocks that had been brought out stampeded, and the gun was abandoned. The water-carriers had run away; the men, suffering from intense thirst, were so exhausted that they could scarce drag themselves along. The enemy pressed upon their retreat, and a body of mutineer cavalry took post on the ground in front of them. The volunteer cavalry charged them and cleared the way, and then, returning, covered the retreat, frequently making charges on the pursuing enemy. At last

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the Residency was reached, but the loss had been severe indeed. Captain Stevens and Captain Maclean were killed, in addition to the three officers before named, and several others were wounded; three field-guns, an 8-inch howitzer, and almost all the ammunition-wagons were lost, and 122 European soldiers were killed and 44 wounded. The enemy's force was reckoned at about 5,500 infantry, 800 cavalry, and 12 guns.

This disaster shook the faith of the native regiments still in the cantonment, and all three of them at once mutinied.

The pursuit of the enemy was stopped at the bridges across the Goomtee by the guns of the Redan battery and Muchee Bawn, but they at once began to shell both these positions. Numbers of mutineers forded the river, got guns across, and, occupying the houses round the Residency enclosure, opened fire that evening upon it.

The panic in the Residency when the news of the disaster reached it, and the remains of the column returned, was great. The work-people at the batteries at once took flight, most of the native servants, clerks, and orderlies also deserted, and there was a general depression even among the garrison. It was at once seen that the heavy loss that had been sustained rendered it impossible to hold the Muchee Bawn

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as well as the Residency, and the garrison there were ordered by signal to evacuate the place, to blow up the magazines, and to return to the Residency. Fortunately, this was accomplished without loss, the troops making their way by a circuitous route through quiet streets, and reaching the Residency unobserved by the enemy, to whom the first intimation of the movement was conveyed by the tremendous explosion of the magazines. The sudden abandonment of the unfinished works on the west and south faces of the position left these almost undefended, but Mr. Gubbins collected a number of natives, and, by the promise of a cash payment seven or eight times higher than they were accustomed to receive, induced them to work at night at the bastion at the angle where his house stood.

For some five hours seventy or eighty men labored incessantly under the guidance of some officers, and at last completed the work, which, as its fire swept the approaches to the north and west sides, was of vital importance to the success of the defence. The arrival of the garrison of the Muchee Bawn restored the spirits of the troops. The new arrivals were divided in parties of fifteen and twenty among the houses most exposed to the attacks of the enemy.

On the 2d of June Sir Henry Lawrence was

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mortally wounded. On the previous day a shell had burst in the room he occupied on the first floor of the Residency, which, from its exposed position, was the favorite mark of the mutineer artillery. He refused, however, to move from it, and the next morning he received his death wound there. On his death-bed he urged on the officers to be careful of their ammunition, the stock of which was by no means large, 250 barrels of powder and as many boxes of rifle ammunition having been lost at the Muchee Bawn. Of provisions there was a large store, for during the preceding months Sir Henry Lawrence had caused large quantities to be brought in from the surrounding country; and as no relief could for a long time be looked for, it was certain that the siege must be of many weeks' — if not months' — duration.

It was some little time after the siege began before matters settled down in the Residency, for the desertion of the servants, and still more that of the men who had been hired to attend upon the bullocks and horses, disarranged everything. The principal commissariat officer had been seriously injured at Chinhut, and almost all the clerks and subordinates had fled. The able-bodied men of the garrison were all employed in strengthening the defences. Thus there was no one to water or feed the animals, and they

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wandered all round the enclosure. Numbers were killed by the enemy's fire, and the labor of burying the dead animals increased the work of the garrison. Almost greater trouble was caused by the plague of flies. These, attracted by the smell of blood, swarmed in countless hosts, blackening the ground, filling the houses, and preventing the men who had been working at night from obtaining sleep; rising in immense swarms whenever any one came near them, tainting the meat, and falling in numbers into every plate and cup.

As soon as the commissariat reorganized their arrangements, rations were issued of beef or mutton, with flour, rice, or soup. The housework was performed by the ladies, the bakers had all deserted, and chupatties were the only food that such servants as remained were able to produce. Everyone recognized now how great a mistake had been made in postponing preparations for defence, and especially the most necessary one of destroying all houses within gunshot range. Had this been done, the casualties would have been comparatively small, and all could have moved freely about the enclosure. As it was, the whole area within the walls was open to the view of the mutineers on the roofs or at the upper windows, and any one who ventured out during the hours of day-

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light was made a target of. Nor was there at first much greater safety inside the houses. Every window was used as a mark by one or more of the mutineers, and their shot penetrated everywhere, until the windows were all protected by thick planks nailed across them, and by sandbags inside. This added to the safety of the inmates, but rendered the houses almost uninhabitable from the stifling heat.

At the banqueting-hall, which had been converted into a hospital, several casualties took place: patients were killed in the beds, ladies struck down while attending upon them, and the clergyman, Mr. Polehampton, was killed while carrying out his ministrations.

Early in the siege many other officers received their death wounds. Among those were Mr. Ommanney, the Judicial Commissioner, and Major Francis. On the 7th of July a sortie was made against a large building known as Johannes' house; from the roof of this the enclosure was overlooked, and a very fatal fire kept up. It was known to be full of mutineers, and the sortie was made to ascertain whether the enemy were driving mines under the works. The sally was completely successful: the mutineers fled without any attempt at resistance, but some twenty of them were killed.

Before the end of a week the enemy had planted

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batteries all round, and instructed as the gunners had been by European officers, their fire was very accurate, and they adopted every precaution to protect themselves. Earthworks were thrown up across all the thoroughfares exposed to our fire. In some places the guns were mounted on inclined planks, up which they were pushed to be fired, the recoil at once running them back out of view. Sometimes they were concealed behind the corners of houses, from which they were run out to fire, being pulled back into shelter by a drag-rope.

The garrison obtained some news of what was passing without through the Sikhs. Their comrades, who had deserted, were in the habit of making their way up the barricade in front of the Sikh square after dark, and exhorting them to follow their example and to aid in the general destruction of the whites. In some cases the appeals were successful; the occasional loss of a soldier was, however, counterbalanced by the information gained in these conversations of what was going on elsewhere, what fresh regiments of mutiners had entered the town, and what Talookdars had made common cause with them.

The work of the garrison was still excessive, although by this time the commissariat arrangements had been greatly improved; it was neces-

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sary to grind the wheat for food, to bury the cattle that had died, to carry the sick and wounded to the hospitals, to repair the damages inflicted by the enemy's guns, and to move cannon and mortars to new positions. The greater part of the horses had been turned out to shift for themselves beyond the lines, and these were all appropriated by the enemy. The privation most felt by the men was the absence of tobacco. While plenty of provisions had been collected, the store of tobacco had been neglected, and in a fortnight after the siege had begun it was no longer to be had, and the men greatly felt the loss of what, under the circumstances of almost continual work in a tainted atmosphere, was almost a necessity.

Day by day the enemy closed in. All the houses near were crowded with men, who kept up a galling musketry fire, while our artillery was for the most part silent, for the enemy were known to be short of shot for their cannon, and every round shot fired was picked up and returned. After a time they succeeded in manufacturing hammered shot, of which as many as five hundred were at various times collected by the besieged. The best rifle-shots of the garrison were constantly engaged in the endeavor to keep down the musketry fire of the enemy,

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aiming at the loopholes that they had made in the houses.

On the 14th of July the enemy made a rush forward, and occupied a building close to the lines, known as the Younger Johannes' house. This necessitated the erection of a strong palisade along a part of the defences on the west side.

On the 20th of July the mutineers made their first serious attack. At nine o'clock in the morning the look-out on the top of the Residency reported that large bodies of men could be seen moving in different directions, and the defenders at once mustered to repel an attack. It commenced by the explosion of a mine near to the Redan battery: fortunately, the rebel engineers had not driven it in the right direction, and it failed to do any damage. Directly afterwards the enemy assaulted the position on all sides, covered by a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry. The principal attacks were against the Redan battery and Innes' post at the extreme northern angle. Both assaults were repulsed with very heavy loss. Large forces pushed forward to the attack within twenty-five paces of the Redan, but were unable to face the heavy fire from the guns and musketry of the defenders.

At Innes' post, which was unprovided with

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artillery, they came close up to the wall and endeavored to plant the scaling-ladders they had brought with them; but so hot a musketry fire was kept up that after repeated efforts they were forced to retire. At all other points the attack was equally repulsed. The engagement lasted until four in the afternoon, but only five of the defenders were killed, while the enemy's loss amounted to hundreds.

The result greatly cheered the garrison, and they now felt confident of their power to repulse any attack that might be made. The enemy, however, were not discouraged, for on the following day they poured out from the Younger Johannes' house and adjacent buildings into the narrow lane that separated Gubbins' enclosure from the Sikh squares. There was a loophole commanding this lane, and here Mr. Gubbins posted himself with two double-barreled rifles, which were loaded for him by a native servant as fast as discharged; and for two hours his fire prevented the natives from forcing their way through the weak defences by the side of the lane. At length a mortar was brought up and shells thrown into the crowd in the lane and beyond it, and as they fled a heavy fire was poured upon them from every roof which commanded the ground. Major Banks in aiding to repel this attack lost his life.

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On the following night news reached the garrison, a native scout bringing in tidings of the capture of Cawnpore and the defeat of Nana Sahib. This was satisfactory in a double sense, as not only did it prove that the British were taking the offensive, but it relieved the garrison from the fear they had entertained that Nana Sahib would bring up his whole force and his guns to aid the besiegers. After the death of Major Banks the civil authority ceased to exist in the garrison; Brigadier Inglis, who was in military command, now exercising supreme authority, as martial law prevailed in the garrison. The native messenger started on his return as soon as he had delivered the message, and succeeded in re-entering the lines on the night of the 25th July with a letter from the quartermaster-general of General Havelock's force, saying that the troops were crossing the river and hoped to relieve the place in five or six days.

The news was most opportune: it raised the spirits of the garrison to the highest point, and was especially useful in cheering the natives, among whom desertions had become very frequent. After a day's rest the scout again went out, bearing dispatches and plans of the defences and of the roads leading to them.

As the casualties caused by the fire from the houses close to the line on the west side were

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very heavy, a sortie was made by Brigadier Inglis through a hole dug in the wall, and some of the buildings burnt down. It was soon found that the enemy were driving a number of mines: the Redan and Cawnpore batteries were threatened by these, but the gallery against the latter was driven so close to the surface that heavy rain caused it to fall in, and a shell thrown into the opening blew up the gallery. Three other mines threatened the brigade mess, the outer Sikh square, and the building known as Sago's house. Counter-shafts were sunk and mines driven to meet those of the enemy. A party broke into the gallery against the Sikh square, pursued the enemy along it, and blew up the house from which it had been driven. The mutineers now harassed the garrison greatly by throwing in shells, which had been brought them by a regiment of the Cawnpore mutineers.

Wet weather continued, but although the rain caused much discomfort to the defenders, it was beneficial to them, as it not only cooled the air, but washed away the accumulated dirt, while it filled the enemy's trenches on the lower ground and hindered their mining operations. Cholera, however, occasioned many heavy losses among the defenders, especially among the children, who, pent up in underground chambers

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without fresh air or suitable food, died in great numbers.

An anxious watch was kept up at the end of July, when the approach of Havelock's force was expected; but it was not until the night of the 6th of August a messenger arrived with the news that Havelock had fought two engagements with the enemy and had defeated them, but was halting until some reinforcements reached him. The monotony of the defence was varied by a few small sorties, by which some of the enemy's guns were spiked; but there were good mechanics among the mutineers, and the guns were soon rendered fit for service again.

The boys of the Martinière college rendered great service, the older lads aiding in the defence, while the rest were made useful in domestic duties and as attendants in the hospital. The Residency was now in so bad a state that most of the troops who occupied it were divided among the various houses.

On the 10th of August the enemy made another general attack, exploding a mine from Johannes' house, destroying fifty feet of the defences in front of the Martinière, and bringing down part of the wall of the house. They lost, however, so much time before following up the advantage that reinforcements from the other

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buildings came up in time to receive them, and speedily drove them back.

Similar attacks were made at four other points, but were everywhere defeated. On the 15th the news came that Havelock had been obliged to fall back to Cawnpore, and on the 24th a letter from Havelock himself, saying that reinforcements might reach him in the course of twenty-five days, and that as soon as they did so he would push on without any delay.

The siege now became an underground battle. The operations were incessant: one day the enemy would fire a mine and make a breach in the defences; the next, one of the houses from which they attacked, would be blown into the air; frequently counter-mines were run into the enemy's galleries, when the sepoys always fled, and a barrel of powder speedily destroyed their work.

Day by day the buildings in the enclosure gradually crumbled, eaten away by the rain of fire. The Residency was pierced with round shot in every direction, and became so unsafe that it was necessary to remove all the stores placed there. Other houses were in no better plight, and the women and children had to be transferred from some of them to the underground rooms of the Begum Kotee.

In the second week of September the enemy's

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mining work was carried on more incessantly than ever. It was evident that they recognized that, weak as the garrison must be, it was able to resist all open assaults, and that the only hope of capturing the place that had for months defied so large a force was by blowing up some important position. Scarce a day passed without a mine being detected by the British, but several were exploded, doing a good deal of damage. Fortunately, in each case the gallery had not been carried quite far enough, and though very heavy charges were used, they failed in their object. On the 14th, Captain Fulton, one of the most able and energetic officers of the garrison, who had borne the principal share in the mining operations, was killed. On the 22d of September, the trusty native who had so frequently managed to make his way through the enemy's lines brought in a letter from General Outram, saying that the army had crossed the Ganges on the 19th, and would speedily relieve the place; and the next morning the sound of artillery was distinctly heard, and by the afternoon had approached to within five or six miles.

On the 25th the guns were heard early, and the sound became louder and louder. At half-past eleven numbers of the city people, carrying bundles of property, with many sepoys and matchlock men, crossed the river — some by the

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bridges and some by swimming, showing that a panic had spread through the town. The enemy besieging the Residency opened fire with every gun in their batteries, as if they would leave nothing for the relieving force to find standing. At 2 o'clock the smoke of the guns could be seen rising in the suburbs, and the rattle of musketry heard; while, from the look-out, European troops and officers could be made out crossing open spaces. At 5 heavy firing broke out in the street hard by, and two minutes later a force of Highlanders and Sikhs turned into the main street leading to the Residency. Headed by General Outram, they ran forward at a rapid pace to the Bailey-Guard gate, and amid the wild cheers of the defenders made their way into the long-beleagured enclosure, and the first siege of Lucknow was at an end.

The garrison had indeed reason to be proud of their defence. They had had every difficulty, every trial save hunger and thirst, to encounter. The odds against them were enormous. Their defences were slight: it was the brave hearts rather than the earthworks that were the bulwarks impassable by the enemy. They had opposed to them men who had been drilled in the British service, led by their native officers, well supplied with powder and ammunition, and able from the housetops to keep up an incessant

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fire that searched every niche and corner of the defences. The heat was terrible. Sickness raged in the crowded and underground rooms. The rains were heavy and incessant. The garrison were deprived of all the comforts that are almost a necessity to Europeans, and especially to European children. They were deserted by their servants, and the few native troops who remained were a source of constant anxiety. Happily, however, though all luxuries disappeared very shortly after the siege began, there was no anxiety whatever as to food, for the supply of grain in the magazines would have been sufficient had the siege been prolonged for another six months. In addition to this, there were a number of wells in the enclosure which furnished an abundant supply of excellent water. Hunger and thirst were not among the foes with whom the garrison had to contend; but in point of endurance, of dauntless courage, and in the prolonged resistance of a weak position against enormous odds, the defence of Lucknow was one of the most gallant recorded in history.

The important part played by Lucknow in the course of the great revolt was long and sustained, and after the fall of Delhi it became the centre and focus of the struggle. The magnifi-

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cent defence of the beleaguered garrison attracted towards it the mutinous regiments from a wide district. The hosts that gathered there were swollen by the addition of large numbers of those who escaped from Delhi, and as there the mutiny received almost its first check, it was there that it met with its crushing and decisive blow. The great military drama was naturally divided into four acts — the defence, the relief, the rescue, and the revenge. The defence has already been told of, but no less thrilling and absorbing, and equally illustrative of the British qualities of courage, energy, and dogged resolution, was the first of the three advances to Lucknow — that led by Havelock and Outram — which was, indeed, of the nature of a forlorn hope. It was a desperate attempt to aid the sorely pressed garrison. The end was very nigh when, on the 25th of September, Havelock's troops — a mere handful — made their way through a tempest of fire from the bridge over the canal through the streets of the city to the gates of the Residency.

Had they arrived a few days later they might have found but a heap of ruins and the bodies of those who had so long and sternly defended them. Even when the end was attained it was a relief and not a rescue; for although now the garrison was strong enough to defend itself from

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attack, it was far too weak to fight its way back, with a crowd of women and children, through the circle of foes.

The second advance — that in November — was still too weak to crush the immense force of mutinous sepoy and of fighting-men of Oude, but strong enough to inflict terrible punishment upon them as it fought its way through the line of palaces to the Residency and carried off the original garrison and the force that had relieved it.

Then for a time Lucknow remained in the hands of the sepoy, and there was silence where for so many months, night and day, rifles had cracked and cannon roared. The mutineers held possession of the Residency, but it was but an empty triumph, for their victims had escaped them, and in exchange for thousands of lives they had gained but a heap of ruins. Then came a pause, and for four months the rebel host lay sullen and silent while the storm gathered at a distance. They knew now that their dreams of expelling the British from India were at an end, that the army that had proved itself well-nigh invincible when led by British officers, and which had rivaled British regiments in gallantry, was unable, however superior in numbers, under its native officers, to stand for a moment against British troops; and the expectation of triumph

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had been succeeded by that of despair, by the knowledge that the day of retribution was slowly yet surely approaching, and that the next time a British army advanced it would be to punish and destroy.

All energy, all enterprise, had left them; leaders they had none; and although their numbers were vast, they made no single attempt to utilize them, but remained sullenly waiting the coming of the end. That end was not so complete nor so final as it should have been. Owing to some error of direction, some failure to understand instructions, a way was left open for a retreat, but although great numbers escaped, it was no longer an army but a host of fugitives, dispirited and despairing; and there remained only the task of hunting down in detail those who still clung together, although by far the greater number threw away their arms and uniforms and sought their native villages, and so escaped the fate that fell upon all who resisted.

The force with which Havelock started from Allahabad with the object of saving the women and children, the sole survivors of the massacres at Cawnpore, of punishing the army of revolted sepoys there and the treacherous Rajah of Bithoor, and of then pushing forward to the relief of the garrison of Lucknow, was totally

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inadequate to the tremendous task that it had set itself. At Cawnpore were some 10,000 sepoys, besides the large and turbulent population of the town. At Lucknow was a still larger sepoy force and no small portion of the fighting-men of Oude. As yet Delhi was uncaptured. A little British force with difficulty held its position on the ridge near the city. The confidence of the sepoys was unbroken, and they still looked to assured victory over the handfuls of white troops that could be brought to oppose them. The total force under Havelock's command was less than 1,400 British troops with eight guns and 450 Sikhs — a force so disproportionate to that of the enemy that it was scarcely less heroic to undertake such an enterprise than to achieve it.

But the general knew that each man of the force was animated by a spirit that multiplied indefinitely his fighting power and made him unconquerable. It was not merely the sense of duty, the determination to win or to die, nor the natural pugnacity of the race that alone inspired the troops; each man burned with an overpowering hatred of the enemy, a fierce desire for revenge for the acts of treachery and atrocity that they had committed; and no one reckoned his own life as aught so that the work of revenge and of rescue could but be accomplished.

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On the 12th of July, 1857, they first met the enemy at Futtehpore — 1,500 sepoy, 1,500 Oude tribesmen, and 500 rebel cavalry with twelve guns — strongly posted in a position that could be approached only by a road through a swamp. The British column had marched twenty-four miles without resting or eating when the enemy opened fire and forced on an engagement; but hunger and thirst and heat were forgotten when the order was given to advance, and without a check the British troops forced their way knee-deep through the swamp, drove the rebels before them like chaff before the wind, and took Futtehpore, where the enemy endeavored to make a stand.

With a rush the twelve guns were captured, and the victory won without the loss of a single man killed, although twelve fell dead from sun-stroke during the night. After a day's rest the troops went on again, and the next day found the enemy entrenched at Dong. This time they were much more numerous than before, and fought stubbornly; however, they were driven back, and two of their guns captured. As Havelock had no cavalry, the fugitives reached the bridge at Pandoo, where heavy guns had been placed in position to sweep the bridge, and another strong force was gathered. The shrapnel shells of the artillery silenced their heavy

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guns, the steady fire of the Madras Fusiliers demoralized their infantry, and when the troops rushed across the bridge, the enemy, massed to defend it, lost heart and fled. The next morning the column marched fourteen miles, halted, and cooked their food; then in the heat of the day they advanced again, and were soon engaged hotly. Nowhere throughout the war did the sepoys fight more obstinately than here, and, though position after position was carried by the bayonet, it was not until after five hours' fighting that resistance ceased, and just as night fell, after a twenty-two miles' march and a fight under a tremendous sun and defeating 11,000 of the enemy, the troops reached the parade-ground at Cawnpore.

The next morning the enemy blew up the magazine and retreated, and the troops learned that they had arrived too late, and that the whole of the women and children, the survivors of Cawnpore, with seventy or eighty other fugitives from Futtehgur, had been massacred in cold blood. The terrible news raised the fury of the troops to boiling point, and thenceforth no quarter was given, no prisoner taken. On the third day after their arrival at Cawnpore they received a reinforcement of 220 men of the 84th under General Neil, who had hurried forward in bullock-carts, and these filled up the vacancies

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that had been made by disease, sunstroke, and battle; but in view of the ever-increasing stubbornness of the enemy's resistance and the fact that large forces of Oude irregulars with many guns were gathered to dispute every foot of the way, it was impossible for Havelock with but 1,800 men to fight his way to Lucknow and penetrate a great city held by a very powerful force; moreover, it would be necessary to leave at least a third of the little army to hold Cawnpore.

Receiving some reinforcements, however, they crossed the Ganges, but were met with a desperate resistance. Every village was fortified and obstinately defended. The country swarmed with the enemy's skirmishers; and although in every instance the troops defeated their assailants, it very soon became evident that success could not possibly be attained until they were largely reinforced; and therefore they fell back to Cawnpore, where their ranks were further thinned by an outbreak of cholera, and in a short time, owing to overwork and sickness, there were 17 officers and 466 men on the sick-list. It was not until two months after the column had left Allahabad that the reinforcement so urgently required arrived. It consisted of 1,700 troops under General Outram. On September 20th the force, now amounting to

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2,700 men, with seventeen guns and a few volunteer cavalry, again advanced, and, sweeping aside all opposition, reached the Alumbagh, a country palace surrounded by a high wall, situated within three miles of Lucknow. The enemy here were routed, and, leaving the sick and wounded, the baggage and animals, in the palace enclosure, with 300 men to protect them, the main body of the force, after two days' rest, advanced on the 25th to the relief of the Residency. Driving the enemy through a succession of gardens and walled enclosures, they arrived at a bridge over the canal. The direct road to the Residency was known to be cut up by trenches and defended by palisades and loopholed walls; they therefore kept along for some distance on the banks of the canal, exposed to a heavy artillery fire.

Crossing a bridge, they fought their way through the streets, under a terrible fire from window, roof, and loopholed walls. Darkness was already falling when the serious fighting began; and it is probable that this saved the gallant force from annihilation. It was late in the evening before the head of the column reached the entrance to the Residency. The greater portion of the troops had to maintain themselves in the positions they held all night; but at daybreak they made their way, with the

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wounded and guns, into entrenchments, having lost in killed and wounded 464 officers and men, being fully a fourth of their number. Their arrival placed the Residency beyond risk of capture. Fortunately, the supply of grain there was sufficient for all now assembled there; but it was evidently beyond their power to retire from the position that they had won.

Six weeks after Havelock advanced across the Ganges, the rescuing column, under Sir Colin Campbell, consisting of 2,700 infantry, 700 cavalry, Captain Peel's 8 naval guns, 16 field-guns, and a heavy field-battery — in all about 5,000 men — advanced from Cawnpore, and reached the Alumbagh on the 10th of November without serious opposition.

The general had been furnished with a plan of the city, brought out by Mr. Kavanagh, a civilian who had volunteered for the dangerous service, and who was able to explain the exact position and point out the best method of approach. The eastern side of the town was devoted to royal residences and other great buildings, standing in large enclosures and extensive gardens. Although some of these buildings would have to be stormed, the operation was likely to be attended with very much less loss than would be suffered by adopting the route before followed and fighting through the narrow

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streets. Skirting the suburbs, the force reached the palace known as the Dilkoosha. This was situated on the crest of a hill that sloped gently down towards the town. It stood in a large park, and from it an extensive view could be obtained; the Residency, with the flag still floating over it, rising prominently over the mass of low buildings surrounding. It was therefore possible to open communications by signal between the palace and the Residency. The park was occupied by rebels, but their number was not large; the men were conscious that they had no supports near, and, in consequence, as soon as an attack in earnest was made they gave way, and the Dilkoosha was occupied without difficulty.

The great train of wagons, with supplies of all sorts for the use of the force while engaged in the intended operations, and for the supply of the Residency should it be determined to continue to hold the post, was parked near the palace, and here the general established his headquarters. The nearest building was the college known as the Martinière, which stood half a mile down the slope towards the town. The masters and boys of the school formed part of the garrison of the Residency, and the place was now occupied by the enemy. This, however, was easily carried. Advancing on-

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wards, the troops approached the first really formidable obstacle. This was the Secunder Bagh, a building of strong masonry, standing in a large garden surrounded by a high wall, which had been loopholed. It was held in force, and the rebels also occupied a village in front of it. As the 1st Brigade, under Brigadier Hope Grant, advanced towards the latter it was met by a murderous fire both from the village and the building behind. The troops moved forward in skirmishing order, but made little progress, until the horse artillery and powerful field-guns were brought up, and a heavy fire opened upon the village. The enemy nevertheless maintained their position obstinately, until the impatient troops received the order to charge, and, dashing forward, carried the village at the point of the bayonet, the rebels retiring to the Secunder Bagh. The Sikhs had been directed to lead the assault upon the garden, and were to attack by a small breach in one of the walls. The European troops, however, who were to support them, were too eager to be kept in hand, and, while the Sikhs strove to enter by the breach, the others rushed forward towards the gates at the entrance.

The fire from the loopholes was incessant, and the men had no means of breaking in the gate. There was, however, a barred window by

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the side of it: some of the men crept under this, and raised their caps on their bayonets. Every musket was discharged by the sepoy inside. The soldiers sprang up and seized the bars, and by sheer strength and weight of numbers pulled them down, and then dashed in through the opening. Both here and at the breach the sepoy fought fiercely; but nothing could withstand the fury of the soldiers. Gradually, as reinforcements kept pouring in behind, they drove the sepoy back. The fight was long and desperate: the soldiers, maddened by the tales that they had heard of outrage and massacre, gave no quarter; and when, at the end of three hours, the fight ceased, over 2,000 of the mutineers lay dead in the garden. Before the entry into the Secunder Bagh had been effected, the troops outside had been harassed by a heavy fire from a large mosque standing nearly opposite to it. The mosque had the usual dome; the parapet round this had been loopholed. Four lofty minarets commanded the whole; and a high wall, also loopholed, surrounded the garden, the only entrance having been blocked up with masonry.

As soon as the capture of the Secunder Bagh was completed the troops were called upon to assist in the attack upon the mosque. Captain Peel and his sailors brought up their 68-pounder

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guns, and opened fire against the wall at a distance of a few yards, the infantry covering the operation by keeping up an incessant musketry fire against the defenders, who crowded the walls and directed their fire at the sailors working at the guns. A field-battery aided the heavy guns, and a mortar-battery pitched shells into the enclosure. So strong were the walls that it was not until after some hours that breaches sufficiently wide for the troops to enter were effected; then the order was given, and the British troops bounded forward, dashed through the breaches, swept aside all opposition, and ere long the rebels holding the mosque were annihilated. It was now late in the afternoon, and the troops halted in the position they had won. The next morning the other brigade headed the advance. It had been arranged, by means of signals, that, as soon as the Secunder Bagh and the great mosque had been captured, the garrison of the Residency should on their part begin to advance.

There were still four great buildings, fortified and strongly garrisoned, interposing between the two British forces. The most formidable of these was the mess-house, which stood on an eminence; it consisted of a large two-storied, flat-terraced house, flanked by two square turrets, and protected by a deep ditch and a loop-

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holed mud wall. Captain Peel began the action by opening fire upon the mud wall, while the garrison of the Residency afforded some assistance by throwing shells into the enclosure from the Fureed Buksh Palace, of which they had taken possession after the relief by Havelock. When the heavy battery had done its work, the troops were ordered to storm the place, and rushing forward with impetuosity through the heavy musketry fire of the defenders, passed through the breach, carried all obstacles, and forced their way into the building and cleared it of the enemy. In the rear of the mess-house stood the observatory; this was carried by the Sikhs, who fought with a valor and determination rivaling that of their European comrades. While this struggle was going on, the garrison, who had prepared several mines under the wall of the garden of the Fureed Buksh, facing the direction in which Sir Colin Campbell was advancing, exploded them, and, as the wall fell, opened fire upon the insurgents in front of them with two powerful batteries. After the guns had prepared the way for an advance, Havelock's troops dashed forward and carried the two buildings known as the Herm Khana and the Chuttur Munzil at the point of the bayonet.

There was now no obstacle of importance between the two British forces, and although the

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enemy kept up a heavy fire from both flanks, Sir Colin Campbell and General Havelock met that afternoon amid loud cheers of the triumphant troops. Another day was spent in clearing out the insurgents from some of the flanking buildings and preparing for the retreat of the garrison, which had been determined upon. It was a painful necessity. The loss of Sir Colin Campbell's force had been 122 officers and men killed and 325 wounded. It was true that the loss of the enemy had not been less than 4,000; but there were still at least 50,000 fighting-men in Lucknow, and the desperation with which they defended themselves at the Secunder Bagh and the Shah Nujeef Mosque, and the bold face which they showed, proved that every house and street would be defended, and that the town, if taken at all, could not be captured without immense loss by the 5,000 men of the united British forces. Had a garrison been left to hold the Residency, they would have been again besieged, and must again have been relieved; the consequence was that, to the regret of those who had so long and nobly defended the post, it was determined to abandon it altogether.

The operation was performed at night and with great secrecy. Though the journey of five miles to the Dilkoosha, across rough ground, which at several points was exposed to the con-

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stant fire kept up night and day by the insurgents, was very trying to the ladies, weakened by long suffering, privation, and confinement, it was performed in safety, only one person being wounded.

From the Secunder Bagh the ladies were carried in palanquins to the Dilkoosha, where tents had been prepared for their reception. The treasure was carried off from the Residency, but all other stores and effects of the residents had to be left behind. It was not until three months and a half later that Sir Colin Campbell, having dealt out punishment to the mutineers at many of the stations where they still kept together, and having received large reinforcements of men and artillery from England, prepared for the crowning attack upon Lucknow. On the 4th of February he advanced from Cawnpore to the Alumbagh—which had been held by a force under Sir James Outram—with three divisions of infantry, a division of cavalry, and fifteen batteries, including that of Captain Peel with his sailors.

On the first of March operations began, General Outram, with a force of 6,000 men and thirty guns, crossing the Goomtee, and reconnoitering the country as far as Chinhut. On the following day he invested the Chukkur Kothi, or King's Race-house, which he carried the next

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day by assault. Sir Colin Campbell's main force occupied from the Dilkoosha, and on the 9th captured, with a slight loss, the Martinière, and pushed on to the bridges across the river and carried, after some hard fighting, the Begum's Palace. Two days later the Immaumbarra, which had been converted into a formidable stronghold and was held by a large force, was breached and stormed, and the captors followed so hotly upon the rear of the flying foe that they entered with them the Kaiserbagh, which was regarded by the rebels as their strongest fortress. Its garrison, taken wholly by surprise, made but a slight resistance. The loss of these two positions, on which they had greatly relied, completely disheartened the enemy, and throughout the night a stream of fugitives poured out of the town.

The success was so unexpected on the part of the British that the arrangements necessary for cutting off the retreat of the enemy had not been completed, and very large numbers of the rebels escaped, to give infinite trouble later on. Many were cut up by the cavalry and horse artillery, who set out the next morning in pursuit; but, to the mortification of the army, a considerable proportion got away. The next day a number of palaces and houses fell into the hands of the advancing troops without resistance,

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and by midnight the whole city along the river bank was in their hands. In the meantime Jung Bahadoor, a British ally, was attacking the city with his Goorkhas from the south, and pushed forward so far that communications were opened with him halfway across the city. The following day the Goorkhas made a further advance, and, fighting with great gallantry, won the suburbs adjacent to the Charbach bridge.

The hard fighting was now over: the failure to defend even one of the fortresses upon which for months they had bestowed so much care completely disheartened the mutineers remaining in the city. Numbers effected their escape; others hid themselves, after having got rid of their arms and uniforms; some parties took refuge in houses, and defended themselves desperately to the end. The work was practically accomplished on the 21st, and Lucknow, which had so long been the headquarters of the insurrection, was in British hands, and that with a far smaller loss than could have been expected from the task of capturing a city possessing so many men fighting with ropes round their necks.

All three advances were distinguished by the irresistible bravery with which the troops fought. The first operation was not remarkable for the military skill with which it was performed, and

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undoubtedly, if Havelock had followed the course afterwards taken by Sir Colin Campbell, and entered by an open suburb, avoiding the fortified places in it, he could have entered the Residency with far less loss than that encountered in fighting his way through the narrow lanes and streets of the city. The subsequent operations were conducted by Sir Colin Campbell with consummate skill and judgment. Altogether the story of Lucknow is one of the most glorious pages in British military history.

END OF VOLUME II.

NOTES

The following brief résumé of the Wars from 1816 to 1860, their causes and their results, will give an idea of the historic setting, so to speak, of the famous battles described in this volume.

1816—INDIA.—GOORKHA WAR ends with Ochterlony's victories in Nepaul.

MEDITERRANEAN.—August 20: Pirate stronghold of Algiers bombarded by British and Dutch fleets under Exmouth.

1817—SOUTH AMERICA.—February 12: Battle of Chacabuco; Spaniards defeated by revolted Chilians.

INDIA.—November 5: Battle of Kirkee; defeat of the Peshwa.
December 21: Battle of Mehadpore; defeat of Holkar.

1818—SOUTH AMERICA.—April 5: Decisive victory of the Chilians at Maipo.

1819—SOUTH AMERICA.—August 7: Boyaca; Bolivar defeats Spaniards.

1820—November: Dundonald's blockade of Callao.

1821—INSURRECTIONARY MOVEMENTS AGAINST THE TURKS IN GREECE AND THE BALKAN PENINSULA, with aid of Russian and other foreign sympathizers. May 27: Battle of Valtezza; Turks defeated. June 19: Battle of Dragaschan; Greeks under Ypsilanti defeated. October 5: Tripolitza stormed by Greeks.

1822—July 13: Greeks defeat Turks at Thermopylæ. September 16: Corinth taken.

Notes

- 1823—French intervention in Spain against the Liberals. Capture of the Trocadero.
- 1824—WEST AFRICA.—January 21: Battle of Accra; Sir Charles Macarthy defeated and killed by the Ashantees.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—December 9: Battle of Ayacucho; Peruvians defeat Spaniards.
- INDIA.—FIRST BURMESE WAR begins.
- 1825—May 23: Battle of Rangoon.
- 1826—INDIA.—FIRST BURMESE WAR ends with annexation of Assam, Tenasserim, and Aracan.
- January 18: British capture Bhurtpore.
- AFRICA.—August 7: British defeat Ashantees at Accra.
- 1827—GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.—May 17: Athens taken. October 20: Battle of Navarino; Turkish fleet destroyed by united fleets of England, France, and Russia. December 18: Czar publishes a manifesto announcing armed intervention in Turkey.
- 1828—RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.—January–March: Russian armies under Wittgenstein concentrating in Bessarabia. May 7: They cross the Pruth. June 8: They cross the Danube at Satunovo, below Galatz, meeting with little resistance, and march on Varna. July 11: Battle of Bazardjik; Russians defeat Turks north of Varna. July 12: Battle of Kosludja; sortie of Varna garrison repulsed. October 10: Varna surrenders. Russians go into winter quarters.
- 1829—Diebitsch takes command of Russian field-army; he besieges Silistria. May 17: Battle of Eski Arnautlar (near Varna). June 17: Battle of Kulevcha or Marasch; Turks defeated. June 17: Silistria surrenders. July 1: Battle of Kainly; Russians defeat Turks, and then cross Balkans near the sea, keeping touch with their fleet. July 25: Battle of Ajtos. July 31: Battle of Jamboli. August 12: Battle of Slivno; Russian victories south of Balkans. August 30: Diebitsch enters Adrianople with only 15,000 men.

Notes

Pestilence in his army. Threatened by an army of 40,000 Arnauts, and unable to advance or retire, Diebitsch is extricated from a dangerous position by diplomatists, who (September 14) induce Turkey to conclude a peace. This is followed by a formal treaty, acknowledging independence of Greece and semi-independence of Danubian principalities.

1830—NORTH AFRICA.—July 5: Algiers taken by French.

POLAND.—November 29: Successful insurrection at Warsaw.

The Grand Duke Constantine takes to flight.

1831—January 25: Polish Parliament decrees deposition of Russian Imperial family from all rule in Poland. February 5: Diebitsch with Russian army enters Poland. February 17: Poles defeated at Dobrze and Kaluszyń; retire towards Warsaw. February 19–20: Russians force Polish position at Wawer. February 25: Battles of Białolenka and Grochów; indecisive. April 10: Poles defeat Russians at Seidlitz. May 26: Battle of Ostrolenka; claimed by both sides as a victory. June 8: Diebitsch dies of cholera, which ravages both armies. July: Russians under Paskiewitch march down north bank of Vistula to Prussian frontier, bridge it with Prussian help, and in August march on Warsaw by the south bank. August 15: Battle of the Bzura River; Poles driven back on Warsaw. September 6–7: Polish positions in suburbs of Warsaw captured after hard fighting. September 8: Paskiewitch enters Warsaw. End of the war.

1832—FRENCH INTERVENTION IN BELGIUM.—A French corps under Marshal Gérard marches into Belgium to expel the Dutch from Antwerp, their last stronghold. December 23: Citadel of Antwerp surrenders to French and Belgians after an obstinate defence.

WESTERN ASIA.—Egyptians under Mehemet Ali invade Syria. Turks defeated by Egyptians (July 8) at Homs (July 29), Beylan, and (December 21) Koniya. Result: Syria ceded to Mehemet Ali by the Porte.

Notes

1836—FIRST CARLIST WAR.—Disputed succession to Spanish crown. Civil war between adherents of Don Carlos (Carlists) and supporters of Queen Christina, as regent for her daughter, Queen Isabella II (Christinos). The latter are assisted by a British Legion, organized with approval and help of British Government. May 5: Battle of Hernani: Carlists defeated. October 1: Carlist defeat at St. Sebastian. December 24: Siege of Bilbao raised.

TEXAN INSURRECTION.—Siege of Alamo. April 2: Battle of San Jacinto; Mexicans defeated by Houston.

1837—March 16: Carlists again defeated at Hernani. May 17: British Legion defeats Carlists at Irun. July 15: Fighting at Valencia. August 24: Battle of Herrera; Don Carlos defeats Buereno.

NORTH AFRICA.—October 13: French take Constantine.

NORTH AMERICA.—CANADIAN REBELLION.—December 14: Battle of St. Eustace; rebels defeated.

1838—November 17: Battle of Prescott; Canadian rebels defeated.

CARLIST WAR.—June 22: Battle of Penacerrada.

1839—January 19: Aden taken by British.

FIRST AFGHAN WAR.—July 23: Storming of Ghuznee. August 7: Cabul occupied.

SYRIA.—Mehemet Ali (believed to be encouraged by France) renews war against the Porte. June 23: Battle of Nisib; complete defeat of Turkish army of Asia by the Syro-Egyptian army.

1840—Quadruple alliance of England, Austria, Russia, and Turkey having been formed to secure *status quo* in the East and check progress of Mehemet Ali, British fleet under Napier is sent to the coast of Syria. September 27: Sidon taken by Napier. October 10: Allies defeat Egyptians at Beyrout. November 3: Acre stormed by allies.

INDIA.—Battle of Kotriah (Scinde); British victory.

Notes

1841—CHINESE WAR.—January 7: English victory at Chuen-pe.
January 26: Bogue Forts (Canton) taken. August 27:
Amoy taken.

AFGHANISTAN.—Rising against British towards end of year.

1842—January: Destruction of British army retiring from Cabul.
March 10: Afghans defeated at Candahar. April 5-6:
Khyber Pass forced by Pollock. September 6: Afghans
defeated at Ghuznee by Nott.

CHINESE WAR (*continued*).—March 10: Chinese defeated
at Ningpo. July 21: Chinkiang taken.

1843—INDIA.—SCINDE WAR.—February 17: Napier's victory
at Meanee.

MAHRATTA OUTBREAK AT GWALIOR.—December 29: Gough
defeats Mahrattas at Maharajapore.

1844—NORTH AFRICA.—August 14: Battle of Isly; French de-
feat Abd-el-Kadr.

1845—INDIA.—FIRST SIKH WAR.—Gough defeats Sikhs (De-
cember 18) at Mudki and (December 20-21) Firozshah.

1846—January 28: Smith defeats Sikhs at Aliwal. February
10: Gough defeats them at Sobraon.

NORTH AMERICA.—UNITED STATES INVASION OF MEXICO.—
May 8-9: Battle of Palo Alto. September 21-23: Battle
of Monterey; American victories.

1847—February 22: Battle of Buena Vista. August 19-20:
Battle of Ozontero; United States victories.

SWITZERLAND, CIVIL WAR OF THE SONDERBUND.—Novem-
ber 23: Battle of Gislikon.

1848—WAR AGAINST AUSTRIANS IN ITALY.—March 15: Revo-
lution in Vienna. March 18-22: Revolt of Milan; Radetzky
(Austrian commander) retires to Verona. March 22: Revo-
lution at Venice. March 23: Radetzky storms Malegnano,
where insurgents try to cut off his retreat. March 28:
Charles Albert and Sardinian army enter Lombardy to
support insurgents against Austria. April 8: Battle of

Notes

Goito; C. Albert defeats Austrians and ~~crushes~~ Mincio. April 30: Austrian defeat at Pastrengo. May 6: C. Albert fails in attack on Santa Lucia. May 9: Nugent, advancing with Austrian reserve army, defeats Italians at Poderobbia. May 24: Battle of Vicenza; indecisive. June 2: Peschiera surrenders to C. Albert. June 10: Italians under Durando defeated at Vicenza. July 24-26: Battle of Custoza; C. Albert defeated by Radetzky in three days' fighting about Custoza and Somma Campagna. Italians retreat into Lombardy pursued by Austrians. August 6: Radetzky re-enters Milan. August 9: Armistice.

SLESWICK-HOLSTEIN WAR.—Prussia asserts claim of Germany to Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein, and marches into the territory, the invasion being preceded by rising of German sympathizers against the Danes. April 9: Danes defeat rebels. April 23: Prussians defeat Danes at the Dannewerke.

CROAT CAMPAIGN IN HUNGARY.—The Croats under Jellachich (incited thereto by Vienna Government) invade Hungary, but (September 27) are defeated at Battle of Veleneze by Hungarian national army.

INDIA.—**SECOND SIKH WAR** begins with outbreak at Mooltan in 1848.

1849—Gough defeats the Sikhs (January 13) at Chillianwallah and (February 21) Goojerat.

WAR IN ITALY.—March 12: C. Albert gives Radetzky notice that armistice will end on 20th. March 20: Austrians enter Piedmont. March 21: Italians defeated at Mortara. March 23: Battle of Novara; complete defeat of the Italians. March 26: Armistice between Austrians and Piedmontese. March 29: Brescia (which has not heard yet of Novara) rises against Austrians, but (March 31) is recaptured by Haynau. April: Austrians under D'Aspre drive revolutionary Governments from Modena, Parma, and Florence.

Notes

April 30: French under Oudinot defeated by Garibaldi near Rome. May 19: Garibaldi defeats Neapolitans at Velletri. July 3: Rome taken by the French. August 24: Venice surrenders.

WAR IN HUNGARY.—February 27: Battle of Grau; Hungarians defeat Austrians. After numerous defeats the Austrians call in Russians to help in destruction of the national Government at Pesth. Austrian and Russian armies (250,000) march against Hungarian national army (about 130,000). Hungarians defeated at Pered (June 21) and Acs (July 2 and 10). July 17: Russians take Waitzen. July 31: Battle of Schassberg; Russians defeat Hungarians under Bem. August 10: Austrians under Haynau defeat Hungarians at Temesvar. Gorgei's capitulation ends the war.

1850—**DENMARK.**—Battle of Idstedt (Sleswick-Holstein); Holsteiners and Prussians defeated by Danes.

1850-54—**Kaffir War in Cape Colony.**

1852—**INDIA.**—**SECOND BURMESE WAR.**—March 7: Donabew. April 12-14: Capture of Rangoon; Pegu annexed.

1853—Beginning of the war between **RUSSIA** and **TURKEY**, arising out of Russian claim to custody of places of pilgrimage in Palestine, and to right of protectorate over Russo-Greek Christians in Turkish Empire. Western Powers subsequently intervened to check Russian progress, hence the **CRIMEAN WAR** of 1854-56.

July 2: Russian army enters Moldavia. November 4: Battle of Oltenitza; Turks defeat Russians. November 30: Battle of Sinope; Russians destroy Turkish squadron in Black Sea.

1854—Battle of Citate; Turks defeat Russians. May 17: Russians besiege Silistria. June 22: Russians, menaced by Austrian concentration in their rear, raise the siege and evacuate the Danubian principalities. July 29 and 30;

Notes

Russians defeat Turks at Bayazid, in Asia Minor. August: The allied army (British, French, and Turks) at Varna ordered to invade the Crimea. September 1: Embarkation at Varna begins. September 14: Landing in Crimea begins. September 20: Battle of the Alma; Russian defeat. October 9: Siege of Sebastopol begins. October 25: Battle of Balaclava; claimed by both sides. November 5: Battle of Inkerman; Russian defeat.

AUSTRALIA.—December 3: The Eureka stockade.

1855—Sardinian force joins allies in Crimea.—February 17: Russian attack on Eupatoria repulsed. June 18 (Waterloo day): Unsuccessful attempt of allies to storm Sebastopol. August 16: Battle of the Tchernaya; Russian defeat. September 8: French storm the Malakoff; English attack the Redan. In the night the Russians abandon south side of Sebastopol.

ASIA MINOR.—November 27: Russians take Kars.

1856—Treaty of Paris ends the war.

PERSIAN WAR.—December 10: British defeat Persians at Bushire.

1857—British defeat Persians (February 8) at Kooshab and (March 26) at Mohammerah.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.—May 10: Sepoy Mutiny begins at Meerut. May, June, and July: fighting in and near Delhi. June 27: Massacre of Cawnpore garrison. June 29: Lucknow besieged by the rebels. July 11: Havelock defeats rebels at Futtehpore and marches on Cawnpore. August 15: Battle of Pandoo Nuddee: Neill defeats rebels. September 14–20: Assault and capture of Delhi. September 26: Relief of Lucknow by Havelock and Outram. November 16: Second relief of Lucknow by Campbell. December 6: Campbell defeats rebels at Cawnpore.

1858—January 2: Campbell's victory at Futteghur. February 4: Inglis defeats rebels at Calpi. January 14 and February

Notes

21: Outram defeats rebels near Lucknow. March 9-15: Colin Campbell drives rebels from Lucknow. Victories of Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn) in Central India. Battles of (April 4) Jhansi, (May 11) Kooneh, and (June 17) Gwalior. June 7: Bareilly. September 15: Battle of Bajghur; defeat of rebels under Tantia Topee by Mitchell. November 24: Battle of Dhoodea Khera; Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) defeats rebels.

1859—February 10: Horsford defeats the Begum of Oude and Nana Sahib. What remained of the rebel bands was broken up in the course of the year.

WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.—After Crimean War Napoleon III plans with Sardinian minister, Cavour, French intervention in Italy, to drive out the Austrians and substitute French for Austrian influence south of the Alps.

April 23: Austria, provoked by French and Sardinian war preparations, sends ultimatum to Turin; French troops at once enter Piedmont and land at Genoa. May 20: Battle of Montebello; Forey defeats Austrians. May 26: Garibaldi makes unsuccessful attack on Austrians at Varese. May 30 and 31: Allies defeat Austrians at Palestro. June 1: French advance against Austrian position on the Ticino covering Milan. June 3: action at Turbigo; MacMahon crosses the Ticino. June 4: Battle of Magenta; defeat of Austrians. June 7: French enter Milan. Austrians retire to the Mincio. June 8: Bazaine defeats Austrian rearguard at Malegnano. June 24: Battle of Solferino; defeat of Austrians. July 8: Armistice of Villafranca, followed by peace of Zürich. Lombardy given to Piedmont, which cedes Savoy and Nice to France.

CHINA.—June 25: English gunboat flotilla repulsed in attack on the Taku Forts (Pei-ho River).

1860—SPANISH WAR WITH MOROCCO.—Spaniards under O'Don-

Notes

nel defeat Moors (January 1), at Castillejos (February 4), Tetuan, and (March 23) Guad-el-Ras.

WARS OF THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.—Garibaldi, with secret support of Sardinian Government, raises insurrection against Bourbons in Sicily. May 15: He defeats Neapolitans at Calatafimi. May 27–31: He takes Palermo after some street-fighting. July 21 and 22: Defeats Neapolitans at Milazzo; Sardinian troops march through Papal States into kingdom of Naples, defeating Papal troops under La Moricière (September 18) at Castelfidardo, and besieging and taking Ancona. October 1: Battle of the Volturno; Garibaldi defeats Neapolitan royalists before Capua. October 17: Battle of Isernia; Sardinians defeat Neapolitans in the Abruzzi. November 3: Battle of the Garigliano; Sardinians defeat Neapolitans.

CHINESE WAR.—August 21: Allies (British and French) capture Taku Forts. September 18: Battle of Chan-kiawan. September 21: Battle of Pa-li-chao; Chinese defeats, as result of which Peking is taken.

NEW ZEALAND.—Maori insurrection.

